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*Being the text of these so-restored Plays with  
the First Folio Shakespeare text  
with Critical Introductions*

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EDITED BY APPLETON MORGAN

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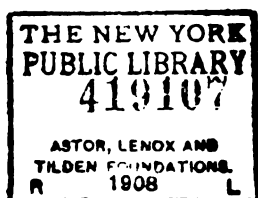


NEW YORK

THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK  
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1908





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# **The Bankside-Restoration Shakespeare.**

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## **ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA.**

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*(The Text of the Folio of 1623, with that of "All for Love, or  
The World Well Lost.")*

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As done by John Dryden in 1678, with an Introduction touching the environment of the Restoration Drama, whereby Shakespeare was perpetuated through the Restoration Period

BY,

FRANCIS A. SMITH, A. B., (WESL. UNIV.)

*A Life member of the New York Shakespeare Society. Author of  
"The Critics versus Shakespeare."*

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NEW YORK  
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK  
1908



## INTRODUCTION.

On the twentieth day of May, in the year 1608, there were made on the Books of the Stationers Company these entries:

Edward Blount	Entred for his copie vnder th andes of Sir George Buck and Knight and Master War- den Seton A booke called The Booke of Pericles prynce of Tyre	vj
Edward Blunt	Entred also for his copie by ye lyke Author- itie A booke called Anthony and Cleopatra	vj

Again, in 1623, there is another entry in these books:

8 "Neuembreis 1623 Rr. Jac. 21 Mr. Blounte-Isaak Iaggard Entred for their copie vnder the hands of Mr. Doctor Worrall and Mr. Cole Warden Mr. William Shakespeers Comedyes Histories and Tragedeys so manie of the said copies as are not formerly entered to other men Comedyes—the Tezmpest. The two gentlemen of Verona Measure for Measure. The Comedy of Errors. As you like it. All's well that ends well. Twelfe night. The winters tale. Histories—The third part of Henry the sixt. Henry the eight. Tragedies—Coriolanus. Timen of Athens. Julius Caesar. Macbeth. Anthonie and Cleopatra, Cymbeline."

Dr. Morgan has conjectured, from a lawyer's standpoint, that this coincidence of date with the date of the death of Shakespeare's widow (her interment was of date August 8th, 1623.) suggested some deposit or gift of the unstaged plays or usufruct thereof, in Mrs. Shakespeare (which need not have been in documentary form) which had prevented these non-Quarto plays from publication in print or by stage mounting. Such a proposition would not only account for the mention of no playrights in Shakespeare's Will; but, with Mrs. Shakespeare's well known Puritanism, sufficiently explain the non-use of Manuscripts during her lifetime. She could, and doubtless did exercise all her legal rights. The two first above entries may have been premature. Even before her lord's death Mrs. Shakespeare may have refused to make the transfer, which, Dr. Morgan remarks; once having been made on the stationer's books could not be cancelled of record.

And, of course, a Quarto ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA may yet be discovered: perhaps by our lucky fellow member of The New York Shakespeare Society, Charles William Wallace, who recently unearthed the Chancery pleadings and decree in *Bendish, Shakespeare et al. v Bacon*, from under the very noses of the London Shakespeareans who had been chanting the impossibility of anything new in the way of documentary evidence, in Shakespeare fields, ever revealing itself more.

These are the only traces or mention in English records of a production called ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA, until in 1623, the Shakespeare Play of that title was included in the great First Folio.

To assist us in guessing whether this entry refers to the Shakespeare Play, it may be noted that Edward Blount never published either of the matters entered for his copy as above: *Pericles* having been published by Henry Gosson in 1609, and *Anthony and Cleopatra*, as we have said, not at all. Neither is there any stage record of the performance of Shakespeare's play until, on Wednesday, January twenty-third, 1759, Garrick produced it at Drury Lane, himself playing Antony, or Anthony, as the title spells it. With such a record as this, it is certainly a fair question to ask what kept Shakespeare's play alive from its appearance, unheralded by any Quarto, in the collected work of 1623, one hundred and thirty-six years until 1759? The answer is before us. In 1678, but fifty-five years after the First Folio, John Dryden produced the Play: "*ALL FOR LOVE, OR THE WORLD WELL LOST*," announcing that he did so to perpetuate Shakespeare's work: and in close following of Shakespeare's style; and, in every line of his Prefatory, swearing loyalty to his great predecessor and unbounded admiration for the works of the Dramatist, within whose circle none but himself might walk—in a couplet than which no loftier praise was ever paid by one poet to another.

And if Dryden was the first modern to swear fealty to Shakespeare what shall we say of D'Avenant, who taught Dryden to admire Shakespeare? If I must here record my conviction that not until the year 1885—and in that year by the General Editor of this Bankside Restoration Edition—was it declared that English Literature owed a greater debt than it could ever pay to Sir William D'Avenant, I may not be perfect in my researches, but certainly that is my belief.

It was as impossible that the Elizabethan Drama should be tolerated by the Restoration as that it should have been tolerated by the Commonwealth. We do not know that any of the plays of Shakespeare were read in Rupert's

camp, or that Charles I carried his "Malvolio" on the march; we only know that a few men, and among them D'Avenant and Dryden, read and admired them, and attempted to "restore" some of them according to the critical rules and the popular taste of the age; and that the great Milton wrote that tribute to the only greater Englishman than himself. It may be remarked in parenthesis, that if Prynne or Cromwell had known of his dangerous partiality for the profane playwright, Milton would never have been the Protector's Latin secretary.

The Restoration was as inevitable as the Revolution. In Society, in morals, in literature, it was not a Restoration but a transformation,—the natural reaction from asceticism to excess, from overwrought restraint to criminal indulgence. The church was no longer orthodox, for its patron saints were Nell Gwynn and the Duchess of Cleveland. Society no longer affected purity but boasted of its sins. As to the Drama, History has made this specific record:—"The Puritan," says Macaulay, "had affected formality; the comic poet took under his protection the most flagrant excesses. The Puritan had canted; the comic poet blasphemed. The Puritan had made gallantry, felony, without benefit of clergy; the comic poet represented it as an honorable distinction. The Puritan spoke with disdain of the low standard of popular morality; his life was regulated by a far more rigid code; his virtue was sustained by motives unknown to men of the world. Unhappily it had been amply proved in many cases, and might well be suspected in many more, that those high pretensions were unfounded. Accordingly the fashionable circles, and the comic poets who were the spokesmen of those circles, took up the notion that all professions of piety and integrity were to be construed by the rule of contrary; that it might well be doubted whether there was such a thing as virtue in the world; but that, at all events, a person who affected to be better than his neighbors was sure to be a knave." It is no wonder that a reader of the plays of the time, like Lowell, should be "forced to hold his nose while picking his way through them," not strange that Wycherly, in his "Plain Dealer," should borrow Viola and convert her into a pander.

Even the theatre and the stage were transformed. A foreigner, Chap-puzean, who visited these Restoration theatres several times, speaking of his visit to them in 1664, ("Europe Vivante," Geneva, 1667) says:—"There are in London three troupes of excellent comedians; the Royal troupe, which performs every day for the public and usually after supper on Thursdays at



Whitehall; the Duke's in Lincolns Inn Fields, notable for stage machinery equalling that of Italy; a third in Drury Lane, well patronized. \* \* \* \* I must add that the three London houses are furnished with very well-shaped actors, and particularly with handsome women; that these theatres are superb as regards stage scenery and transformations; that the music is excellent and the dancing magnificent; that they have no fewer than twelve fiddles each for the preludes and inter-acts; that it would be a crime to use anything but wax to illuminate the theatre, or to fill the chandeliers in such a manner as to offend the spectators' nostrils; and finally, though they play every day, their houses are always full, and a hundred coaches block the thoroughfares."

The pit where the rabble used to stand to "see away" their pennies, was supplied with benches and "actually became the rendezvous of the gallants of the town." The Italian rage for opera and spectacle invaded England, and architects like Giacomo Torelli and the Vigarinis responded to the popular demand. The changes wrought by Torelli seem to have justified the Venetian notion that he was a man of supernatural powers; the miracles of his stage scenery appeared in London in 1661. We have historical records of the transformation: "Balthasar de Moncoys of Lyons accompanied the Duc de Chevreuse on his travels through England, Holland, Germany and Italy, and in May, 1663, reached London. Three years later the result of his varied observations was given to the world in his "*Journal des Voyages*." Performances in those days began at three o'clock in the afternoon, and Moncoys records that after dinner on May 22nd, 1663, the Duke and he repaired to the newly opened Theatre Royal in Drury Lane and sat in the King's box." We quote a translation of his observations:—"The theatre is the neatest and prettiest I have ever seen, all upholstered below in green bryette; as well as all the boxes which are upholstered in the same, with bands of gilt. All the parterre seats where the persons of rank sit, are arranged like an amphitheatre, each row higher than the front. The scenery and mechanism of the theatre are very ingeniously contrived and executed." Of a subsequent visit to Davenant's theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields on June 5th, he says:—"After dinner I was at the comedy of the Duke of York where the changes of scene pleased me much, but not the coldness in action and speaking as well of the men as of the women, in the powerful emotions of anger and fear."

Sarbières, who came to England about the same time as Moncoys, but apparently resorted only to the new house in Drury Lane, published his experiences in Paris in 1664. Forty-five years after, the book was very imper-

fectly translated into English. Sarbières says—(we use the correct translation)—“The theatre is very handsome *covered with green cloth*, and is very liberal as to scenery, with many changes and views.” The imperfect translation makes him say that only the stage is covered with green cloth. Sarbières further says:—“The playhouse is much more diverting and commodious; the best places are in the pit, where men and women promiscuously sit, everybody with their company, \* \* \* and the scenes often change and you are regaled with new perspectives. The music with which you are entertained diverts your time till the play begins and people choose to go in betimes to hear it.”

Magalotti, who visited England in the train of the Duke of Florence in 1669, and whose “Travels” were published in London in 1821, confirms what Sarbières says of the musical entertainments of the theatre. He says:—“Before the comedy begins, that the audience may not be tired with waiting, the most delightful symphonies are played, on which account many persons come early to enjoy this agreeable amusement.” As the Court of Charles II was a slavish imitation of the French, the English theatre and the English drama were equally obsequious. Even in the matter of stage costume, Murault in his “Lettres sur les Anglais” (1694-5) says in substance, that on the London stage he found the costumes as magnificent as they were inaccurate. Keeping step with their French brethren in the matter of anachronism, the English players thought nothing of dressing Hannibal in a long powdered wig covered by a helmet, with ribbons on his coat of mail and fringed gloves on his hands. If there were no other proof of the complete change in the environment of the stage than that which we have cited, one might suspect that to such an audience “The Tempest” must have seemed dull, and Othello “a bloody farce without salt or savor.”

But the transformation of the theatre was but the external evidence of a far wider and deeper change. Ben Jonson had vanquished Shakspeare, and the Drama had gone under the yoke of “the unities.” It is true that during some eight years after the Restoration, because hostile criticism had not taken its final position, plays under the name of Shakspeare were sometimes performed; the proof is conclusive, however, that the plays of Fletcher, Jonson and Shirley were preferred. We have been unable to find proof that any “of the original performances of Shakspeare, immediately after the Restoration, were given from the unsophisticated text,” and Dryden in 1665 wrote that “others are now generally preferred before him.” The King and

his court had brought home from France the passion for spectacle and music, and the professed scholars and critics of the time had anticipated the discovery of Voltaire, and proven to their own satisfaction and to the world at large, that Shakspeare was a "drunken savage." The record is before us—more than two centuries old—and we need not review it. It is only necessary to call attention to the fact that the great dramatist was again "submerged." To rescue him from neglect and final burial under the dust of the few remaining folios and quartos, it was imperatively necessary to adapt his work to the rules of "the unities," the imported taste of the Court, the exquisite music and "the magnificent dancing" of the new stage. This is precisely what the dramatists of the Restoration did, and all they attempted to do. If they had been men of creative power, we should have had models of classic elegance like the tragedies of Racine, instead of the patchwork of "The Law against Lovers" or "The Enchanted Island," but Shakespeare would have had no place under the universal reign of "correct taste;" the populace who listened in the theatre would have heard no echoes from a simpler but greater age; scholars would have found no delight in works which had been discredited and consigned to oblivion, and the Third and Fourth Folios would have had no reason for being.

But they were not men of creative power; without exception, for Milton cannot be classed as a dramatist, they were of the second or some lower order. Without dramatic faculty, shackled by artificial rules which they dared not violate, and by the corrupt taste of a corrupt Court to which they were compelled to pander, they were just the men to keep alive the memory of their great predecessor by futile attempts to imitate him, and successful efforts to adapt him to their own environment. These adaptations, some of which held possession of the stage for more than a century, served to keep in mind the great originals, as the opera house and circus which the mediæval artists built, kept in the memory of men the decaying temples of an earlier time. Of all these dramatists of the Restoration, the most eminent were D'Avenant and Dryden, and we may be permitted to refer briefly to their work, because it forcibly illustrates the theory we have suggested.

Of D'Avenant we know little; he was a successful manager and playwright; he appears to have thought himself Shakespeare's legatee with power to use as he pleased the assets that came to his hands, and to write with his god-father's "very spirit"; he was the pioneer in the "adaptations" of Shakespeare to the stage and taste of his time. Doubtless as Dryden assures

us in the Preface to their joint adaptation of "The Tempest," he was a man of ability, with a lively imagination, and skill in "contrivances" to suit the plays of his great master to the musical and dancing stage of his theatre. Alone of the men of that time, D'Avenant in his boyhood knew Shakespeare personally; he may have shared in the "hundred kisses" in the parlor at Oxford; it is certain that his admiration of his predecessor amounted to little less than worship, and that he inspired Dryden with a large share of his devotion. Moreover, D'Avenant was the direct inheritor of the stage traditions from Shakespeare's time. He probably knew John Lowin and Joseph Taylor, who were actors on Shakespeare's stage and lived through the Commonwealth. Lowin acted with Shakespeare himself in Jonson's "Sejanus;" Taylor acted Hamlet and Iago during Shakespeare's life. According to not improbable testimony, Taylor "repeated instructions which he had received from Shakespeare's own lips for the playing of the part of Hamlet," and "Lowin narrated how, Shakespeare taught him the theatrical interpretation of the character of Henry the Eighth," and these reminiscences passed directly to Betterton, who was D'Avenant's "star." From personal knowledge, from tradition, from his profound admiration of the original plays, he was just the man to attempt "adaptations" of them, and to preserve the originals from oblivion by a new edition. The Third Folio was published in 1663, and re-issued in 1664, when D'Avenant was at the height of his fame, and the fact that the six spurious plays (seven, if Pericles is "spurious") which had been attributed to Shakespeare in his lifetime "by unprincipled publishers," first appeared in that edition, makes it a reasonable inference since after only thirty years from the date of the Second Folio, and at a time when the originals could not meet the popular demand, and were pronounced inferior by eminent critics, another folio could hardly be needed, either for the stage or the closet, that the Third Folio was edited by some man who had some specially particular interest in Shakespeare and believed that these added plays had a claim or some claim to insertion, and further persuasive facts make it probable that this editor was D'Avenant. It is clear from his luxurious theatre, always crowded, as reported by Chappuzeau, that his revenue as manager and playwright was equal to the risk of the enterprise; it is undisputed that his "Restorations" were more numerous than those of any contemporary and were executed not for the purpose of concealing his indebtedness to the originals but of openly avowing it and adapting them to his theatrical environment—perhaps for the purpose of showing that he could

successfully imitate them. It is interesting to note further that the Third Folio very closely follows the text of the First and Second; an editor with a purely editorial interest in his work, would have corrected the multitude of printer's errors, even if he had not begun the work of centuries of "emendation." A more interested editor, particularly one who, according to tradition, tacitly admitted that his relation to Shakespeare was much closer than any literary tie, would be likely to do just what he did, viz., reprint the First or Second Folio with religious accuracy. Speculation may be indulged further: D'Avenant was the Boswell of his time without Boswell's modesty; his vanity knew no bounds; he thought himself at least the literary son of the great dramatist, declaimed about his transcendent merit and his own, and openly assumed the title of a successful imitator. With such an extravagant estimate of himself, he may have thought he could unerringly detect Shakespeare's hand in the work of other men, and therefore he may be responsible for adding the spurious plays in the Third Folio. To return to Dryden: "All for Love, or The World Well Lost," he tells us was the only play "which he wrote to please himself." He shed melodious tears over the death of Cromwell, and hailed the return of Charles in lines only less servile than those of Waller, yet he was thoroughly independent, proud, as an honest man has a right to be, of being able to get his bread by his brains. He lived in Grub street all his life, and never dreamed that where a man of genius lived was not the best quarter of the town." He wrote comedies of surpassing indecency which Pepys calls "very smutty," but confesses that "I have given [yielded] too much to the people in it, and am ashamed for them as well as myself, that I have pleased them at so cheap a rate." He offers a defence in verse, "in the last epilogue he ever wrote," which is like a flashlight upon the time:

"But sure a banished Court, with lewdness fraught,

"The seeds of open vice returning brought.

"Whitehall the naked Venus first revealed,

"Who, standing, as at Cyprus, in her shrine,

"The strumpet was adored with rites divine.

"The poets, who must live by courts or starve,

"Were proud so good a Government to serve,

"And, mixing with buffoons and pimps profane,

"Tainted the stage for some small snip of gain."

He was not as successful in his heroic plays, which were for the most part free from the vices of his age, and show that while he was not a poet of the highest order, he was first of the second. He was the literary dictator of his time, and a pinch from his snuff-box at Will's was a certificate of social distinction, but he had no aptitude whatever for the stage, and in writing for it, he was attempting to make a trade of his genius." "He was a strong thinker who sometimes carried common sense to a height where it catches the light of a diviner air." "He is a prose writer with a kind of Aeolian attachment," to borrow Lowell's description. His plays contain "rant and fustian and bombast," that remind us of Tamburlaine himself from "The Royal Martyr":

"Where'er thou stand'st, I'll level at that place  
 "My gushing blood, and spout it in thy face;  
 "Nay, more, my arms shall throw my head at thine."

Compared with this "All for Love," written avowedly in the style of Shakespeare, and after "feeding on his bee-bread," the only one in which "there is a trace of real passion," Dryden approaches his master as in those exquisite lines of Anthony: ✓

"How I loved,  
 "Witness ye days and nights, and all ye hours  
 "That danced away with down upon your feet."

That its events happen and its characters act within the magic limit of twenty-four hours, according to the rules of Art which Charles the Second brought back from France and graciously bestowed upon the English stage to relieve its "boisterous wit," is only to be expected.

Shakespeare calls back to life from the grave where Plutarch had left him, the "curled Antony," the indomitable soldier, the self-confessed coward, the emperor of the East, the "doting mallard," and shows him "barber'd ten times o'er" at the feast of an Egyptian courtesan; and restores Cleopatra from the poison of the asp and depicts her jeering at the deserted Fulvia, striking and threatening with death the messenger who announces Octavia's wedding, sending impatient messages to the lingering bridegroom "nodding him back." Dryden ignores the truth of history, introduces Ventidius, and attempts an "adaptation" of the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius, an ✓

"adaptation" which he tells us "he preferred to anything he had written in this kind," but Antony is no longer "the great general," the "dishonored soldier," the "fallen master of half the world;" "He is little more than a sentimental love-sick swain, while the Egyptian queen has lost nearly every one of the characteristics with which she has impressed the ages, and is exhibited to us as displaying the behavior of a tender-hearted, affectionate and wholly romantic schoolgirl." And yet, in my opinion "All for Love" is a noble play; it is full of beautiful and powerful passages which compel admiration and make the reader doubt the entire truth of Lowell's generalization that Dryden had "no aptitude whatever for the stage." If he had no "aptitude" for the stage of the Restoration, it was partly because he was large enough to measure the greatness of Shakespeare, partly because he was compelled to work in the fetters of "the unities," and therefore, he could show his admiration for his acknowledged master in no better or other way than by adaptations from his work. His supreme interest for us lies in the fact that in spite of the narrow criticism of the day, he formed and recorded an estimate of Shakespeare's matchless power which "has stood out all appeals,"—the fact that by his adaptations, he kept alive the name and fame of Shakespeare on the London stage; and, more than any other man of the century, built the bridge across the turbid and passionate flood of the Restoration over which Shakespeare must cross to our own age and date if he was to come down to them at all.<sup>1</sup> And this is why I cannot agree with my able co-editor Dr. Kilbourne who in his Introduction to *THE TEMPEST* in this *BANKSIDE-RESTORATION SERIES*, holds that Dryden perpetrated a literary crime in which D'Avenant was *particeps criminis*—when they did over Shakespeare's plays to suit the taste and appetite of their time. To my thinking, Dryden and D'Avenant were Shakespeare's saviors even if the media of the salvage was not precisely what this century regards as nice. Those two Restoration Dramatists were surely better assessors of the vogue of their own date than we of the Twentieth century.

As one who edits a Shakespeare text has a right *nem. con.* to express an opinion on a reading, may I add here that I agree with the general Editor of this series not only in his contention that Sir William D'Avenant deserves the everlasting reverence of Shakespeare lovers for preserving the plays through the "carpentry and French" of this "Restoration" period, (*Shakespeare In Fact And In Criticism*, *art.* "Shakespeare's Literary Executor,"—Appleton Morgan, New York, 1885) but in maintaining that the one great crux for

which this play is sponsor—"arme gaunte steed" is simply typographical error for AN ARROGANT STEED? What sort of a steed but "an arrogant steed" should the demi-Atlas of this earth mount? And would it not make any steed "arrogant" to bear a "demi-Atlas of this earth"? And what is more Shakespearean in all Shakespeare than to make the steed haughty among all the steeds of this earth to carry an Antony on his back? These questions of Dr. Morgan I can only answer as Dr. Morgan himself answers them.

FRANCIS A. SMITH.









# **ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA.**



ALL for LOVE:

O R, T H E

World well Lost.

A

T R A G E D Y,

Acted by Her

MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

---

Written in Imitation of *Shakespear's* Stile,  
By Mr. *D R Y D E N*.

---

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*Facile est verbum aliquod ardens (ut ita dicam) notare: Idque re-  
stinctis animorum incendiis irridere. Cicero.*

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for *J. Tonson*: And Sold by *J. Knapton* at the Crown in  
St. Paul's Church-yard, *G. Strahan* over-against the Royal-  
Exchange in Cornhill, and *E. Sanger* at the Post-Office at the  
Middle-Temple Gate. 1709.



To the  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
THOMAS EARL OF DANBY  
VISCOUNT LATIMER,  
and  
BARON OSBORNE of *Kiveton*  
in *Yorkshire*.

Lord High Treasurer of *England*, One of His Majesty's most Honourable Privy-Council, and Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

My LORD,

THE Gratitude of Poets is so troublesome a Virture to Great Men, that you are often in danger of your own Benefits: For you are threaten'd with some Epistle, and not suffer'd to do Good in quiet, or to compound for their Silence whom you have Oblig'd. Yet, I confess, I neither am, nor ought to be surpriz'd at this Indulgence; For your Lordship has the same Right to Favour Poetry which the Great and Noble have ever had.

*Carmen amat, quiquis carmine digna gerit.*

There is somewhat of a Tye in Nature betwixt those who are Born for Worthy Actions, and those who can Transmit them to Posterity: And though ours be much the inferior part, it comes at least within the Verge of Alliance; nor are we unprofitable Members of the Commonwealth, when we animate others to those Virtues, which we Copy and Describe from You.



'Tis indeed their Interest, who endeavour the Subversion of Governments, to discourage Poets and Historians; for the best which can happen to them is to be forgotten: But such, who, under **KINGS**, are the Fathers of their Country, and by a just and Prudent ordering of Affairs preserve it, have the same Reason to Cherish the Chroniclers of their Actions, as they have to lay up in safety the Deeds and Evidences of their Estates: For such Records are their undoubted Titles to the Love and Reverence of After-ages. Our *Lordship's* Administration has already taken up a considerable part of the *English Annals*; and many of its most happy Years are owing to it. His MAJESTY, the most knowing Judge of Men, and the best Master, has acknowledg'd the Ease and Benefit he Receives in the Incomes of his Treasury, which You found not only Disorder'd, but Exhausted. All things were in the Confusion of a *Chaos*, without Form or Method, if not reduc'd beyond it, even to Annihilation: So that you had not only to separate the Jarring Elements, but (if that boldness of Expression might be allow'd me) to Create them. Your Enemies had so Embroil'd the Management of your Office, that they look'd on your Advancement as the instrument of your Ruin. And as if the clogging of the Revenue, and the Confusion of Accounts, which you found in your Entrance, were not sufficient, they added their own weight of Malice to the Publick Calamity, by forestalling the Credit which shou'd Cure it: Your Friends, on the other side, were only capable of Pitying, but not of Aiding you: No farther Help or Counsel was remaining to you, but what was founded on your Self; and that indeed was your Security: For your Diligence, your Constancy, and your Prudence, wrought more surely within, when they were not disturb'd by any outward Motion. The highest Virtue is best to be trusted with its Self, for Assistance only can be given by a *Genius* superior to that which it Assists. And 'tis the Noblest kind of Debt, when we are only oblig'd to God and Nature. This then, *My Lord*, is your just Commendation, That you have wrought out your Self a way to Glory, by those very Means that were design'd for your Destruction: You have not only restor'd, but advanc'd the Revenues of your Master without Grievance to the Subject: And as if that were little yet, the Debts of the *Exchequer*, which lay heaviest both on the *Crown*, and on *private Persons*, have by your Conduct been Establish'd in a certainty of Satisfaction. An Action so much the more Great and Honourable, because the Cause was without the ordinary Relief of Laws; above





the Hopes of the Afflicted, and beyond the Narrowness of the Treasury to Redress, had it been mang'd by a less able Hand. 'Tis certainly the Happiest, and most Unenvy'd Part of all your Fortune, to do Good to many, while you do Injury to none: To receive at once the Prayers of the Subject, and the Praises of the Prince: And by the care of your Conduct, to give Him Means of Exerting the chiefest, (if any be the chiefest of His Royal Virtues: His distributive Justice to the Deserving, and His Bounty and Compassion to the Wanting. The Disposition of Princes towards their People, cannot better be discover'd than in the choice of their Ministers; who, like the Animal Spirits betwixt the Soul and Body, participate somewhat of both Natures, and make the Communication which is betwixt them. A King, who is Just and Moderate in his Nature, who Rules according to the Laws, whom God made Happy by Forming the Temper of his Soul to the Constitution of His Government, and who makes us Happy, by assuming over us no other Sovereignty than that wherein our Welfare and Liberty consists; A Prince, I say, of so excellent a Character and so suitable to the Wishes of all Good Men, could not better have convey'd Himself into His Peoples Apprehensions, than in your Lordship's Person; who so lively expresses the same Virtues, that you seem not so much a Copy, as an Emanation of Him. Moderation is doubtless an Establishment of Greatness; but there is a steadiness of Temper which is likewise requisite in a Minister of State: So equal a mixture of both Virtues, that he may stand like an *Isthmus* betwixt the two Encroaching Seas of Arbitrary Power, and Lawless Anarchy. The Undertaking would be difficult to any but an Extraordinary *Genius*, to stand at the Line, and to divide the Limits; to pay what is due to the Great Representative of the Nation, and neither to inhance, nor to yield up the undoubted Prerogatives of the Crown. These, *My Lord*, are the proper Virtues of a Noble Englishman, as indeed they are proper English Virtues: No People in the World being capable of using them, but we who have the Happiness to be Born under so equal, and so well-poss'd a Government. A Government which has all the Advantages of Liberty beyond a Common-wealth, and all the Marks of Kingly Sovereignty without the danger of a Tyranny. Both my Nature, as I am an Englishman, and my Reason, as I am a Man, have bred in me a Loathing to that specious Name of a Republick; That mock-appearance of a Liberty, where all who have not part in the Government, are Slaves; And Slaves they are, of a viler Note than such as are



Subjects to an absolute Dominion. For no Christian Monarchy is so Absolute, but 'tis Circumscrib'd with Laws: But when the Executive Power is in the Law-Makers, there is no farther check upon them; and the People must suffer without a Remedy, because they are Oppress'd by their Representatives. If I must serve, the number of my Masters, who were Born my Equals, would but add to the Ignominy of my Bondage. The Nature of our Government, above all other, is exactly Suited both to the Situation of our Country, and the Temper of the Natives: An Island being more proper for Commerce and for Defence, than for extending its Dominions on the Continent: For what the Valour of its Inhabitants might gain, by reason of its Remoteness and the Casualties of the Seas, it could not so easily preserve: And therefore, neither the Arbitrary Power of one in a Monarchy, nor of many in a Commonwealth, could make us greater than we are. 'Tis true, that vast and more frequent Taxes might be gather'd, when the Consent of the People was not Ask'd or Needed; but this were only by Conquering abroad to be Poor at home: And the Examples of our Neighbours teach us, that they are not always the Happiest Subjects whose Kings extend their Dominions farthest. Since therefore we cannot win by an Offensive War, at least a Land-war, the model of our Government seems Naturally contriv'd for the Defensive part: And the Consent of a People is easily obtain'd to contribute to that Power which must protect it. *Felices nimium bona si sua norint, Angli genæ!* And yet there are not wanting Malecontents amongst us, who Surfeiting themselves on too much Happiness, would persuade the People that they might be Happier by a Change. 'Twas indeed the Policy of their old Forefather, when himselfe was fallen from the Station of Glory, to seduce Mankind into the same Rebellion with him, by telling him he might yet be freer than he was: That is, more free than his Nature would allow, or (If I may so say) than God could make him. We have already all the Liberty which Free-born Subjects can enjoy; and all beyond it is but License. But if it be Liberty of Conscience which they pretend, the Moderation of our Church is such, that its Practice extends not to the severity of Persecution; and its Discipline is withal so easie, that it allows more freedom to Dissenters than any of the Sects would allow to it. In the mean time, what Right can be pretended by these Men to attempt Innovations in Church or State? Who made them the Trustees, or (to Speak a little nearer their own Language) the Keepers of the



Liberty of *England*? If their Call be extraordinary, let them Convince us by working Miracles; for ordinary Vocation they can have none to disturb the Government under which they were Born, and which protects them. He who has often chang'd his Party, and always has made his Interest the Rule of it, gives little Evidence of his Sincerity for the Publick Good: 'Tis manifest he changes but for himself, and takes the People for Tools to work his Fortune. Yet the Experience of all Ages might let him know, that they who trouble the Waters first, have seldom the benefit of the Fishing: As they who began the late Rebellion, enjoy'd not the Fruit of their Undertaking, but were crush'd themselves by the Usurpation of their own Instrument: Neither is it enough for them to Answer, that they only intend a Reformation of the Government, but not the Subversion of it. On such Pretences all Infurrections have been founded; 'Tis striking at the Root of Power, which is Obedience. Every Remonstrance of private Men, has the Seed of Treason in it; and Discourses which are couch'd in ambiguous Terms, and therefore the more dangerous, because they do all the Mischief of open Sedition, yet are safe from the Punishment of the Laws. These, *My Lord*, are considerations which I should not pass so lightly over, had I room to manage them as they deserve: For no Man can be so inconsiderable in a Nation, as not to have a share in the welfare of it; and if he be a true Englishman, he must at the same time be fir'd with Indignation, and revenge himself as he can on the Disturbers of his Country. And to whom could I more fitly apply myself, than to Your Lordship, who have not only an Inborn, but an Hereditary Loyalty? The memorable Constancy and Sufferings of your Father, almost to the ruin of His Estate, for the Royal Cause, were an earnest of that, which such a Parent and such an Institution wou'd produce in the Person of a Son. But so unhappy on Occasion of manifesting Your own Zeal in suffering for his present *Majesty*, the Providence of God, and the Prudence of Your Administration, will, I hope, prevent. That as Your Father's Fortune waited on the Unhappiness of his *Sovereign*, so Your own may participate of the better Fate which attends his *Son*. The Relation which You have by Alliance to the Noble Family of Your Lady, serves to confirm to you both this happy Augury. For what can deserve a greater place in the *English* Chronicle, than the Loyalty and Courage, the Actions and Death of the General of any Army Fighting for his Prince and Country? The Honour and Gallantry of the Earl of *Lindsey*, is so



illustrious a Subject, that 'tis fit to adorn an Heroick Poem; for He was the Proto-Martyr of the Cause, and the Type of his unfortunate Royal Master.

Yet after all, *My Lord*, if I may speak my Thoughts, You are happy rather to us than to your self: For the Multiplicity, the Cares, and the Vexations of your Employment, have betray'd you from your self, and given you up into the Possession of the Publick. You are Robb'd of your Privacy and Friends, and scarce any hour of your Life you can call your own. Those who envy your Fortune, if they wanted not good Nature, might more justly pity it; and when they see you watch'd by a Croud of Suitors, whose Importunity 'tis impossible to avoid, would conclude with reason, that you have lost much more in true Content, than you have gain'd by Dignity; and that a private Gentleman is better attended by a single Servant, than your Lordship with so clamorous a Train. Pardon me, *My Lord*, if I speak like a Philosopher on this Subject; the Fortune which makes a Man Uneasie, cannot make him Happy: And a Wise Man must think himself Uneasie, when few of his Actions are in his Choice.

This last Consideration has brought me to another, and a very reasonable one for your Relief: which is, That while I pity your want of leisure, I have impertinently Detain'd you so long a time. I have put off my own Business, which was my Dedication, 'till 'tis so late, that I am now ashamed to begin it: And therefore I will say nothing of the Poem, which I present to you, because I know not if you are like to have an hour, which, with a good Conscience, you may throw away in perusing it: And for the Author, I have only to beg the continuance of your Protection to him, who is,

*MY LORD.*

*Your Lordship's most Obliged,*

*most Humble, and most*

*Obedient Servant,*

John Dryden.





# PREFACE.

**T**HE Death of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, is a Subject which has been treated by the greatest of our Nation, after *Shake-spear*; and by all so variously, that their Example has giv'n me the confidence to try my self in this Bowe of *Vlyffes* amongst the crowd of Sutors; and withal, to take my own Measures, in aiming at the Mark. I doubt not but the same Motive has prevailed with all of us in this attempt; I mean, the excellency of the Moral: For the chief Persons represented, were famous Patterns of unlawful Love; and their end accordingly was unfortunate. All reasonable Men have long since concluded, That the Hero of the Poem ought not to be a Character of perfect Virtue, for, then, he could not, without injustice, be made unhappy; nor yet altogether wicked, because he could not then be pitied: I have therefore steer'd the middle course; and have drawn the Character of *Anthony* as favourably as *Plutarch*, *Appian*, and *Dion Cassius* would give me leave: the like I have observ'd in *Cleopatra*. That which is wanting to work up the pity to a greater height, was not afforded me by the Story: for the crimes of Love which they both committed, were not occasioned by any necessity, or fatal ignorance, but were wholly voluntary; since our Passions are, or ought to be, within our power. The Fabrick of the Play is regular enough, as to the inferior parts of it; and the Unities of Time, Place and Action, more exactly observ'd, than perhaps the *English* Theater requires. Particularly, the Action is so much one, that it is the only of the kind without Epifode, or Under-plot; every Scene in the Tragedy conducing to the main design, and every Act concluding with a turn of it. The greatest error in the contrivance seems to be in the person of *Octavia*. For, though I might use the privilege of a Poet, to introduce her into *Alexandria*; yet I had not enough consider'd, that the Compassion she mov'd to her self and Children, was destructive to that which I reserv'd for *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*; whose mutual Love being founded upon Vice, must lessen the favour of the Audience to them, when Virtue and Innocence were oppress'd by it. And, though I justify'd *Anthony* in some measure, by making *Octavia's* departure to proceed wholly from her self, yet the force of the first Machine still re-



main'd; and the dividing of Pity, like the cutting of a River into many Channels, abated the strength of the natural Stream. But this is an Objection which none of my Criticks have urg'd against me; and therefore I might have let it pass, if I could have resolv'd to have been partial to my self. The faults my Enemies have found, are rather cavils concerning little, and not essential Decencies; which a Master of the Ceremonies may decide betwixt us. The *French* Poets, I confess, are strict Observers of these Punctilio's: They would not, for example, have suffer'd *Cleopatra* and *Octavia* to have met; or if they had met, there must have pass'd betwixt them some cold civilities, but no eagerness of repartée for fear of offending against the greatness of their Characters, and the modesty of their Sex. This Objection I foresaw, and at the same time condemn'd: For I judg'd it both natural and probable, that *Octavia*, proud of her new-gain'd Conquest, would search out *Cleopatra* to triumph over her; and that *Cleopatra*, thus attack'd, was not of a spirit to shun the encounter: and 'tis not unlikely, that two exasperated Rivals should use such Satyr as I have put into their mouths; for after all, though the one were a *Roman*, and the other a Queen, they were both Women. 'Tis true, some Actions, though natural, are not fit to be represented; and broad Obscenities in words, ought in good manners to be avoided: Expressions therefore are a modest cloathing of our Thoughts, as Breeches and Petticoats are of our Bodies. If I have kept my self within the bounds of Modesty, all beyond it is but Nicety and Affectation; which is no more but Modesty deprav'd into a Vice: They betray themselves who are too quick of Apprehension in such cases, and leave all reasonable Men to imagine worse of them, than of the Poet.

Honest *Montaigne* goes yet farther: *Nous ne sommes que ceremonie; la ceremonie nous emporte, & laissons la substance des choses. Nous nous tenons aux branches, & abandonnons le tronc & le corps. Nous avons appris aux Dames de rougir, oyans seulement nommer ce qu'elles ne craignent aucunement a faire: Nous n'osons appeller a droit nos membres, & ne craignons pas de les employer a toute sorte de débauche. La ceremonie nous défend d'exprimer par paroles les choses licites & naturelles, & nous l'en croyons; la raison nous défend de n'en faire point d'illicites & mauvaises, & personne ne l'en croit.* My comfort is, that by this Opinion my Enemies are but sucking Criticks, who wou'd fain be nibbling e'er their Teeth are come.

Yet, in this nicety of Manners does the excellency of *French* Poetry consist: Their Heroes are the most civil people breathing; but their good breeding



feldom extends to a word of sense: All their Wit is in their Ceremony; they want the Genius which animates our Stage; and therefore 'tis but necessary when they cannot please, that they should take care not to offend. But as the civillest Man in the Company is commonly the dullest, so these Authors, while they are afraid to make you laugh or cry, out of pure good manners, make you sleep. They are so careful not to exasperate a Critick, that they never leave him any work; so busy with the Broom, and make so clean a riddance, that there is little left either for Censure or for Praise: For no part of a Poem is worth our discommending, where the whole is insipid; as when we have once tasted of pall'd Wine, we stay not to examine it Glass by Glass. But while they affect to shine in trifles, they are often careless in essentials. Thus their *Hippolitus* is, so scrupulous in point of decency, that he will rather expose himself to death than accuse his Step-mother to his Father; and my Criticks I am sure will commend him for it: but we of grosser apprehensions, are apt to think, that this excess of generosity is not practicable but with Fools and Madmen. This was good manners with a vengeance; and the Audience is like to be much concern'd at the misfortunes of this admirable Hero: but take *Hippolitus* out of his Poetical Fit, and I suppose he would think it a wiser part to set the Saddle on the right Horse, and chuse rather to live with the reputation of a plain-spoken honest Man, than to die with the infamy of an incestuous Villian. In the mean time we may take notice, that where the Poet ought to have preserv'd the Character as it was deliver'd to us by Antiquity, when he should have given us the Picture of a young rough Man, of the *Amazonian* strain, a jolly Huntsman, and both by his Profession and his early rising a Mortal Enemy to Love, he has chosen to give him the turn of Gallantry, sent him to travel from *Athens* to *Paris*, taught him to make Love, and transworn'd the *Hippolytus* of *Euripides* into Monsieur *Hippolyte*. I should not have troubled my self thus far with French Poets, but that I find our *Chedreux* Criticks wholly form their Judgments by them. But for my part, I desire to be try'd by the Laws of my own Country; for it seems unjust to me, that the *French* should prescribe here, 'till they have conquer'd. Our little Sonnetiers who follow them have too narrow Souls to judge of Poetry. Poets themselves are the most proper, though I conclude not the only Criticks. But 'till some Genius, as Universal as *Artistotle*, shall arise, who can penetrate into all Arts and Sciences, without the practice of them, I shall think it reasonable, that the Judgment of an Artificer in his own Art should be preferable to the Opinion of another Man; at least where



he is not brib'd by Interest, or prejudic'd by Malice: And this, I suppose, is manifest by plain induction: For, first, the Crowd cannot be presum'd to have more than a gross instinct of what pleases or displeases them: Every Man will grant me this: But then, by a particular kindness to himself, he draws his own stake first, and will be distinguish'd from the multitude, of which other Men may think him one. But, if I come closer to those who are allow'd for witty Men, either by the advantage of their Quality, or by common Fame, and affirm that either are they qualify'd to decide Sovereignly, concerning Poetry, I shall yet have a strong Party of my Opinion; for most of them severally will exclude the rest, either from the number of witty Men, or at least of able Judges. But here again they are all indulgent to themselves: And every one who believes himself a Wit, that is, every Man, will pretend at the same time to a right of judging. But to press it yet farther, there are many witty Men, but few Poets, neither have all Poets a taste of Tragedy. And this is the Rock on which they are daily splitting. Poetry, which is a Picture of Nature, must generally please: But 'tis not to be understood that all parts of it must please every Man; therefore is not Tragedy to be judg'd by a witty Man, whose taste is only confin'd to Comedy. Nor is every Man who loves Tragedy a sufficient Judge of it: He must understand the excellencies of it too, or he will only prove a blind Admirer, not a Critick. From hence it comes that so many Satyrs on Poets, and Censures of their Writings, fly abroad. Men of pleasant Conversation, (at least esteem'd so) and indu'd with a trifling kind of Fancy, perhaps help'd out with some smattering of Latine, are ambitious to distinguish themselves from the Herd of Gentlemen, by their Poetry;

*Rarus enim fermé sensus communis in illa*

*Fortuna.*

And is not this a wretched Affectation, not to be contented with what Fortune has done for them, and sit down quietly with their Estates, but they must call their Wits in question, and needlessly expose their nakedness to publick view? Not considering that they are not to expect the same approbation from sober Men, which they have found from their Flatterers after the third Bottle? If a little glittering in discourse has pass'd them on us for witty Men, where was the necessity of undeceiving the World? Would a Man who has an ill Title to an Estate, but yet is in possession of it, would he bring it of his own accord, to be try'd at *Westminster*? We who write, if we want the Talent, yet have the excuse that we do it for a poor subsistence: but what





can be urg'd in their defence, who not having the Vocation of Poverty to scribble out of meer wantonness, take pains to make themselves ridiculous? *Horace* was certainly in the right, where he said, That *no Man is satisfy'd with his own condition*. A Poet is not pleas'd because he is not rich; and the Rich are discontented, because the Poets will not admit them of their number. Thus the case is hard with Writers: If they succeed not, they must starve; and if they do, some malicious Satyr is prepar'd to level them, for daring to please without their leave. But while they are so eager to destroy the Fame of others, their Ambition is manifest in their concernment: some Poem of their own is to be produc'd, and the Slaves are to be laid flat with their faces on the ground, that the Monarch may appear in the greater Majesty.

*Dionysius* and *Nero* had the same longings, but with all their Power they could never bring their business well about. 'Tis true, they proclaim'd themselves Poets by sound of Trumpet; and Poets they were upon pain of Death to any Man who durst call them otherwise. The Audience had a fine time on't, you may imagine; they sat in a bodily fear, and look'd as demurely as they could: For 'twas a hanging matter to laugh unseasonably; and the Tyrants were suspicious, as they had reason, that their Subjects had 'em in the wind; so, every Man in his own defence set as good a face upon the business as he could: 'Twas known before-hand that the Monarchs were to be Crown'd Laureats; but when the Shew was over, and an honest Man was suffer'd to depart quietly, he took out his Laughter which he had stifled, and with a firm resolution never more to see an Emperor's Play, though he had been ten years a making it. In the mean time, the true Poets were they who made the best Markets, for they had Wit enough to yield the Prize with a good grace, and not contend with him who had thirty Legions: They were sure to be rewarded if they confess'd themselves bad Writers, and that was somewhat better than to be Martyrs for their Reputation. *Lucan's* Example was enough to teach them manners; and after he was put to Death, for overcoming *Nero*, the Emperor carried it without dispute for the best Poet in his Dominions: No Man was ambitious of that grinning Honour; for if he heard the malicious Trumpeter proclaiming his Name before his Betters, he knew there was but one way with him. *Mecenas* took another Course, and we know he was more than a great Man, for he was witty too: But finding himself far gone in Poetry, which *Seneca* assures us was not his Talent, he thought it his best way to be well with *Virgil* and with *Horace*; that at least he might be a Poet at the second hand; and we see how happily it has succeeded with him; for



his own bad Poetry is forgotten, and their Panegyricks of him still remain. But they who should be our Patrons, are for no such expensive ways to Fame: They have much of the Poetry of *Mecænas*, but little of his Liberality. They are for persecuting *Horace* and *Virgil*, in the Persons of their Successors, (for such is every Man, who has any part of their Soul and Fire, though in a less degree.) Some of their little *Zanies* yet go farther; for they are Persecutors even of *Horace* himself, as far as they are able, by their ignorant and vile Imitations of him; by making an unjust use of his Authority, and turning his Artillery against his Friends. But how would he disdain to be Copied by such hands! I dare answer for him, he would be more uneasy in their Company, than he was with *Crispinus* their Forefather in the *Holy Way*; and would no more have allow'd them a place amongst the Criticks, than he would *Demetrius* the Mimick, and *Tigellius* the Buffoon;

———*Demetri, teque Tigelli,*

*Discipulorum inter jubeo plorare Cathedras.*

With what scorn would he look down on such miserable Translators, who make Doggrel of his Latin, mistake his meaning, misapply his Censures, and often contradict their own? He is fix'd as a Land-Mark to set out the bounds of Poetry,

———*Saxum, antiquum ingens*

*Limes agro posuns litem ut discerneret arvis:*

But other Arms than theirs, and other Sinews are requir'd, to raise the weight of such an Author; and when they would tofs him against their Enemies,

*Genua labant, gelidus concrevit frigore sanguis,*

*Tum lapis ipse, viri vacuum per inane volutus*

*Nec spatium evasit totum, nec pertulit ictum.*

For my part, I would wish no other revenge, either for my self or the rest of the Poets, from this Rhyming Judge of the Twelve-penny Gallery, this Legitimate Son of *Sternhold*, than that he would subscribe his Name to his Censure, or (not to tax him beyond his Learning) set his mark: for should he own himself publicly, and come from behind the Lion's Skin, they whom he condemns would be thankful to him, they whom he praises would chuse to be Condemned; and the Magistrates whom he has Elected, would modestly withdraw from their Employment, to avoid the scandal of his Nomination. The sharpness of his Satyr, next to himself, falls most heavily on his Friends, and they ought never to forgive him for commending them perpetually the



wrong way, and sometimes by contraries. If he have a Friend whose haughtiness in writing is his greatest fault, *Horace* would have taught him to have minc'd the matter, and to have call'd it readiness of Thought, and a flowing Fancy; for Friendship will allow a Man to Christen an Imperfection by the Name of some Neighbour Virtue:

*Vellem in amicitia sic erraremus; & isti  
Errori, nomen virtus posuisset honestum.*

But he would never have allow'd him to have call'd a flow Man hafty, or a hafty Writer a flow Drudge, as *Juvenal* explains it:

*Canibus pigris scabieque vetusta  
Levibus, & sicca lambentibus ora lucernæ  
Nomen erit, Pardus, Tygris, Leo; si quid adhuc est  
Quod premit in terris violentius.*

Yet *Lucretius* Laughs at a foolish Lover, even for excusing the Imperfections of his Mistress:

*Nigra est, immunda & fetida  
Balba loqui non quit, ; muta pudens est, &c.*

But to drive it, *ad Æthiopem Cygnum*, is not to be indur'd. I leave him to interpret this by the Benefit of his French Version on the other side, and without farther considering him, than I have the rest of my illiterate Censors, whom I have disdain'd to Answer, because they are not qualified for Judges. It remains that I acquaint the Reader, that I have endeavour'd in this Play to follow the practice of the Ancients, who, as Mr. *Rymer* has judiciously observ'd, are, and ought to be our Masters. *Horace* likewise gives it for a Rule in his Art of Poetry,

*Vos exemplaria Græcæ  
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.*

Yet, though their Models are regular, they are too little for English Tragedy; which requires to be built in a larger Compass. I could give an instance in the *Oedipus Tyrannus*, which was the Mater-piece of *Sophocles*; but I reserve it for a more fit occasion, which I hope to have hereafter. In my Style I have profess'd to imitate the Divine *Shakespeare*; which that I might perform more freely, I have disincumber'd my self from Rhyme. Not that I condemn my former way, but that this is more proper to my present purpose. I hope I need not to explain my self, that I have not Copy'd my Author servilely: Words and Phrases must of necessity receive a Change in succeeding Ages: But 'tis almost a Miracle that much of his Language



remains so pure; and that he who began Dramatick Poetry amongst us, untaught by any, and, as *Ben Johnson* tells us, without Learning, should by the force of his own Genius perform so much, that in a manner he has left no Praise for any who come after him. The Occasion is fair, and the Subject would be pleasant to handle, the difference of Stiles betwixt him and *Fletcher*, and wherein, and how far they are both to be imitated. But since I must not be over-confident of my own Performance after him, it will be prudence in me to be silent. Yet, I hope I may affirm, and without vanity, that by imitating him, I have excell'd my self throughout the Play; and particularly, that I prefer the Scene betwixt *Anthony* and *Ventidius* in the first Act, to any thing which I have written in this kind.



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# Prologue

## TO

# Anthony & Cleopatra.

**W**hat Flocks of Criticks hover here to day,  
 As Vultures wait on Armies for their Prey,  
 All gaping for the Carcase of a Play !  
 With Croaking Notes they boad some dire Event ;  
 And follow dying Poets by the scent.  
 Ours gives himself for gone ; you've watch'd your time ;  
 He fights this day unarm'd ; without his Rhyme ;  
 And brings a Tale which often has been told ;  
 As sad as Dido's ; and almost as old.  
 His Hero, whom you Wits his Bully call,  
 Bates of his mettle, and scarce rants at all.  
 He's somewhat lewd ; but a well-meaning Mind ;  
 Weeps much ; fights little ; but is wond'rous kind.  
 In short, a Pattern and Companion fit,  
 For all the keeping Tonys of the Pit.  
 I cou'd name more ; A Wife, and Mistrefs too ;  
 Both (to be plain) too good for most of you :  
 The Wife well-natur'd, and the Mistrefs true.  
 Now, Poets, if your Fame has been his care ;  
 Allow him all the Candour you can spare.  
 A brave Man scorns to quarrel once a day ;  
 Like Hectors, in at every petty Fray,  
 Let those find fault whose Wit's so very small,  
 They've need to show that they can think at all :  
 Errors like Straws upon the surface flow ;  
 He who wou'd search for Pearls must dive below.



*Fops may have leave to level all they can;  
As Pigmies wou'd be glad to lop a Man.  
Half-Wits are Fleas ; so little and so light ;  
We scarce cou'd know they live, but that they bite.  
But, as the Rich, when tir'd with daily Feasts,  
For change, become their next poor Tenants Guests ;  
Drink hearty Draughts of Ale, from plain brown Bowls,  
And snatch the homely Rasher from the Coals :  
So you, retiring from much better Cheer,  
For once, may venture to do penance here.  
And since that plenteous Autumn now is past,  
Whose Grapes and Peaches have Indulg'd your paste,  
Take in good part from our poor Poet's board,  
Such rivell'd Fruits as Winter can afford.*



M. William Shak-speare

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

<b>M</b> <i>Arc Anthony,</i>	By
<i>Ventidius, his General,</i>	Mr. Hart.
<i>Dolabella, his Friend,</i>	Mr. Mohun,
<i>Alexas, the Queen's Eunuch,</i>	Mr. Clarke.
<i>Serapion, Priest of Isis,</i>	Mr. Goodman.
<i>Another Priest,</i>	Mr. Griffin.
<i>Servants to Anthony.</i>	Mr. Coysh.
 <i>Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt,</i>	 Mrs. Boutell.
<i>Octavia, Anthony's Wife,</i>	Mrs. Corey.
<i>Charmion, Cleopatra's Maids</i>	
<i>Iras,</i>	
<i>Anthony's two little Daughters.</i>	

Scene ALEXANDRIA.

*Enter Demetrius and Philo.*

*Philo.*

N Ay, but this dotage of our Generals  
Ore-flowes the measure: those his goodly eyes  
That o're the Files and Mufters of the Warre,  
Haue glow'd like plated Mars:  
Now bend, now turne  
The Office and Deuotion of their view  
Vpon a Tawny Front. His Captaines heart,  
Which in the scuffles of great Fights hath burft  
The Buckles on his breft, reneages all temper,  
And is become the Bellowes and the Fan  
To coole a Gypfies Luft.

*Flourish. Enter Anthony, Cleopatra her Ladies, the Traine, with Eunuchs  
fanning her.*

Looke where they come:

Take but good note, and you fhall fee in him  
(The triple Pillar of the world) transform'd  
Into a Strumpets Foole. Behold and fee.

*Cleo.* If it be Loue indeed, tell me how much.

*Ant.* There's beggery in the loue that can be reckon'd

*Cleo.* Ile fet a bourne how farre to be belou'd.

*Ant.* Then muft thou needes finde out new Heauen, new Earth.

**In this play, Dryden does not follow Shakespeare's text or text arrangement, sequence of scenes or of incidents, or of entrances of the characters. Except in a few scenes, no textual parallelization will be attempted here.**





ACT I. SCENE, *The Temple of Isis.**Enter Serapion, Myris, Priests of Isis.*

*Serap.* **P**ortents and Prodigies are grown so frequent,  
 That they have lost their Name. Our fruitful *Nile*  
 Flow'd e'er the wonted Season, with a Torrent  
 So unexpected, and so wondrous fierce,  
 That the wild Deluge overtook the haste,  
 Ev'n of the Hinds that watch'd it: Men and Beasts  
 Were born above the tops of Trees, that grew  
 On th' utmost Margin of the Watermark.  
 Then, with so swift an Ebb, the Flood drove backward,  
 It flipt from underneath the Scaly Herd:  
 Here monstrous *Phocæ* panted on the Shore;  
 Forfaken *Dolphins* there, with their broad Tails,  
 Lay lashing the departing Waves: Hard by 'em,  
 Sea-Horses floundering in the slimy Mud,  
 Toss'd up their Heads, and dash'd the Ouzes about 'em.

*Enter Alexas behind them.**Myr.* Avert these Omens, Heav'n!

*Serap.* Last night, between the hours of Twelve and One,  
 In a lone Isle o'th'Temple, while I walk'd,  
 A Whirl-wind rose, that, with a violent blast,  
 Shook all the *Dome*: The Doors around me clapt,  
 The Iron Wicket that defends the Vault,  
 Where the long Race of *Ptolemies* is laid,  
 Burst open, and disclos'd the mighty dead.  
 From out each Monument, in order plac'd,  
 An Armed Ghost starts up: The Boy-King last  
 Rear'd his inglorious head. A peal of Groans  
 Then follow'd, and a lamentable Voice  
 Cry'd, *Ægypt* is no more. By blood ran back,

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Meſ.* Newes (my good Lord) from Rome.

*Ant.* Grates me, the ſumme.

*Cleo.* Nay heare them *Anthony*.

*Fuluia* perchance is angry: Or who knowes,  
If the ſcarfe-bearded *Cæſar* haue not ſent  
His powerfull Mandate to you. Do this, or this;  
Take in that Kingdome, and Infranchiſe that:  
Perform't, or elſe we damme thee.

*Ant.* How, my Loue?

*Cleo.* Perchance? Nay, and moſt like:  
You muſt not ſtay heere longer, your diſmiſſion  
Is come from *Cæſar*, therefore heare it *Anthony*.  
Where's *Fuluia*s Proceſſe? (*Cæſars* I would ſay) both?  
Call in the Meſſengers: As I am Egypts Queene,  
Thou bluſheſt *Anthony*, and that blood of thine  
Is *Cæſars* homager: elſe ſo thy cheekes payes ſhame,  
When ſhrill-tongu'd *Fuluia* ſcolds. The Meſſengers.

*Ant.* Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch  
Of the raining'd Empire fall: Heere is my ſpace,  
Kingdomes are clay: Our dungie earth alike  
Feeds Beaſt as Man; the Nobleneſſe of life  
Is to do thus: when ſuch a mutuall paire,  
And ſuch a twaine can doo't, in which I binde  
One paine of puniſhment, the world to weete  
We ſtand vp Peereleſſe.

*Cleo.* Excellent falſhood:

Why did he marry *Fuluia*, and not loue her?  
Ile ſeeme the Foole I am not. *Anthony* will be himſelf.

*Ant.* But ſtirr'd by *Cleopatra*.

Now for the loue of Loue, and her ſoft houres,  
Let's not confound the time with Conference harſh;  
There's not a minute of our liues ſhould ſtretch  
Without ſome pleaſure now. What ſport to night?

*Cleo.* Heare the Ambaſſadors.

*Ant.* Fye wrangling Queene:





My shaking Knees against each other knock'd;  
On the cold pavement, down I fell intranc'd,  
And so unfinish'd left the horrid Scene.

*Alexas* *shew-* And, Dream'd you this? or, did invent the Story,  
*ing himself.* To frighten our *Ægyptian* Boys withal,  
And train 'em up betimes in fear of Priesthood?

*Serap.* My Lord, I saw you not,  
Nor meant my words should reach your Ears; but what  
I utter'd was most true.

*Alex.* A foolish Dream,  
Bred from the fumes of indigested Feasts,  
And Holy Luxury.

*Serap.* I know my duty:  
This goes no farther.

*Alex.* 'Tis not fit it should.  
Nor would the times now bear it, were it true.  
All Southern, from yon Hills, the *Roman* Camp  
Hangs o'er us black and threatening, like a Storm  
Just breaking on our Heads.

*Serap.* Our faint *Ægyptians* pray for *Anthony*;  
But in their Servile Hearts thy own *Octavius*.

*Myr.* Why then does *Anthony* dream out his hours,  
And tempts not Fortune for a noble Day,  
Which might redeem what *Actium* lost?

*Alex.* He thinks 'tis past recovery.

*Serap.* Yet the Foe  
Seems not to press the Siege.

*Alex.* O, there's the wonder.  
*Mecænas* and *Agrippa*, who can most  
With *Cæsar*, are his Foes. His Wife *Octavia*,  
Driv'n from his House, solicits her Revenge;  
And *Dolabella*, who was once his Friend,  
Upon some private grudge, now seeks his ruin:  
Yet still War seems on either side to sleep.

*Serap.* 'Tis strange that *Anthony*, for some days past,  
Has not beheld the face of *Cleopatra*;  
But here, in *Ifis* Temple, lives retir'd.

Whom euery thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,  
 To weepe: who euery paffion fully ftriues  
 To make it felf (in Thee) faire, and admir'd.  
 No Meffenger but thine, and all alone, to night  
 Wee'l wander through the ftreets, and note  
 The qualities of people. Come my Queene,  
 Laft night you did defire it. Speake not to vs.

*Exeunt with the Traine.*

*Dem.* Is *Cæfar* with *Anthonius* priz'd fo flight

*Philo.* Sir fometimes when he is not *Anthony*,  
 He comes too fhort of that great Property  
 Which ftill fhould go with *Anthony*.

*Dem.* I am full forry, that hee approues the common Lyar, who thus  
 fpeakes of him at Rome; but I will hope of better deeds to morrow. Rest  
 you happy. *Exeunt*

*Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius. a Southfayer, Rannius, Lucillius, Charmian,  
 Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas.*

*Char.* L. *Alexas*, fweet *Alexas*, moft any thing *Alexas*, almoft absolute  
*Alexas*, where's the Soothfayer that you prais'd fo to'th Queene? Oh that  
 I knewe this Husband, which you fay, muft change his Hornes with Gar-  
 lands.

*Alex.* Soothfayer.

*Sooth.* Your will?

*Char.* Is this the man? It's you fir that know things?

*Sooth.* In Natures infinite booke of Secrecie, a little I can read.

*Alex.* Shew him your hand.

*Enob.* Bring in the Blanket quickly: Wine enough,  
*Cleopatra's* health to drinke.

*Char.* Good fir, giue me good Fortune.

*Sooth.* I make not, but forefee.

*Char.* Pray then, forefee me one.

*Sooth.* You fhall be yet farre fairer then you are.

*Char.* He meanes in flefh.

*Iras.* No, you fhall paint when you are old.

*Char.* Wrinkles forbid.







And makes his Heart a prey to black despair.

*Alex.* 'Tis true: and we much fear he hopes by absence  
To cure his mind of Love.

*Serap.* If he be vanquish'd,  
Or make his peace, *Ægypt* is doom'd to be  
A *Roman* Province; and our plenteous Harvest  
Must then redeem the scarceness of their Soil.  
While *Anthony* stood firm, our *Alexandria*  
Rival'd proud *Rome* (Dominion's other Seat)  
And Fortune striding, like a vast *Colossus*,  
Cou'd fix an equal foot of Empire here.

*Alex.* Had I my wish, these Tyrants of all Nature,  
Who lord it o'er Mankind, should perish, perish  
Each by the others Sword; but, since our Will  
Is lamely follow'd by our pow'r, we must  
Depend on one; with him to rise or fall.

*Serap.* How stands the Queen affected?

*Alex.* O, she dotes,  
She dotes, *Serapion*, on this vanquish'd Man,  
And winds her self about his mighty ruins;  
Whom would she yet forsake, yet yield him up,  
This hunted Prey, to his pursuers hands,  
She might preserve us all; but 'tis in vain—  
This changes my Designs, this blasts my Counsels,  
And makes me use all means to keep him here,  
Whom I could wish divided from her Arms  
Far as the Earth's deep Center. Well you know  
The state of things; no more of your ill Omens,  
And black Prognosticks; labour to confirm  
The peoples Hearts.

*Enter Ventidius, talking aside with a Gentleman of Anthony's.*

*Serap.* These *Romans* will o'er-hear us.  
But, wh's that Stranger? By his Warlike Port,  
His fierce demeanor, and erected look,  
He's of no vulgar note.

*Alex.* O 'tis *Ventidius*,

*Alex.* Vex not his prefciencie, be attentiuē.

*Char.* Hufh.

*Sooth.* You fhall be more belouing, then beloued.

*Char.* I had rather heate my Liuer with drinking.

*Alex.* Nay, heare him.

*Char.* Good now fome excellent Fortune: Let mee be married to three Kings in a forenoone, and Widdow them all: Let me haue a Childe at fifty, to whom *Herode* of Iewry may do Homage. Finde me to marrie me with *Octavius Cæfar*, and companion me with my Miftres.

*Sooth.* You fhall out-liue the Lady whom you ferue.

*Char.* Oh excellent, I loue long life better then Figs.

*Sooth.* You haue feene and proued a fairer former fortune, then that which is to approach.

*Char.* Then belike my Children fhall haue no names: Prythee how many Boyes and Wenches muft I haue.

*Sooth.* If euery of your wifhes had a wombe, & foretell euery wifh, a Million.

*Char.* Out Foole, I forgiue thee for a Witch.

*Alex.* You thinke none but your fheets are priue to your wifhes.

*Char.* Nay come, tell *Iras* hers.

*Alex.* Wee'l know all our Fortunes.

*Enob.* Mine, and moft of our Fortunes to night, fhall be drunke to bed.

*Iras.* There's a Palme prefages Chafteity, if nothing els.

*Char.* E'ne as the o're-flowing Nylus prefageth Famine.

*Iras.* Go you wilde Bedfellow, you cannot Soothfay.

*Char.* Nay, if an oyly Palme bee not a fruitful Prognoftication, I cannot fcratch mine eare. Prythee tel her but a worky day Fortune.

*Sooth.* Your Fortunes are alike.

*Iras.* But how, but how, giue me particulars.

*Sooth.* I haue faid.

*Iras.* Am I not an inch of Fortune better then fhe.

*Char.* Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better then I: where would you choofe it.

*Iras.* Not in my Husbands nofe.

*Char.* Our worfer thoughts Heauens mend.

*Alexas.* Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him mary a woman that cannot go, fweet *Ifis*, I befeech thee, and let her dye too, and giue him





Our Emp'rors great Lieutenant in the East,  
 Who first shew'd *Rome*, that *Parthia* could be Conquer'd.  
 When *Anthony* return'd from *Syria* laft,  
 He left this Man to guard the *Roman* Frontiers.

*Serap.* You seem to know him well.

*Alex.* Too well. I saw him in *Cicilia* first.

When *Cleopatra* there met *Anthony*:

A mortal Foe he was to us, and *Ægypt*;

But, let me witness to the worth I hate,

A braver Roman never drew a Sword.

Firm to his Prince; but, as a Friend, not Slave.

He ne'er was of his Pleasures; but presides

O'er all his cooler Hours and morning Counfels:

In short, the plainness, fierceness, rugged virtue

Of an old true-stampt *Roman* lives in him.

His coming bodes I know not what of ill

To our Affairs. Withdraw, to mark him better,

And I'll acquaint you, why I fought you here,

And what's our present work.

*They withdraw to a corner of the*

*Vent.* Not see him, say you?

*Stage; and Ventidius, with the*

I say, I must and will.

*other, comes forwards to the front.*

*Gent.* He has commanded,

On pain of Death, none should approach his Presence.

*Vent.* I bring him news will raise his drooping Spirits,  
 Give him new life.

*Gent.* He sees not *Cleopatra*.

*Vent.* Would he had never seen her.

*Gent.* He Eats not, Drinks not, Sleeps not, has no use

Of any thing, but Thought; or, if he Talks,

'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect Raving:

Then he defies the World, and bids it pass;

Sometimes he gnaws his Lip, and Curfes loud

The Boy *Octavius*: Then he draws his Mouth

Into a scornful Smile, and cries, Take all,

The World's not worth my care.

*Vent.* Just, just his nature.

Virtue's his path; but sometimes 'tis too narrow

a worfe, and let worfe follow worfe, till the worft of all follow him laughing to his graue, fifty-fold a Cuckold. Gool *Ifis* heare me this Prayer, though thou denie me a matter of more waight: good *Ifis* I befeech thee.

*Iras*. Amen, deere Goddeffe, heare that prayer of the people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to fee a handfome man loofe-Wiu'd, fo it is a deadly forrow, to beholde a foule Knaue vncuckolded: Therefore deere *Ifis* keep *decorum*, and Fortune him accordingly.

*Char*. Amen.

*Alex*. Lo now, if it lay in their hands to make mee a Cuckold, they would make themselves Whores, but they'd doo't.

*Enter Cleopatra.*

*Enob*. Hufh, heere comes *Anthony*.

*Char*. Not he, the Queene.

*Cleo*. Saue you, my Lord.

*Enob*. No Lady.

*Cleo*. Was he not heere?

*Char*. No Madam.

*Cleo*. He was dispos'd to mirth, but on the fodaine  
A Romane thought hath ftrooke him.

*Enobarbus?*

*Enob*. Madam.

*Cleo*. Seeke him, and bring him hither: wher's *Alexias?*

*Alex*. Heere at your feruice.

My Lord approaches.

*Enter Anthony, with a Meffenger.*

*Cleo*. We will not looke vpon him:

Go with vs.

*Exeunt.*

*Meffen*. *Fuluia* thy Wife,

Firft came into the Field.

*Ant*. Againft my Brother *Lucius?*

*Meffen*. I: but foone that Warre had end,

And the times ftate.

Made friends of them, ioynting their force 'gainft *Cæſar*,

Whofe better iffue in the warre from Italy,

Vpon the firft encounter draue them.

*Ant*. Well, what worft.







For his vast Soul; and then he starts out wide,  
 And bounds into a Vice that bears him far  
 From his first course, and plunges him in ills :  
 But, when his danger makes him find his fault,  
 Quick to observe, and full of sharp remorse,  
 He censures eagerly his own misdeeds,  
 Judging himself with Malice to himself,  
 And not forgiving what as Man he did,  
 Because his other parts are more than Man.  
 He must not thus be lost. [Alexas and the Priest come forward.]

*Alex.* You have your full Instructions, now advance;  
 Proclaim your Orders loudly.

*Serap.* *Romans, Egyptians,* hear the Queen's Command.  
 Thus *Cleopatra* bids, Let Labour cease,  
 To Pomp and Triumphs give this happy day,  
 That gave the World a Lord: 'Tis *Anthony's*.  
 Live, *Anthony*; and *Cleopatra* live.  
 Be this the general Voice sent up to Heav'n,  
 And every publick Place repeat this echo.

*Vent.* [*aside.*] Fine Pageantry!

*Serap.* Set out before your doors  
 The Images of all your Sleeping Fathers,  
 With Laurels crown'd; with Laurels wreath your Posts,  
 And strow with Flow'rs the Pavement; Let the Priests  
 Do present Sacrifice; pour out the Wine,  
 And call the Gods to join with you in gladness.

*Vent.* Curse on the Tongue that bids this general Joy.  
 Can they be friends of *Anthony*, who Revel  
 When *Anthony's* in danger? Hide, for shame,  
 You *Romans*, your Great Grandfires Images,  
 For fear their Souls should animate their Marbles,  
 To blush at their degenerate Progeny.

*Alex.* A Love which knows no bounds to *Anthony*,  
 Would mark the Day with Honours; when all Heav'n  
 Labour'd for him, when each propitious Star  
 Stood wakeful in his Orb, to watch that Hour,  
 And shed his better influence. Her own Birth-day

*Meff.* The Nature of bad newes infects the Teller.

*Ant.* When it concerns the Foole or Coward: On  
Things that are past, are done, with me. 'Tis thus,  
Who tels me true, though in his Tale lye death,  
I heare him as he flatter'd.

*Mef.* *Labienus* (this is stiffe-newes)  
Hath with his Parthian Force.  
Extended Asia: from Euphrates his conquering  
Banner shooke, from Syria to Lydia,  
And to Ionia, whil't—

*Ant.* *Anthony* thou would'ft say.

*Mef.* Oh my Lord.

*Ant.* Speake to me home,  
Mince not the generall tongue, name  
*Cleopatra* as she is call'd in Rome:  
Raile thou in *Fulvia's* phraze, and taunt my faults  
With such full Lincense, as both Truth and Malice  
Haue power to vtter. Oh then we bring forth weeds,  
When our quicke windes lye still, and our illes told vs  
Is as our earing: fare thee well awhile.

*Mef.* At your Noble pleasure.

*Exit Messenger.*

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Ant.* From *Scicion* how the newes? Speake there,

1. *Mef.* The man from *Scicion*,  
Is there such an one?

2. *Mef.* He stayes vpon your will.

*Ant.* Let him appeare:  
These strong Egyptian Fetters I must breake,  
Or loose my selfe in dotage.

*Enter another Messenger with a Letter.*

What are you.

3. *Mef.* *Fulvia* thy wife is dead.

*Ant.* Where dyed she

*Mef.* In *Scicion*, her length of sickness,  
With what else more serious.  
Importeth thee to know, this bears.





Our Queen neglected, like a vulgar Fate,  
That pass'd obscurely by.

*Vent.* Would it had slept,  
Divided far from his: 'Till some remote  
And future Age had call'd it out, to ruin  
Some other Prince, not him.

*Alex.* Your Emperor,  
Though grown unkind, would be more gentle, than  
T'upbraid my Queen for loving him too well.

*Vent.* Does the mute Sacrifice upbraid the Priest?  
He knows him not his Executioner.

O, she has deck'd his Ruin with her Love,  
Led him in Golden Bands to gaudy Slaughter,  
And made perdition pleasing: She has left him  
The blank of what he was;

I tell thee, Eunuch, she has unman'd him:  
Can any *Roman* see, and know him now,  
Thus alter'd from the Lord of half Mankind,  
Unbent, unfinew'd, made a Woman's Toy,  
Shrunk from the vast extent of all his Honours,  
And cramped within a corner of the World?

O, *Anthony!*  
Thou bravest Soldier, and thou best of Friends!  
Bounteous as Nature; next to Nature's God!  
Couldst thou but make new Worlds, so wouldst thou give 'em,  
As Bounty were thy Being. Rough in Battel,  
As the first *Romans*, when they went to War;  
Yet, after Victory, more pitiful  
Than all their Praying Virgins left at home!

*Alex.* Would you could add to those more shining Virtues,  
His Truth to her who loves him.

*Vent.* Would I could not.  
But, wherefore waste I precious hours with thee?  
Thou art her darling Mischief, her chief Engine,  
*Anthony's* other Fate. Go, tell thy Queen,  
*Ventidius* is arriv'd, to end her Charms.  
Let your *Ægyptian* Timbrels play alone;

*Antho.* Forbeare me  
 There's a great Spirit gone, thus did I desire it:  
 What our contempts doth often hurle from vs,  
 We wifh it ours againe. The prefent pleafure,  
 By reuolution lowring, does become  
 The oppofite of it felfe: fhe's good being gon,  
 The hand could plucke her backe, that fhould her on.  
 I muft from this enchanting Queene breake off,  
 Ten thousand harmes, more than the illes I know  
 My idleneffe doth hatch.

*Enter Enobarbus.*

How now *Enobarbus*.

*Eno.* What's your pleafure, Sir?

*Anth.* I muft with hafte from hence.

*Eno.* Why then we kill all our Women. We fee how mortall an vukindneffe is to them, if they fuffer our departure death's the word.

*Ant.* I muft be gone.

*Eno.* Vnder a compelling an ocaffion, let women die. It were pittie to caft them away for nothing, though betweene them and a great caufe, they fhould be efteemed nothing. *Cleoparta* catching but the leaft noyfe of this, dies instantly: I haue feene her dye twenty times vpon farre poorer moment: I do not think there is mettle in death, which commits fome louing acte vpon her, fhe hath fuch a celerity in dying.

*Ant.* She is cunning pafst mans thought.

*Eno.* Alacke Sir no, her paffions are made of nothing but the fineft part of pure Loue. We cannot cal her winds and waters fighs and teares: They are greater ftormes and Tempefts then Almanackes can report. This cannot be cunning in her; if it be, fhe makes a fhower of Raine as well as Loue.

*Ant.* Would I had neuer feene her.

*Eno.* Oh fir, you had then left vnfeene a wonderful peece of worke, which not to haue beene bleft withall, would haue difcredited your Trauaile.

*Ant.* *Fuluia* is dead.

*Eno.* Sir.

*Ant.* *Fuluia* is dead.

*Eno.* *Fuluia*?

*Ant.* Dead.

*Eno.* Why fir, giue the Gods a thankful Sacrifice: when it pleafeth







Nor mix Effeminate Sounds with *Roman* Trumpets.  
 You dare not fight for *Anthony*; go Pray,  
 And keep your Coward's-Holy-Day in Temples. [Exeunt Alex. Serap.]

*Re-enter the Gentlemen of M. Anthony.*

2 *Gent.* The Emperor approaches, and commands,  
 On pain of Death, that none presume to stay.

1 *Gent.* I dare not disobey him. [Going out with the other.]

*Vent.* Well, I dare.

But, I'll observe him first unseen, and find  
 Which way his humour drives: I'll venture. [Withdraws.]

*Enter Anthony, walking with a disturb'd Motion, before he speaks.*

*Anth.* They tell me 'tis my Birth-day, and I'll keep it  
 With double pomp of sadness.

'Tis what the Day deserves, which gave me breath.  
 Why was I rais'd the Meteor of the World,  
 Hung in the Skies, and blazing as I travell'd,  
 'Till all my fires were spent; and then cast downward  
 To be trod out by *Cæsar*?

*Vent.* On my Soul, [Aside]  
 'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful!

*Anth.* Count thy Gains.  
 Now, *Anthony*, would'st thou be born for this  
 Glutton of Fortune? Thy devouring Youth  
 Has starv'd thy wanting Age.

*Vent.* How Sorrow shakes him! [Aside]  
 So, now the Tempest tears him up by th' Roots,  
 And on the ground extends the noble Ruin. [Ant. having thrown himself do  
 And on the ground extends the noble Ruin. [Ant. having thrown himself down

Lie there, thou shadow of an Emperor;  
 The place thou preffest on thy Mother-earth  
 Is all thy Empire now: now it contains thee;  
 Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too large,  
 When thou'rt contracted in the narrow Urn,  
 Shrunk to a few cold ashes; then *Octavia*,  
 (For *Cleopatra* will not live to see it)  
*Octavia* then will have thee all her own,  
 And bear thee in her Widow'd hand to *Cæsar*;

their Deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shewes to man the Tailors of the earth: comforting therein, that when olde Robes are worne out, there are members to make new. If there were no more Women but *Fuluia*, then had you indeede a cut, and the case to be lamented: This greefe is crown'd with Consolation, your old Smocke brings forth a new Petticoate, and indeed the teares liue in an Onion, that should water this sorrow.

*Ant.* The businesse she hath broached in the State,  
Cannot endure my absence.

*Eno.* And the businesse you haue broach'd heere cannot be without you, especially that of *Cleopatra's*, which wholly depends on your abode.

*Ant.* No more light Answeres:  
Let our Officers

Haue notice what we propose. I shall breake  
The cause of our Expedience to the Queene,  
And get her loue to part. For not alone  
The death of *Fuluia*, with more vrgent touches  
Do strongly speake to vs: but the Letters too  
Of many our contriuing Friends in Rome,  
Petitions vs at home. *Sextus Pompeius*  
Haue giuen the dare to *Cæsar*, and commands  
The Empire of the Sea. Our slippery people,  
Whose Loue is neuer link'd to the deseruer,  
Till his deserts are past, begin to throw  
*Pompey* the great, and all his Dignities  
Vpon his Sonne, who nigh in Name and Power,  
Higher then both in Blood and Life, stands vp  
For the maine Souldier. Whose quality going on,  
The fides o'th'world may danger. Much is breeding,  
Which like the Coursers heire, hath yet but life,  
And not a Serpents poyson. Say our pleasure,  
To such whose places vnder vs, require  
Our quicke remoue from hence.

*Enob.* I shall doo't

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Alexas, and Iras.*

*Cleo.* Where is he?

*Char.* I did not see him since.





*Cæsar* will weep, the Crocodile will weep,  
 To see his Rival of the Universe  
 Lye still and peaceful there. I'll think no more on't.  
 Give me some Musick; look that it be sad:  
 I'll sooth my melancholy till I swell,  
 And burst my self with fighting——  
 'Tis somewhat to my humour. Stay, I fancy  
 I'm now turn'd wild, a Commoner of Nature;  
 Of all forsaken, and forsaking all;  
 Live in a shady Forest's *Sylvan* Scene.  
 Stretch'd at my length beneath some blasted Oak,  
 I lean my head upon the Mossy Bark,  
 And look just of a piece, as I grew from it:  
 My uncomb'd Locks, matted like *Mistletoe*,  
 Hang o'er my hoary Face; a murmur'ing Brook  
 Runs at my foot.

[Soft Musick.

*Vent.* Methinks I fancy  
 My self there too.

*Ant.* The Herd come jumping by me,  
 And fearless, quench their thirst, while I look on,  
 And take me for their Fellow-Citizen.

More of this Image, more; it lulls my thoughts. [Soft Musick again.

*Vent.* I must disturb him; I can hold no longer. [Stands before him.

*Ant.* [staring up.] Art thou *Ventidius*?

*Vent.* Are you *Anthony*?

I'm liker what I was, than you to him  
 I left you last.

*Ant.* I'm angry.

*Vent.* So am I.

*Ant.* I would be private: leave me.

*Vent.* Sir, I love you,  
 And therefore will not leave you.

*Ant.* Will not leave me?

Where have you learnt that Answer? Who am I?

*Vent.* My Emperor; the Man I love next Heav'n:  
 If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a Sin;  
 Y'are all that's good and god-like.



*Ant.* All that's wretched.  
You will not leave me then?

*Vent.* 'Twas too presuming  
To say I would not; but I dare not leave you:  
And, 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence  
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

*Ant.* Now thou hast seen, art thou satisfy'd?  
For, if a Friend thou hast seen me, beheld enough;  
And if a Foe, too much.

*Vent.* *weeping.*] Look, Emperor, this is no common Dew.  
I have not wept this Forty years; but now  
My Mother comes afresh into my Eyes;  
I cannot help her softness,

*Ant.* By Heav'n, he weeps, poor good old Man, he weeps!  
The big round drops course one another down  
The furrows of his Cheeks. Stop 'em, *Ventidius*,  
Or I shall blush to death: they set my shame,  
That caus'd 'em, full before me.

*Vent.* I'll do my best.

*Ant.* Sure there's contagion in the Tears of Friends:  
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not  
For my own griefs, but thine——Nay, Father.

*Vent.* Emperor.

*Ant.* Emperor! Why, that's the style of Victory.  
The Conqu'ring Soldier, red with unfelt wounds,  
Salutes his General so; but never more  
Shall that sound reach my Ears.

*Vent.* I warrant you.

*Ant.* *Actium, Actium!* Oh——

*Vent.* It fits too near you.

*Ant.* Here, here it lyes; a lump of Lead by day,  
And, in my short distracted nightly Slumbers,  
The Hag that rides my Dreams——

*Vent.* Out with it; give it vent.

*Ant.* Urge not my shame.  
I lost a Battel.

*Vent.* So has *Julius* done.





*Ant.* Thou favour'ft me, and ſpeak'ft not half thou think'ft;  
For *Julius* fought it out, and loft it fairly :

But *Anthony*——

*Vent.* Nay, ſtop not.

*Ant.* *Anthony*——

(Well, thou wilt have it) like a Coward fled,  
Fled while his Soldiers fought; fled firſt, *Ventidius*.  
Thou long'ft to curſe me, and I give thee leave.  
I know thou com'ft prepar'd to rail.

*Vent.* I did.

*Ant.* I'll help thee——I have been a Man, *Ventidius*.

*Vent.* Yes, and a brave one; but——

*Ant.* I know thy meaning.

But I have loft my Reaſon, have diſgraced  
The name of Soldier with inglorious eafe.  
In the full Vintage of my flowing honours  
Sat ſtill, and ſaw it preſt by other hands.  
Fortune came ſmiling to my youth, and woo'd it,  
And purple greatneſs met my ripen'd years.  
When firſt I came to Empire, I was born  
On Tides of People, crouding to my Triumphs;  
The wiſh of Nations; and the willing World  
Receiv'd me as its pledge of future peace;  
I was ſo great, ſo happy, ſo beloved,  
Fate could not ruin me; 'till I took pains  
And work'd againſt my Fortune, chid her from me,  
And turn'd her looſe; yet ſtill ſhe came again.  
My careleſs days, and my luxurious nights,  
At length have weary'd her, and now ſhe's gone.  
Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever. Help me, Soldier,  
To curſe this Madman, this induſtrious Fool,  
Who labour'd to be wretched: prithee curſe me.

*Vent.* No.

*Ant.* Why?

*Vent.* You are too ſenſible already  
Of what y'ave done, too conſcious of your failings,



And, like a Scorpion, whipt by others first  
 To fury, fting your felf in mad Revenge.  
 I would bring Balm and pour it in your Wounds,  
 Cure your diftemper'd mind, and heal your fortunes.

*Ant.* I know thou would'ft.

*Vent.* I will.

*Ant.* Ha, ha, ha, ha.

*Vent.* You Laugh.

*Ant.* I do, to fee officious love  
 Give Cordials to the dead.

*Vent.* You would be loft then?

*Ant.* I am.

*Vent.* I fay, you are not. Try your fortune.

*Ant.* I have to th'utmoft. Doft thou think me desperate.  
 Without juft caufe? No, when I found all loft  
 Beyond repair, I hid me from the World,  
 And learnt to fcorn it here; which now I do  
 So heartily, I think it is not worth  
 The coft of keeping.

*Vent.* *Cæſar* thinks not fo:

He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.  
 You would be kill'd, like *Tully*, would you? Do,  
 Hold out your Throat to *Cæſar*, and die tamely.

*Ant.* No, I can kill my felf; and fo reſolve.

*Vent.* I can die with you too, when time ſhall ferve;  
 But Fortune calls upon us now to live,  
 To Fight, to Conquer.

*Ant.* Sure thou Dream'ft, *Ventidius*.

*Vent.* No, 'tis you Dream; you ſleep away your hours  
 In deſperate Sloth, miſcall'd *Philofophy*.  
 Up, up, for Honour's ſake; twelve Legions wait you,  
 And long to call you Chief: By painful Journies,  
 I led 'em patient, both of heat and hunger,  
 Down from the *Parthian* Marches, to the *Nile*.  
 'Twill do you good to ſee their Sun-burnt faces,  
 Their ſkar'd Cheeks and chopt Hands; there's virtue in'em,  
 They'll ſell thoſe mangled Limbs at dearer Rates



Than you trim Bands can buy.

*Ant.* Where left you them?

*Vent.* I laid, in lower Syria.

*Ant.* Bring 'em hither;

There may be life in these.

*Vent.* They will not come.

*Ant.* Why didst thou mock my hopes with promis'd aids  
To double my despair? They're mutinous.

*Vent.* Most firm and loyal.

*Ant.* Yet they will not March  
To succour me. Oh trifier!

*Vent.* They petition

You would make haste to head 'em.

*Ant.* I'm besieg'd.

*Vent.* There's but one way shut up: How came I hither?

*Ant.* I will not stir.

*Vent.* They would perhaps desire

A better reason.

*Ant.* I have never us'd

My Soldiers to demand a reason of

My actions. Why did they refuse to March?

*Vent.* They said, they would not fight for *Cleopatra*.

*Ant.* What was't they said.

*Vent.* They said they would not fight for *Cleopatra*.

Why should they fight, indeed, to make her Conquer,  
And make you more a Slave? to gain you Kingdoms,  
Which, for a Kiss, at your next Midnight Feast,  
You'll sell to her? Then she new names her Jewels,  
And calls this Diamond such or such a Tax,  
Each Pendant in her Ear shall be a Province.

*Ant.* *Ventidius*, I allow your Tongue free licence  
On all my other faults; but, on your life,  
No word of *Cleopatra*: She deserves  
More Worlds than I can lose.

*Vent.* Behold, you Powers,  
To whom you have intrusted Human kind;  
See *Europe*, *Africk*, *Asia*, put in balance,



And all weigh'd down by one light worthless Woman !  
 I think the Gods are *Anthony's*, and give,  
 Like Prodigals, this nether World away  
 To none but waitful hands.

*Ant.* You grow presumptuous.

*Vent.* I take the privilege of plain love to speak.

*Vent.* Plain love! plain arrogance, plain insolence:  
 The Men are Cowards; thou an envious Traitor;  
 Who, under seeming honesty, hast vented  
 The burthen of thy rank o'erflowing Gall.  
 O that thou wert my equal; great in Arms  
 As the first *Cæsar* was, that I might kill thee  
 Without a Stain to Honour!

*Vent.* You may kill me;  
 You have done more already, call'd me Traitor.

*Ant.* Art thou not one?

*Vent.* For showing you your self,  
 Which none else durst have done; but had I been  
 That name, which I disdain to speak again,  
 I needed not have fought your abject Fortunes,  
 Come to partake your Fate, to die with you.  
 What hindred me t' have led my Conqu'ring Eagles  
 To fill *Octavius's* Bands? I could have been  
 A Traitor then, a glorious happy Traitor,  
 And not have been so call'd.

*Ant.* Forgive me, Soldier:  
 I've been too passionate.

*Vent.* You thought me false.  
 Thought my old Age betray'd you; Kill me, Sir:  
 Pray, kill me; yet you need not, your unkindness  
 Has left your Sword no work.

*Ant.* I did not think so;  
 I said it in my rage: prithee forgive me:  
 Why didst thou tempt my Anger, by discovery  
 Of what I would not hear.

*Vent.* No Prince but you  
 Could merit that sincerity I us'd,





Nor durst another Man have ventur'd it;  
 But you, e'er Love mis-led your wandering Eyes,  
 Were sure the chief and best of Human Race,  
 Fram'd in the very pride and boast of Nature,  
 So perfect, that the Gods who form'd you, wonder'd  
 At their own skill, and cry'd, a lucky hit  
 Has mended our design. Their envy hindered,  
 Else you had been immortal, and a Pattern,  
 When Heav'n would work for ostentation sake,  
 To copy out again.

*Ant.* But *Cleopatra*—

Go on; for I can bear it now.

*Vent.* No more.

*Ant.* Thou dar'st not trust my Passions; but thou may'st:  
 Thou only lov'st; the rest have flatter'd me.

*Vent.* Heav'n's blessing on your heart for that kind word.  
 May I believe you love me? Speak again.

*Ant.* Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this. [Hugging him.]  
 Thy praises were unjust; but I'll deserve 'em,  
 And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt;  
 Lead me to Victory, thou know'st the way.

*Vent.* And, will you leave this—

*Ant.* Prithee do not curse her,  
 And I will leave her; though, Heav'n knows I love  
 Beyond Life, Conquest, Empire; all, but Honour.  
 But I will leave her.

*Vent.* That's my Royal Master.  
 And shall we fight?

*Ant.* I warrant thee, old Soldier,  
 Thou shalt behold me once again in Iron,  
 And at the head of our old Troops, that beat  
 The *Parthians*, cry aloud, Come follow me.

*Vent.* O now I hear my Emperor! In that word  
*Octavius* fell. Gods, let me see that day,  
 And if I have Ten Years behind, take all;  
 I'll thank you for th' exchange.

*Ant.* Oh *Cleopatra*!



*Vent.* Again?

*Ant.* I've done: In that last Sigh she went,  
*Cæsar* shall know what 'tis to force a Lover,  
 From all he holds most dear,

*Vent.* Methinks you breath  
 Another Soul: Your looks are more Divine;  
 You speak a Hero, and you move a God.

*Ant.* O, thou hast fir'd me; my Soul's up in Arms,  
 And Mans each part about me: Once again  
 That noble eagerness of Fight has seiz'd me  
 That eagerness with which I darted upward  
 To *Cassius's* Camp: In vain the steepy Hill  
 Oppos'd my way; in vain a War of Spears  
 Sung round my head; and planted all my shield:  
 I won the Trenches, while my foremost Men  
 Lagg'd on the Plain below.

*Vent.* Ye Gods, ye Gods,  
 For such another honour.

*Ant.* Come on, my Soldier!  
 Our Heart and Arms are still the same: I long  
 Once more to meet our Foes; that Thou and I,  
 Like Time and Death, marching before our Troops,  
 May taste Fate to 'em, mow 'em out a passage,  
 And entering where the foremost Squadrons yield,  
 Begin the noble Harvest of the Field.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

*Enter Cleopatra, Iras, and Alexas.*

*Cleo.* **W**HAT shall I do, or whither shall I turn?  
*Ventidius* has o'ercome, and he will go.

*Alex.* He goes to fight for you.

*Cleo.* Then he would see me e'er he went to Fight:  
 Flatter me not: If once he goes, he's lost:  
 And all my hopes destroy'd

*Alex.* Does this weak passion  
 Become a mighty Queen?



*Cleo.* I am no Queen;  
 Is this to be a Queen, to be besieg'd  
 By yon insulting *Roman*; and to wait  
 Each hour the Victor's Chain? These ills are small;  
 For *Anthony* is lost, and I can Mourn  
 For nothing else but him. Now come, *Octavius*,  
 I have no more to lose; prepare thy Bands;  
 I'm fit to be a Captive: *Anthony*  
 Has taught my mind the fortune of a Slave.

*Iras.* Call Reason to assist you.

*Cleo.* I have none.  
 And none would have: My Love's a noble Madness.  
 Which shows the cause deserv'd it. Moderate Sorrow  
 Fits vulgar Love; and for a vulgar Man;  
 But I have Lov'd with such transcendent Passion,  
 I soar'd, at first, quite out of Reason's view,  
 And now am lost above it— No, I'm proud  
 'Tis thus, would *Anthony* could see me now;  
 Think you he would not sigh? Though he must leave me,  
 Sure he would sigh: For he is noble-natur'd,  
 And bears a tender heart: I know him well.  
 Ah, no, I know him not; I knew him once,  
 But now 'tis past.

*Iras.* Let it be past with you:  
 Forget him, Madam.

*Cleo.* Never, never, *Iras*:  
 He was once mine; and once, though now 'tis gone,  
 Leaves a faint Image of possession still.

*Alex.* Think him unconstant, cruel, and ungrateful.

*Cleo.* I cannot: if I could, those thoughts were vain;  
 Faithless, ungrateful, cruel, tho' he be,  
 I still most love him.

*Enter Charmion.*

Now, what News my *Charmion*?  
 Will he be kind? And will he not forsake me?  
 Am I to live or die? Nay, do I live?  
 Or am I dead? for when he gave his answer,



Fate took the word, and then I liv'd, or dy'd.

*Char.* I found him, Madam——

*Cleo.* A long Speech preparing?

If thou bring'ft comfort, hafte and give it me;

For never was more need.

*Iras.* I know he loves you.

*Cleo.* Had he been kind, her Eyes had told me fo,  
Before her Tongue could fpeak it: Now fhe ftudies,  
To foften what he faid; but give me death,  
Juft as he fent it, *Charmion*, undisguis'd,  
And in the words he fpoke.

*Char.* I found him then

Incompafs'd round, I think, with Iron Statues,  
So mute, fo motionlefs his Soldiers ftood,  
While awfully he caft his Eyes about,  
And ev'ry Leader's hopes or fears furvey'd:  
Methought he look'd refolv'd, and yet not pleas'd.  
When he beheld me ftuggling in the Croud,  
He blufh'd, and bad, make way.

*Alex.* There's comfort yet.

*Char.* *Ventidius* fixt his Eyes upon my paffage,  
Severely, as he meant to frown me back,  
And fullenly gave place: I told my meffage  
Juft as you gave it, broken and diforder'd;  
I number'd in it all your fighs and tears,  
And while I mov'd your pitiful request,  
That you but only beg'd a laft farewell,  
He fetch'd an inward groan, and ev'ry time  
I nam'd you, figh'd, as if his heart were breaking,  
But fhun'd my Eyes, and guiltily look'd down;  
He feem'd not now the awful *Anthony*  
Who fhook an Arm'd Affembly with his Nod,  
But making fhew as he would rub his Eyes,  
Disguis'd and blotted out a falling tear.

*Cleo.* Did he then weep? And, was I worth a tear?  
If what thou haft to fay be not as pleafing,  
Tell me no more, but let me die contented.





*Char.* He bid me say, he knew himself so well,  
He could deny you nothing, if he saw you;  
And therefore——

*Cleo.* Thou wouldst say, he would not see me?

*Char.* And therefore beg'd you not to use a power,  
Which he could ill resist; yet he should ever  
Respect you as he ought.

*Cleo.* Is that a word  
For *Anthony* to use to *Cleopatra*?  
O that faint word, Respect! How I disdain it!  
Disdain my self, for loving after it!  
He should have kept that word for cold *Octavia*.  
Respect is for a Wife. Am I that thing,  
That dull insipid lump, without desires,  
And without pow'r to give 'em?

*Alex.* You misjudge;  
You see through Love, and that deludes your sight:  
As, what is strait, seems crooked through the Water;  
But I, who bear my reason undisturb'd,  
Can see this *Anthony*, this dreaded Man,  
A fearful Slave, who fain would run away,  
And shuns his Master's Eyes: If you pursue him,  
My life on't, he still drags a chain along,  
That needs must clog his Flight.

*Cleo.* Could I believe thee!——

*Alex.* By ev'ry circumstance I know he Loves.  
True, he's hard prest, by Interest and by Honour;  
Yet he but doubts, and parlies, and casts out  
Many a long look for succour.

*Cleo.* He sends word,  
He fears to see my face.

*Alex.* And would you more?  
He shows his weakness who declines the Combat;  
And you must urge your fortune. Could he speak  
More plainly? To my Ears, the Message sounds  
Come to my rescue, *Cleopatra*, come;  
Come, free me from *Ventidius*; from my Tyrant:



See me, and give me a pretence to leave him.  
 I hear his Trumpets. This way he must pass.  
 Please you, retire a while; I'll work him first,  
 That he may bend more easie.

*Cleo.* You shall rule me;

But all, I fear, in vain.

[*Exit with Char. and Iras.*]

*Alex.* I fear so too!

Though I conceal'd my thoughts, to make her bold:

But, 'tis our utmost means, and Fate befriend it.

[*Withdraws.*]

*Enter Licors with Falces; one bearing the Eagle: Then Enter*

*Anthony with Ventidius, follow'd by other Commanders.*

*Ant.* *Octavius* is the Minion of blind Chance,

But holds from Virtue nothing.

*Vent.* Has he courage?

*Ant.* But just enough to season him from Coward.

O, 'tis the coldest Youth upon a Charge,  
 The most deliberate fighter! If he ventures

(As in *Illyria* once they say he did

To storm a Town) 'tis when he cannot chuse,

When all the World have fixt their Eyes upon him;

And then he lives on that for seven years after,

But, at a close revenge he never fails.

*Vent.* I heard, you challeng'd him.

*Ant.* I did, *Ventidius*.

What think'st thou was his answer? 'was so tame,—

He said he had more ways than to die;

I had not.

*Vent.* Poor!

*Ant.* He has more ways than one;

But he would chuse 'em all before that one.

*Vent.* He first would chuse an Ague, or a Fever:

*Ant.* No: It must be an Ague, not a Fever;

He has not warmth enough to die by that.

*Vent.* Or old Age, and a Bed.

*Ant.* Ay, there's his choice.

He would live, like a Lamp, to the last wink,

And crawl upon the utmost verge of life:



O *Hercules*! Why should a Man like this,  
Who dares not trust his fate for one great action,  
Be all the care of Heav'n? Why should he Lord it  
O'er Fourſcore thouſand Men, of whom, each one  
Is braver than himſelf?

*Vent.* You conquer'd for him:

*Phillippi* knows it: there you ſhar'd with him  
That Empire, which your Sword made all your own.

*Ant.* Fool that I was, upon my Eagles Wings  
I bore this Wren, till I was tir'd with foaring,  
And now he mounts above me.

Good Heav'ns, is this, is this the Man who braves me?  
Who bids my age make way: drives me before him,  
To the World's ridge, and ſweeps me off like rubbiſh?

*Vent.* Sir, we loſt time; the Troops are mounted all.

*Ant.* Then give the word to March:  
I long to leave this Priſon of a Town,  
To join thy Legions; and, in open Field,  
Once more to ſhow my Face. Lead, my Deliverer.

*Enter Alexas.*

*Alex.* Great Emperor,  
In mighty Arms renown'd above Mankind,  
But, in ſoft pity to the oppreſt, a God:  
This Meſſage ſends the mournful *Cleopatra*  
To her departing Lord.

*Vent.* Smooth Sycophant!

*Alex.* A thouſand Wiſhes, and ten thouſand Prayers,  
Millions of Bleſſings wait you to the Wars,  
Millions of Sighs and Tears ſhe ſends you too,  
And would have ſent

As many dear Embraces to your Arms,  
As many parting Kiſſes to your Lips;  
But thoſe, ſhe fears, have weary'd you already.

*Vent. Aside.]* Falſe Crocodile!

*Alex.* And yet ſhe begs not now, you would not leave her,  
That were a wiſh too mighty for her hopes,  
Too preſuming for her low Fortune, and your ebbing Love;



That were a wish for her more prosperous days,  
Her blooming Beauty, and your growing kindness.

*Ant. aside.]* Well, I must man it out; What would the Queen?

*Alex.* First, to those noble Warriors, who attend  
Your daring Courage in the chase of Fame,  
(Too daring, and too dang'rous for her Quiet)  
She humbly recommends all she holds dear,  
All her own Cares and Fears, the care of you.

*Vent.* Yes, witness *Actium*.

*Ant.* Let him speak, *Ventidius*.

*Alex.* You, when his matchless Valour bears him forward  
With Ardor too Heroick, on his Foes,  
Fall down, as she would do, before his Feet;  
Lye in his way, and stop the paths of Death;  
Tell him, this God is not invulnerable,  
That absent *Cleopatra* bleeds in him;  
And, that you may remember her Petition,  
She begs you wear these Trifles, as a Pawn,  
Which at your wish return, she will redeem [*Gives Jewels to the Com-*  
*manders.*

With all the Wealth of *Ægypt*:  
This to the great *Ventidius* she presents,  
Whom she can never count her Enemy,  
Because he loves her Lord.

*Vent.* Tell her I'll none on't;  
I'm not ashamed of honest Poverty:  
Not all the Diamonds of the East can bribe  
*Ventidius* from his Faith. I hope to see  
These, and the rest of all her sparkling store,  
Where they shall more deservingly be plac'd.

*Ant.* And who must wear 'em then?

*Vent.* The wrong'd *Octavia*.

*Ant.* You might have spar'd that word.

*Vent.* And he that Bride.

*Ant.* But have I no remembrance?

*Alex.* Yes, a dear one:  
Your Slave, the Queen——





*Ant.* My Miftrefs.

*Alex.* Then your Miftrefs,  
Your Miftrefs would, ſhe ſays, have ſent her Soul,  
But that you had long ſince; ſhe humbly begs  
This Rubby Bracelet, ſet with bleeding Hearts,  
(The emblems of her own) may bind your Arm. [*Preſenting a Bracelet.*]

*Vent.* Now, my beſt Lord, in Honour's name I aſk you,  
For Manhood's ſake, and for your own dear ſafety,  
Touch not theſe poiſon'd Gifts,  
Infected by the Sender, touch 'em not,  
Miriads of blueſt Plagues lye underneath 'em,  
And more than Aconite has dipt the Silk.

*Ant.* Nay, now you grow too Cinical, *Ventidius*.  
A Lady's Favours may be worn with Honour.  
What, to reſuſe her Bracelet! On my Soul,  
When I lye penſive in my Tent alone,  
'Twill paſs the wakeful hours of Winter nights,  
To tell theſe pretty Beads upon my Arm,  
To count for every one a ſoft Embrace,  
A melting Kiſs at ſuch and ſuch a time;  
And now and then the fury of her Love.  
When——And what harm's in this?

*Alex.* None, none, my Lord,  
But what's to her, that now 'tis paſt for ever.

*Ant. going* We Soldiers are ſo awkward——help me  
to tie it. tie it.

*Alex.* In faith, my Lord, we Courtiers are too awkward  
In theſe Affairs: ſo are all Men indeed;  
Ev'n I, who am not one. But ſhall I ſpeak?

*Ant.* Yes, freely.

*Alex.* Then, my Lord, fair hands alone  
Are fit to tie it; ſhe, who ſent it, can.

*Vent.* Hell! Death! this Eunuch Pander ruins you.  
You will not ſee her? [*Alexas whispers an Attendant, who goes out.*]

*Ant.* But to take my leave.

*Vent.* Then I have waſh'd an *Æthiope*. Y're undone;  
Y're in the Toils; y'are taken; y'are deſtroy'd:



Her Eyes do *Cæsar's* Work.

*Ant.* You fear too soon.

I'm constant to my self: I know my strength;  
And yet she shall not think me barbarous, neither,  
Born in the depths of *Africk*: I'm a *Roman*,  
Bred to the Rules of soft Humanity.  
A Guest, and kindly us'd, should bid farewell.

*Vent.* You do not know  
How weak you are to her, how much an Infant:  
You are not proof against a Smile or Glance;  
A Sigh will quite disarm you.

*Ant.* See, she comes!  
Now you shall find your error. Gods, I thank you:  
I form'd the danger greater than it was,  
And, now 'tis near, 'tis less'n'd.

*Vent.* Mark the end yet.

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmion and Iras.*

*Ant.* Well, Madam, we are met.

*Cleo.* Is this a Meeting?

Then we must part?

*Ant.* We must.

*Cleo.* Who says we must?

*Ant.* Our own hard fates.

*Cleo.* We make those Fates our selves.

*Ant.* Yes, we have made 'em; we have lov'd each other  
Into our mutual Ruin.

*Cleo.* The Gods have seen my Joys with envious Eyes;  
I have no Friends in Heav'n; and all the World  
(As 'twere the business of Mankind to part us)  
Is arm'd against my Love: Ev'n you your self  
Join with the rest; you, you are arm'd against me.

*Ant.* I will be justify'd in all I do  
To late Poverty, and therefore hear me.  
If I mix a Lye  
With any Truth, reproach me freely with it;  
Else, favour me with silence.

*Cleo.* See where he is,  
Whose with him, what he does:  
I did not fend you. If you finde him fad,  
Say I am dauncing: if in Myrth, report  
That I am sodaine ficke. Quicke, and returne.

*Char.* Madam, me thinkes if you did loue him deerly,  
You do not hold the method, to enforce  
The like from him

*Cleo.* What should I do, I do not?

*Ch.* In each thing giue him way, croffe him in nothing.

*Cleo.* Thou teachest like a foole: the way to lose him.

*Char.* Tempt him not so too farre. I wish forbear,  
In time we hate that which we often feare.

*Enter Anthony.*

But heere comes *Anthony*.

*Cleo.* I am ficke, and fullen.

*An.* I am sorry to giue breathing to my purpose.

*Cleo.* Helpe me away deere *Charmian*, I shall fall,  
It cannot be thus long, the fides of Nature  
Will not sustaine it.

*Ant.* Now my dearest Queene.

*Cleo.* Pray you stand farther from mee.

*Ant.* What's the matter?

*Cleo.* I know by that same eye ther's some good news.  
What fayes the married woman you may goe?  
Would she had neuer giuen you leaue to come.  
Let her not say 'tis I that keepe you heere,  
I haue no power vpon you: Hers you are.

*Ant.* The Gods best know.

*Cleo.* Oh neuer was there Queene  
So mightily betrayed: yet at the first  
I saw the Treasons planted.

*Ant.* *Cleopatra*.

*Cleo.* Why should I thinke you can be mine, & true,  
(Though you in swearing shake the Throaned Gods)  
Who haue been false to *Fulvia*?  
Riotous madnesse,

*Cleo.* You command me,  
And I am dumb.

*Vent.* I like this well: He fhews Authority.

*Ant.* That I derive my ruin  
From you alone——

*Cleo.* O Heav'ns! I ruin you!

*Ant.* You promis'd me your filence, and you break it  
E'er I have scarce begun.

*Cleo.* Well, I obey you.

*Ant.* When I beheld you firft, it was in *Ægypt*,  
E'er *Cæſar* ſaw your Eyes, you gave me love,  
And were too young to know it; that I fetled  
Your Father in his Throne was for your ſake.  
I left the acknowledgment for time to ripen.  
*Cæſar* ſtept in, and with a greedy hand  
Pluck'd the green Fruit, e'er the firft bluſh of Red,  
Yet cleaving to the bough. He was my Lord,  
And was, beſide, too great for me to Rival,  
But, I deſerv'd firſt, though he enjoy'd you.  
When, after, I beheld you in *Clicia*,  
An Enemy to *Rome*, I pardon'd you.

*Cleo.* I clear'd my ſelf——

*Ant.* Again you break your Promiſe.  
I lov'd you ſtill; and took your weak excuſes,  
Took you into my Boſom, ſtain'd by *Cæſar*,  
And not half mine: I went to *Ægypt* with you,  
And hid me from the buſ'neſs of the World,  
Shut out enquiring Nations from my fight,  
To give whole years to you.

*Vent.* Yes, to your ſhame be't ſpoken.

[*Aſide*

*Ant.* How I lov'd  
Witneſs ye Days and Nights, and all you Hours,  
That Danc'd away with Down upon your Feet,  
As all your buſ'neſs were to count my Paſſion.  
One day paſt by, and nothing ſaw but Love;  
Another came, and ſtill 'twas only Love:  
The Suns were weary'd out with looking on,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,  
Which breake themselves in fwearing.

*Ant.* Most sweet Queene.

*Cleo.* Nay pray you seeke no colour for your going,  
But bid farewell, and goe:  
When you fued ftaying,  
Then was the time for words: No going then,  
Eternity was in our Lippes, and Eyes,  
Blisse in our browes bent: none our parts so poore,  
But was a race of Heauen. They all so still,  
Or thou the greatest Souldier of the world,  
Art turn'd the greatest Lyar.

*Ant.* How now Lady?

*Cleo.* I would I had thy inches, thou should'ft know  
There were a heart in Egypt.

*Ant.* Here me Queene:

The strong necessity of Time, commands  
Our Seruicles a-while: but my full heart  
Remaines in vse with you. Our Italy,  
Shines o're with ciuill Swords; *Sextus Pompeius*  
Makes his approaches to the Port of Rome,  
Equality of two Domesticke powers,  
Breed scrupulous faction: The hated growne to strength  
Are newly growne to Loue: The condemn'd *Pompey*,  
Rich in his Fathers Honor, creepes apace  
Into the hearts of such, as have not thriued  
Vpon the present state, whose numbers threaten,  
And quiteneffe growne sicke of rest, would purge  
By any desperate change: My more particular,  
And that which most with you should safe my going,  
Is *Fulvia's* death.

*Cleo.* Though age from folly could not giue me freedom  
It does from childishnesse. Can *Fulvia* dye?

*Ant.* She's dead my Queene.

Looke heere, and at thy Soueraigne leysure read  
The Garboyles she awak'd: at the last, best,  
See when, and where shee died.

And I untir'd with Loving,  
 I saw you ev'ry day, and all the day;  
 And ev'ry day was still but as the first:  
 So eager was I still to see you more.

*Vent.* 'Tis all too true.

*Ant.* *Fulvia*, my Wife, grew jealous,  
 As she indeed had reason; rais'd a War  
 In *Italy*, to call me back.

*Vent.* But yet  
 You went not.

*Ant.* While within your Arms I lay,  
 The World fell mouldering from my Hands each Hour,  
 And left me scarce a grasp (I thank your Love for't.)

*Vent.* Well puff'd: That last was home.

*Cleo.* Yet may I speak?

*Ant.* If I have urg'd a falsehood, yes; else not.  
 Your silence says I have not. *Fulvia* dy'd;  
 (Pardon, you gods, with my unkindness dy'd.)  
 To set the World at Peace, I took *Octavia*,  
 This *Cæsar's* Sister; in her pride of Youth,  
 And flow'r of Beauty, did I wed that Lady,  
 Whom blushing I must praise, because I left her.  
 You call'd; my Love obey'd the fatal Summons:  
 This rais'd the *Roman* Arms; the Cause was yours,  
 I would have fought by Land, where I was stronger;  
 You hindred it: yet, when I fought at Sea,  
 Forsook me fighting; and (Oh stain to Honour!  
 Oh lasting shame!) I knew not that I fled;  
 But fled to follow you.

*Vent.* What haste she made to hoist her purple Sails,  
 And to appear magnificent in flight,  
 Drew half our strength away.

*Ant.* All this you caus'd,  
 And would you multiply more ruins on me?  
 This honest Man, my best, my only Friend,  
 Has gather'd up the Shipwreck of my Fortunes;  
 Twelve Legions I have left, my last Recruits,



*Cleo.* O most false Loue!  
Where be the Sacred Violles thou should'it fill  
With sorrowfull water? Now I see, I see,  
In *Fulvius* death, how mine receiu'd shall be.

*Ant.* Quarrell no more, but bee prepar'd to know  
The purposes I beare: which are, or cease,  
As you shall giue th'aduice. By the fire  
That quickens Nylus flime, I go from hence  
Thy Souldier, Seruant, making Peace or Warre,  
As thou affects.

*Cleo.* Cut my Lace, *Charmian* come,  
But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,  
So *Anthony* loues.

*Ant.* My precious Queene forbear,  
And giue true euidence to his Loue, which stands  
An honourable Triall.

*Cleo.* So *Fulvia* told me.  
I prythee turne aside, and weepe for her,  
Then bid adiew to me, and say the teares  
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one Scene  
Of excellent diffembling, and let it looke  
Like perfect Honor.

*Ant.* You'l heat my blood no more?

*Cleo.* You can do better yet: but this is meetly.

*Ant.* Now by Sword.

*Cleo.* And Target. Still he mends.  
But this is not the best. Looke prythee *Charmian*,  
How this Herculean Roman do's become  
The carriage of his chafe.

*Ant.* Ile leaue you Lady.

*Cleo.* Courteous Lord, one word:  
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:  
Sir you and I haue lou'd, but there's not it:  
That you know well, something it is I would:  
Oh, my Obluion is a very *Anthony*,  
And I am all forgotten.

*Ant.* But that your Royalty

And you have watch'd the news, and bring your Eyes  
To seize them too. If you have ought to answer,  
Now speak, you have free leave.

*Alex. aside.]* She stands confounded:  
Despair is in her Eyes.

*Vent.* Now lay a sigh i'th' way, to stop his passage:  
Prepare a Tear, and bid it for his Legions;  
'Tis like they shall be fold.

*Cleo.* How shall I plead my cause, when you, my Judge,  
Already have condemn'd me? Shall I bring  
The Love you bore me for my Advocate?  
That now is turn'd against me, that destroys me;  
For Love once past, is, at the best, forgotten;  
But oftner fours to Hate: 'Twill please my Lord  
To ruin me, and therefore I'll be guilty.  
But, could I once have thought it would have pleas'd you,  
That you would pry, with narrow searching Eyes,  
Into my faults; severe to my destruction;  
And watching all advantages with care,  
That serve to make me wretched? Speak, my Lord,  
For I end here. Though I deserve this usage,  
Was it like you to give it?

*Ant.* O you wrong me,  
To think I sought this parting, or desir'd  
To accuse you more than what will clear my self,  
And justify this breach.

*Cleo.* Thus low I thank you.  
And since my innocence will not offend,  
I shall not blush to own it.

*Vent.* After this  
I think she'll blush at nothing.

*Cleo.* You seem griev'd,  
(And therein you are kind) that *Cæsar* first  
Enjoy'd my love, though you deserv'd it better:  
I grieve for that, my Lord, much more than you;  
For, had I first been yours, it would have fav'd  
My second choice: I never had been his,

Holds Idleneffe your fubiect, I fould take you  
For Idleneffe it felfe.

*Cleo.* 'Tis fweating Labour,  
To beare fuch Idleneffe fo neere the heart  
As *Cleopatra* this. But Sir, forgiue me,  
Since my becommings kill me, when they do not  
Eye well to you. Your Honor calles you hence,  
Therefore be deafe to my vnpittied Folly,  
And all the Gods go with you. Vpon your Sword.  
Sit Lawrell victory, and fmooth fucceffe  
Be ftrew'd before your feete.

*Ant.* Let's vs go.  
Come: Our feparation fo abides and flies,  
That thou reciding heere, goes yet with mee;  
And I hence fleeting, heere remaine with thee.  
Away.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Octavius reading a Letter, Lepidus, and their Traine.*

*Cæf.* You may fee *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,  
It is not *Cæfars* Naturall vice, to hate  
One great Competitor. From Alexandria  
This is the newes: He fifhes, drinks, and wafes  
The Lampes of night in reuell: Is not more manlike  
Then *Cleopatra*: nor the Queene of *Ptolomy*  
More Womanly then he. Hardly gaue audience  
Or vouchsafe to think he had Partners. You  
Shall find there a man, who is th' abſtracts of all faults,  
That all men follow.

*Lep.* I muſt not thinke  
There are, euils enow to darken all his goodneffe:  
His faults in him, feeme as the Spots of Heauen,  
More fierie by nights Blackneffe; Hereditarie,  
Rather then purchaſte: what he cannot change,  
Then what he choſes.

*Cæf.* You are too indulgent. Let's graunt it is not  
Amiſſe to tumble on the bed of *Ptolomy*.

And ne'er had been but yours. But *Cæsar* first,  
 You say, possess'd my Love. Not so, my Lord;  
 He first possess'd my Person; you my Love:  
*Cæsar* lov'd me; but I lov'd *Anthony*.  
 If I endur'd him after, 'twas because  
 I judg'd it due to the first name of Men;  
 And half constrain'd, I gave, as to a Tyrant,  
 What he would take by force.

*Vent.* O Syren! Syren!

Yet grant that all the Love she boasts were true,  
 Has she not ruin'd you? I still urge that,  
 The fatal consequence.

*Cleo.* The consequence indeed,  
 For I dare challenge him, my greatest Foe,  
 To say it was design'd: 'Tis true I lov'd you,  
 And kept you far from an uneasy Wife,  
 (Such *Fulvia* was)

Yes, but he'll say, you left *Octavia* for me;—  
 And, can you blame me to receive that love,  
 Which quitted such desert, for worthless me?  
 How often have I wish'd some other *Cæsar*,  
 Great as the first, and as the second young,  
 Would court my Love, to be refus'd for you!

*Vent.* Words, words; but *Antium*, Sir, remember *Antium*.

*Cleo.* Ev'n there, I dare his Malice. True, I Counsell'd  
 To fight at Sea; but I betray'd you not.  
 I fled; but not to the Enemy. 'Twas fear;  
 Would I had been a Man, not to have fear'd,  
 For none would then have envy'd me your Friendship,  
 Who envy me your Love.

*Ant.* We're both unhappy:

If nothing else, yet our fortune parts us.  
 Speak; would you have me perish, by my stay?

*Cleo.* If as a Friend you ask my Judgment, go;  
 If as a Lover, stay. If you must perish:  
 'Tis a hard word; but stay.

*Vent.* See now th' effects of her so boasted love!

To giue a Kingdome for a Mirth, to fit  
 And keepe the turne of Tipling with a Slaue,  
 To reele the Streets at noone, and stand the Buffet  
 With knaues that smels of sweate: Say this becoms him  
 (As his compofure muft be rare indeed,  
 Whom thefe things cannot blemifh) yet muft *Anthony*  
 No way excufe his foyles, when we do beare  
 So great waight in his lightneffe. If he fill'd  
 His vacancie with his Voluptuoufneffe,  
 Full furiets, and the drineffe of his bones,  
 Call on him for't. But to confound fuch time,  
 That drummes him from his fport, and fpeakes as lowd  
 As his owne State, and ours, 'tis to be chid:  
 As we rate Boyes, who being mature in knowledge,  
 Pawne their experience to their prefent pleafure  
 And fo rebell to iudgement.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Lep.* Here's more newes.

*Meſ.* Thy bidding haue beene done, & euerie houre  
 Moſt Noble *Cæſar*, ſhalt thou have report  
 How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is ſtrong at Sea,  
 And it appeares, he is belou'd of thoſe  
 That only haue feared *Cæſar*: to the Ports  
 The difcontents repaire, and mens reports  
 Giue him much wrong'd.

*Cæſ.* I ſhould haue knowne no leſſe,  
 It hath bin taught vs from the primall ſtate  
 That he which is was wiſht, vntil he were:  
 And the ebb'd man,  
 Ne're lou'd, till ne're worth loue,  
 Come fear'd, by being lack'd. This common bodie,  
 Like to a Vagabond Flagge vpon the Streame,  
 Goes too, and backe, lacking the varrying tyde  
 To rot it ſelfe with motion.

*Meſ.* *Cæſar* I bring thee word,  
*Menacrates* and *Menas* famous Pyrates  
 Makes the Sea ſerue them, which they eare and wound





She strives to drag you down to ruin with her :  
 But, could she 'scape without you, oh how soon  
 Would she let go her hold, and haste to shore,  
 And never look behind !

*Cleo.* Then judge my Love by this. [Giving Anthony a Writing.  
 Could I have born

A life or death, a happiness or woe  
 From yours divided, this had giv'n me means.

*Ant.* By *Hercules*, the Writing of *Octavius* !  
 I know it well ; 'tis that prescribing hand,  
 Young as it was, that led the way to mine,  
 And left me but the second place in Murder.—  
 See, see, *Ventidius* ! Here he offers *Ægypt*,  
 And joins all *Syria* to it as a present,  
 So, in requittal, she forsake my Fortunes,  
 And join her Arms with his.

*Cleo.* And yet you leave me !  
 You leave me, *Anthony* ; and yet I love you ;  
 Indeed I do ; I have refus'd a Kingdom,  
 That's a Trifle :  
 For I could part with life, with any thing,  
 But only you. O let me die, but with you ;  
 Is that a hard request ?

*Ant.* Next living with you.  
 'Tis all that Heav'n can give.

*Alex. aside.]* He melts ; We conquer.

*Cleo.* No : You shall go : Your Int'rest calls you hence ;  
 Yes, your dear Interest pulls too strong, for these  
 Weak Arms to hold you here—— [Takes his hand.  
 Go ; leave me Soldier ;

(For you're no more a Lover :) Leave me dying.  
 Puth me all pale and panting from your Bosom,  
 And when your March begins, let one run after,  
 Breathless almost for Joy ; and cry, She's dead :  
 The Soldiers shout ; you then perhaps may figh,  
 And muster all your *Roman* Gravity ;  
*Ventidius* chides ; and strait your Brow clears up



With keeles of euery kinde. Many hot inrodes  
 They make in Italy, the Borders Maritime  
 Lacke blood to thinke on't, and flush youth reuolt,  
 No Veffell can peepe forth: but 'tis as soone  
 Taken as feene: for *Pompeyes* name ftrikes more.  
 Then could his Warre refited.

*Cæsar. Anthony.*

Leaue thy lafcuiious Vaffailes. When thou once  
 Was beaten from *Medena*, where thou flew't  
*Hirfius*, and *Paufa* Consuls, at they heele  
 Did Famine follow, whom though fought't againft,  
 (Though daintily brought vp) with patience more  
 Then Sauages could fuffer. Thou did't drinke  
 The ftale of Horfes, and the gilded Puddle  
 Which Beasts would cough at. Thy pallat the did daine  
 The rougheft Berry, on the rudeft Hedge.  
 Yea, like the Stagge, when Snow the Pasture fheets,  
 The barkes of Trees thou brows'd. On the Alpes,  
 It is reported thou did't eate ftrange flefh.  
 Which fome did dye to looke on: And all this  
 (If wounds thine Honor that I fpeake it now)  
 Was borne fo like a Soldiour, that thy cheeke  
 So much as lank'd not.

*Lep.* 'Tis pittie of him.

*Cæf.* Let his fhames quickly  
 Driue him to Rome, 'tis time we twaine  
 Did fhew our felues i'th Field, and to that end  
 Affemble me immediate counfell, *Pompey*  
 Thriues in our Idleneffe.

*Lep.* To morrow *Cæfar*,  
 I fhall be furnisht to informe you rightly  
 Both what by Sea and Land I can be able  
 To front this prefent time.

*Cæf.* Til which encounter, it is my bufines too, Farwell.

*Lep.* Farwell my Lord, what you fhall know mean time  
 Of ftirres abroad, I fhall befeech you Sir  
 To let me be partaker.





As I had never been.

*Ant.* Gods, 'tis too much; too much for Man to bear.

*Cleo.* What is't for me then,

A weak forsaken Woman, and a Lover?—

Here let me breath my last: Envy me not

This minute in your Arms; I'll die apace,

As fast as e'er I can; and end your trouble.

*Ant.* Die! Rather let me perish: loos'n'd Nature

Leap from its hinges: Sink the props of Heav'n,

And fall the Skies to crush the nether World.

My Eyes! my Soul! my all!—

[Embraces her.]

*Vent.* And what's this Toy

In balance with your Fortune, Honour, Fame?

*Ant.* What is't, *Ventidius*? It out-weighs 'em all;

Why, we have more than Conquer'd *Cæsar* now:

My Queen's not only Innocent, but Loves me.

This, this is she who drags me down to ruin!

But could she 'scape without me, with what haste

Would she let slip her hold, and make to shore,

And never look behind!

Down on thy knees, Blasphemer as thou art,

And ask forgiveness of wrong'd Innocence.

*Vent.* I'll rather die, than take it. Will you go?

*Ant.* Go! Whither? Go from all that's excellent!

Faith, Honour, Virtue, all good things forbid

That I should go from her, who sets my love

Above the price of Kingdoms. Give, you Gods,

Give to your Boy, your *Cæsar*,

This Rattle of a Globe to play withal,

This Gew-gaw World, and put him cheaply off:

I'll not be pleas'd with less than *Cleopatra*.

*Cleo.* She's wholly yours. My Heart's so full of joy,

That I shall do some wild extravagance

Of Love in publick; and the foolish World,

Which knows not Tendernefs, will think me Mad.

*Vent.* O Women! Women! All the Gods

Have not such pow'r of doing good to Man,

*Cæsar.* Doubt not fir, I knew it for my Bond.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, & Mordian.*

*Cleo. Charmian.*

*Char. Madam.*

*Cleo. Ha, ha, giue me to drinke Mandragoru.*

*Char. Why Madam?*

*Cleo. That I might sleepe out this great gap of time:  
My Anthony is away.*

*Char. You thinke of him too much.*

*Cleo. O 'tis Treason.*

*Char. Madam, I trust not fo.*

*Cleo. Thou, Eunuch Mordain?*

*Mar. What's your Highnesse pleasure?*

*Cleo. Not now to heare thee sing. I take no pleasure  
In ought an Eunuch ha's: Tis well for thee,  
That being vnseminar'd, thy freer thoughts  
May not flye forth of Egypt. Hast thou Affections?*

*Mar. Yes gracious Madam.*

*Cleo. Indeed?*

*Mar. Not in deed Madam, for I can do nothing  
But what in deede is honest to be done:  
Yet haue I fierce Affections, and thinke  
What Venus did with Mars.*

*Cleo. Oh Charmian:  
Were think'ft thou he is now? Stands he, or fits he?  
Or does he walke? O Is he on his Horse?  
Oh happy horse to beare the weight of Anthony!  
Do brauely Horse, for wot'ft thou whom thou moou'ft,  
The demy Atlas of this Earth, the Arme  
And Burganet of men. Hee's speaking now,  
Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old Nyle,  
(For so he cals me:) Now I feede my selfe  
With most delicious poyson. Thinke on me  
That am with Phœbus amorous pinches blacke,  
And wrinkled deepe in time. Broad-frōnted Cæsar,  
When thou was't heere aboue the ground, I was  
A morfell for a Monarke: and great Pompey*





As you of doing harm.

[*Exit.*

*Ant.* Our Men are Arm'd.

Unbar the Gate that looks to *Cæsar's* Camp;

I would revenge the Treachery he meant me:

And long security makes Conquest easie

Im eager to return before I go;

For, all the pleasures I have known, beat thick

On my remembrance: How I long for Night!

That both the sweets of mutual Love may try,

And once Triumph o'er *Cæsar* e'er we die.

[*Exeunt.*

### ACT III.

*At one door, Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras Alexas and a Train of Egyptians: At the other, Anthony and Romans. The entrance on both sides is prepar'd by Musick; the Trumpets first sounding on Anthony's part: Then answer'd by Timbrels, &c. on Cleopatra's. Charmion and Iras hold a Laurel Wreath betwixt them. A Dance of Egyptians. After the Ceremony, Cleopatra Crowns Anthony.*

*Ant.* I Thought how those white Arms would fold me in,  
And strain me close, and melt me into Love;  
So pleas'd with that sweet Image, I sprung forwards,  
And added all my strength to every blow.

*Cleo.* Come to me, come my Soldier, to my Arms,  
You've have been too long away from my Embraces;  
But, when I have you fast, and all my own,  
With broken murmurs, and with amorous fighs,  
I'll say, you were unkind, and punish you,  
And mark you red with many an eager kifs.

*Ant.* My brighter *Venus*!

*Cleo.* O my greater *Mars*!

*Ant.* Thou joinst us well, my Love!

Suppose me come from the *Phlegrean* Plains,  
Where gasping Gyants lay, cleft by my Sword;  
And Mountain tops par'd off each other blow,  
To bury those I flew: receive me, Goddess:



Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow,  
There would he anchor his Aspect, and dye  
With looking on his life.

*Enter Alexas from Caesar.*

*Alex.* Soueraigne of Egypt, haile.

*Cleo.* How much vnlike art thou *Marke Anthony*?  
Yet comming from him, that great Med'cine hath  
With his Tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my braue *Marke Anthoine*?

*Alex.* Last thing he did (deere Queene)  
He kist the last of many doubled kiffes  
This Orient Pearle. His speech stickes in my heart.

*Cleo.* Mine eare must plucke it thence.

*Alex.* Good Friend, quoth he:  
Say the firme Roman to great Egypt sends  
This treasure of an Oyfter: at whose foote  
To mend the petty present, I will peece  
Her opulent Throne, with Kingdomes. All the East,  
(Say thou) shall call her Mistris. So he nodded,  
And soberly did mount an Arme-gaunt Steede,  
Who neigh'd so hye, that what I would haue spoke,  
Was beaftly dumbe by him.

*Cleo.* What was he sad, or merry?

*Alex.* Like to the time o'th'year, between y<sup>e</sup> extremes  
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merrie.

*Cleo.* Oh well diuided dispoſion: Note him,  
Note him good charmain, tis the man; but note him.  
He was not sad, for he would shine on those  
That make their lookes by his. He was not merrie,  
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay  
In Egypt with his ioy, but betweene both.  
Oh heauenly mingle! Bee't thou sad, or merrie,  
The violence of either thee becomes,  
So do's it no mans else. Met't thou my Poets?

*Alex.* I Madam, twenty feuerall Messengers.  
Why do you send so thicke?





Let *Cæsar* spread his subtle Nets, like *Vulcan*,  
 In thy Embraces I would be beheld  
 By Heav'n and Earth at once :  
 And make their envy what they meant their sport.  
 Let those who took us blush ; I would love on  
 With awful State, regardless of their frowns,  
 As their superior God.  
 There's no satiety of Love in thee ;  
 Enjoy'd, thou still art new ; perpetual Spring  
 Is in thy Arms ; the ripen'd fruit but falls,  
 And blossoms rife to fill its empty place ;  
 And I grow rich by giving.

*Enter Ventidius, and stands apart.*

*Alex.* O, now the danger's past, your General's come.  
 He joins not in your Joys, nor minds your Triumphs ;  
 But, with contracted brows, looks frowning on,  
 As envying your Success.

*Ant.* Now, on my Soul, he loves me ; truly loves me ;  
 He never flatter'd me in any vice,  
 But awes me with his virtue ; ev'n this minute  
 Methinks he has a right of chiding me.  
 Lead to the Temple : I'll avoid his presence ;  
 It checks too strong upon me.

*[Exeunt the rest.]*

*As Anthony is going, Ventidius pulls him by the Robe.*

*Vent.* Emperor.

*Ant. look-* 'Tis the old Argument ; I pr'y thee spare me.  
*ing back.* *Vent.* But this one hearing, Emperor.

*Ant.* Let go

My Robe ; or, by my Father *Hercules*——

*Vent.* By *Hercules* his Father, that's yet greater,  
 I bring you somewhat you would wish to know.

*Ant.* Thou see'st we are observ'd ; attend me here,  
 And I'll return.

*[Exit.]*

*Vent.* I'm waining in his favour, yet I love him ;  
 I love this Man, who runs to meet his ruin ;  
 And, sure the Gods, like me, are fond of him :  
 His Virtues lye so mingled with his Crimes,

*Cleo.* Who's borne that day, when I forget to send to *Anthonye*. shall dye a Begger. Inke and paper *Charmian*. Welcome my good *Alexas* Did I *Charmian*, euer loue *Cæsar* fo.

*Char.* Oh that braue *Cæsar*.

*Cleo.* Be choak'd with such another Emphasis.  
Say the braue *Anthony*.

*Char.* The valiant *Cæsar*.

*Cleo.* By Isis, I will giue thee bloody teeth.  
If thou with *Cæsar* Parago nagaine:  
My man of men.

*Char.* By your most gracious pardon,  
I sing but after you.

*Cleo.* My Sallad dayes,  
When I was greene in iudgement, cold in blood,  
To say, as I faide then. But come, away,  
Get me Inke and Paper,  
he shall haue euery day a feuerall greeting, or Ile vnpeople Egypt. *.Exeunt.*

*Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in warlike manner.*

*Pom.* If the great Gods be iust, they shall affift  
The deeds of iustest men.

*Mene.* Know worthy *Pompey*, that what they do delay, they not deny.

*Pom.* Whiles we are futors to their Throne, decayes the thing we sue  
for.

*Mene.* We ignorant of our felues,  
Begge often our owne harmes, which the wife Powres  
Deny vs for our good: so find we profit  
By loofing of our Prayers.

*Pom.* I shall do well:  
The people loue me, and the Sea is mine;  
My powers are Creffent, and my Auguring hope  
Sayes it will come to'th'full. Marke *Anthony*  
In Egypt fits at dinner, and will make  
No warres without doores. *Cæsar* gets money where  
He looses heart: *Lepidus* flatters both,  
Of both is flatter'd: but he neither loues,  
Nor either cares for him.

*Mene.* *Cæsar* and *Lepidus* are in the field,





And would confound their choice to punish one,  
And not reward the other.

*Enter Anthony.*

*Ant.* We can conquer,  
You see, without your Aid,  
We have dislodg'd their Troops,  
They look at us at distance, and like Curs  
Scap'd from the Lions paws, they bay far off,  
And lick their wounds, and faintly threaten War.  
Five thousand *Romans*, with their faces upward,  
Lye breathless on the Plain.

*Vent.* 'Tis well: And he  
Who lost 'em, could have spar'd Ten thousand more.  
Yet if, by this advantage, you could gain  
An easier Peace, while *Cæsar* doubts the Chance  
Of Arms;——

*Ant.* O think not on't, *Ventidius*;  
The Boy pursues my ruin, he'll no peace:  
His malice is confederate in advantage;  
O, he's the coolest Murderer! so stanch,  
He kills, and keeps his Temper.

*Vent.* Have you no Friend  
In all his Army, who has power to move him?  
*Mecænas*, or *Agrippa* might do much.

*Ant.* They're both too deep in *Cæsar's* interests.  
We'll work it out by dint of Sword, or perish.

*Vent.* Fain I would find some other.

*Ant.* Thank thy Love.  
Some four or five such Victories as this,  
Will save thy farther pains.

*Vent.* Expect no more; *Cæsar* is on his Guard:  
I know, Sir, you have conquer'd against odds;  
But still you draw Supplies from one poor Town,  
And of *Ægyptians*: He has all the World,  
And, at his beck, Nations come pouring in,  
To fill the gaps you make. Pray think again.

*Ant.* Why dost thou drive me from my self, to search



A mighty strength they carry.

*Pom.* Where haue you this? 'Tis false.

*Mene.* From *Siluius*, Sir.

*Pom.* He dreames: I know they are in Rome together  
Looking for *Anthony*s but all the charmes of Loue,  
Salt *Cleopatra* soften thy wand lip,  
Let Witchcraft ioyne with Beauty, Lust with both,  
Tye vp the Libertine in a field of Feasts,  
Keepe his Braine fuming. Epicurean Cookes,  
Sharpen with cloyleffe fawce his Appetite,  
That sleepe and feeding may prorogue his Honour,  
Euen till a Lethied dulneffe——

*Enter Varrus.*

How now *Varrus*?

*Var.* This is most certaine, that I fhall deliuer:

*Marke Anthony* is euery houre in Rome  
Expected. Since he went from Egypt, 'tis  
A space for farther Trauaile.

*Pom.* I could haue giuen lesse matter  
A better eare. *Menas*, I did not thinke  
This amorous Surfetter would haue donn'd his Helme  
For such a petty Warre: His Souldierfhip  
Is twice the other twaine: But let vs reare  
The higher our Opinion, that our stirring  
Can from the lap of Egypts Widdow, plucke  
The neere Lust-wearied *Anthony*.

*Mene.* I cannot hope,  
*Cæsar* and *Anthony* fhall well greet together;  
His Wife that's dead, did treaspaffes to *Cæsar*,  
His Brother wan'd vpon him, although I thinke  
Not mou'd by *Anthony*.

*Pom.* I know not *Menas*,  
How leffer Enmities may giue way to greater,  
Were't not that we stand vp againft them all:  
'Twer pregnant they should square between themfelues,  
For they haue entertained caufe enough  
To draw their fwords: but how the feare of vs





For Foreign Aids? To hunt my memory;  
 And rang all o'er a waste and barren place  
 To find a Friend? The wretched have no Friends——  
 Yet I had one, the bravest Youth of *Rome*,  
 Whom *Cæsar* loves beyond the Love of Women;  
 He could resolve his mind, as Fire does Wax,  
 From that hard rugged Image, melt him down,  
 And mould him in what softer form he pleas'd.

*Vent.* Him would I see; that Man of all the World:  
 Just such a one we want.

*Ant.* He lov'd me too.

I was his Soul; he liv'd not but in me:  
 We were so clos'd within each others Breasts,  
 The Rivets were not found that join'd us first,  
 That does not reach us yet: We were so mixt,  
 As meeting streams, both to our selves were lost;  
 We were one Mass; we could not give or take,  
 But from the same; for he was I, I he.

*Vent. aside.]* He moves as I would wish him.

*Ant.* After this,

I need not tell his Name: 'Twas *Dolabella*.

*Vent.* He's now in *Cæsar's* Camp.

*Ant.* No matter where,

Since he's no longer mine. He took unkindly  
 That I forbade him *Cleopatra's* fight;  
 Because I fear'd he lov'd her; He confess'd  
 He had a warmth, which, for my sake, he stifled;  
 For 'twere impossible that two, so one,  
 Should not have lov'd the same. When he departed,  
 He took no leave; and that confirm'd my thoughts.

*Vent.* It argues that he lov'd you more than her,  
 Else had he staid; but he perceiv'd you jealous,  
 And would not grieve his Friend: I know he loves you.

*Ant.* I should have seen him then e'er now.

*Vent.* Perhaps

He has thus long been lab'ring for your Peace.

*Ant.* Would he were here.

May Ciment their diuifions, and binde vp  
 The petty difference, we yet not know:  
 Bee't as our Gods will haue't; it onely ftands  
 Our liues vpon, to vse our ftongeft hands  
 Come *Menas*.

*Exeunt.**Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.*

*Lep.* Good *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,  
 And fhall become you well, to intreat your Captaine  
 To foft and gentle fpeech.

*Enob.* I fhall intreat him  
 To anfwer like himfelfe: if *Cæfar* moue him,  
 Let *Anthony* looke ouer *Cæfars* head,  
 And fpeake as lowd as Mars. By Iupiter,  
 Were I the wearer of *Anthonio's* Beard,  
 I would not shaue't to day.

*Lep.* 'Tis not a time for priuate ftomacking.

*Eno.* Euery time ferues for the matter that is then borne in't.

*Lep.* But fmall to greater matters muft giue way.

*Eno.* Not if the fmall come firft.

*Lep.* Your fpeech is paffion: but pray you ftirre  
 No Embers vp. Heere comes the Noble *Anthony*.

*Enter Anthony and Ventidius.*

*Eno.* And yonder *Cæfar*.

*Enter Cæfar, Mecnas, and Agrippa.*

*Ant.* If we compofe well heere, to Parthia:  
 Hearke *Ventidius*.

*Cæfar.* I do not know *Mecnas*, aske *Agrippa*.

*Lep.* Noble Friends:

That which combin'd vs was moft great, and let not  
 A learned action rend vs. What's amiffe,  
 May it be gently heard. When we debate  
 Our triuiall difference loud, we do commit  
 Murthur in healing wounds. Then Noble Partners,  
 The rather for I earneftly befeech,  
 Touch you the fowreft points with fweeteft tearmes,  
 Nor curftneffe grow to'th'matter.

*Ant.* 'Tis fpoken well:





*Vent.* Would you believe he lov'd you?  
I read your Answer in your Eyes; you would.  
Not to conceal it longer, he has sent  
A Messenger from *Cæsar's* Camp, with Letters.

*Ant.* Let him appear.

*Vent.* I'll bring him instantly.

[*Exit Ventidius, and Re-enters immediately with Dolabella.*]

*Ant.* 'Tis he himself, himself, by holy Friendship! [*Runs to embrace him.*]  
Art thou return'd at last, my better half?  
Come, give me all my self.  
Let me not live,  
If the young Bridegroom, longing for his Night,  
Was ever half so fond.

*Dola.* I must be silent; for my Soul is busy  
About a noble Work: she's new come home,  
Like a long absent Man, and wanders o'er  
Each Room, a Stranger to her own, to look  
If all be safe.

*Ant.* Thou hast what's left of me,  
For I am now so sunk from what I was,  
Thou find'st me at my lowest Water-mark.  
The Rivers that ran in, and rais'd my Fortunes,  
Are all dry'd up, or take another course:  
What I have left is from my native Spring;  
I've still a Heart that swells, in scorn of Fate,  
And lifts me to my Banks.

*Dola.* Still you are Lord of all the World to me.

*Ant.* Why, then I yet am so; for thou art all.  
If I had any Joy when thou wert absent,  
I grudg'd it to my self; methought I robb'd  
Thee of thy part. But, Oh my *Dolabella!*  
Thou hast beheld me other than I am.  
Hast thou not seen my morning Chambers fill'd  
With Scepter'd Slaves, who waited to salute me:  
With Eastern Monarchs; who forgot the Sun,  
To worship my uprising? Menial Kings  
Run courting up and down my Palace-yard.



Where we before our Armies, and to fight,  
I should do thus.

*Flourish.*

*Cæs.* Welcome to Rome.

*Ant.* Thanke you.

*Cæs.* Sit.

*Ant.* Sit fir.

*Cæs.* Nay then.

*Ant.* I learne, you take things ill, which are not fo:  
Or being, concerne you not.

*Cæs.* I must be laught at, if or for nothing, or a little, I  
Should fay my selfe offended, and with you  
Chiefely i'th'world. More laught at, that I should  
Once name you derogately: when to found your name  
It not concern'd me.

*Ant.* My being in Egypt *Cæsar*, what was't to you?

*Cæs.* No more then my reciding heere at Rome  
Might be to you in Egypt: yet if you there  
Did practice on my State, your being in Egypt  
Might be my question.

*Ant.* How intend you, practice'd?

*Cæs.* You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,  
By what did heere befall me. Your Wife and Brother  
Made warres vpon me, and their contestation  
Was Theame for you, you were the word of warre.

*Ant.* You do mistake your busines, my Brother neuer  
Did vrge me in his Act: I did inquire it,  
And haue my Learning from some true reports  
That drew their fwords with you, did he not rather  
Discredit my authority with yours,  
And make the warres alike against my stomacke,  
Hauing alike your cause. Of this, my Letters  
Before did satisfie you. If you'l patch a quarrell,  
As matter whole you haue to make it with,  
It must not be with this.

*Cæs.* You praise your selfe, by laying defects of iudgement to me: but  
you patcht vp your excuses.

*Anth.* Not so, not so:



I know you could not lacke, I am certaine on't,  
 Very necessity of this thought, that I  
 Your Partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,  
 Could not with gracefull eyes attend those Warres  
 Which fronted mine owne peace. As for my wife,  
 I would you had her spirit, in such another,  
 The third oth'world is yours, which with a Snaffle,  
 You may pace easie, but not such a wife.

*Enobar.* Would we had all such wiues, that the men might go to  
 Warres with the women.

*Anth.* So much vncurbable, her Garboiles (*Cæsar*)  
 Made out of her impatience: which not wanted  
 Shrodeneffe of policie to: I greeuing grant,  
 Did you too much disquiet, for that you must,  
 But say I could not helpe it.

*Cæsar.* I wrote to you, when rioting in Alexandria you  
 Did pocket vp my Letters: and with taunts  
 Did gibe my Mifue out of audience.

*Ant.* Sir, he fell vpon me, ere admitted, then:  
 Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want  
 Of what I was i'th'morning: but next day  
 I told him of my selfe, which was as much  
 As to haue askt him pardon. Let this Fellow  
 Be nothing of our strife: if we contend  
 Out of our question wipe him.

*Cæsar.* You haue broken the Article of your oath which you shall neuer  
 haue tongue to charge me with.

*Lep.* Soft *Cæsar*.

*Ant.* No *Lepidus*, let him speake.  
 The Honour is Sacred which he talks on now,  
 Supposing that I lackt it: but on *Cæsar*,  
 The Article of my oath.

*Cæsar.* To lend me Armes, and aide when I requir'd them, the which you  
 both denied.

*Anth.* Neglected rather:  
 And then when poysoned houres had bound me vp  
 From mine owne knowledges as neerely as I may,



Ile play the penitent to you. But mine honesty,  
 Shall not make poore my greatnesse, nor my power  
 Worke without it. Truth is, that *Fuluia*,  
 To haue me out of Egypt, made Warres heere,  
 For which my selfe, the ignorant motiue, do  
 So farre aske pardon, as befits mine Honour  
 To stoop in such a case.

*Lep.* 'Tis Noble spoken.

*Mece.* If it might please you, to enforce no further  
 The griefes betweene ye : to forget them quite,  
 Were to remember : that the present neede,  
 Speaks to attone you.

*Lep.* Worthily spoken *Mecenas*.

*Enobar.* Or if you borrow one anothers Loue for the instant, you man  
 when you heare no more words of *Pompey* returne it againe : you shall haue  
 time to wrangle in, when you haue nothing else to do.

*Anth.* Thou art a Souldier, onely speake no more.

*Enob.* That trueth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

*Anth.* You wrong this preface, therefore speake no more.

*Enob.* Go too then : your Confederate stone.

*Cæsar.* I do not much dislike the matter, but  
 The manner of his speech : for't cannot be,  
 We shall remaine in friendship, our conditions  
 So differing in their acts. Yet if I knew,  
 What Hoope should hold vs staunch from edge to edge  
 Ath'world : I would perue it.

*Agri.* Giue me leaue *Cæsar*.

*Cæsar.* Speake *Agrippa*.

*Agri.* Thou hast a Sister by the Mothers side, admir'd *Octauia*? Great  
*Mark Anthony* is now a widdower.

*Cæsar.* Say not, say *Agrippa*; if *Cleopater* heard you, your prooffe were  
 well deserued of rashnesse.

*Anth.* I am not marryed *Cæsar* : let me heere *Agrippa* further speake.

*Agri.* To hold you in perpetuall ami tie,  
 To make you Brothers, and to knit your hearts  
 With an vn-flipping knot, take *Anthony*,  
*Octauia* to his wife : whose beauty claimes



No worfe a husband then the best of men : whose  
 Vertue, and whose generall graces, speake  
 That which none else can vtter. By this marriage,  
 All little Ieloufies which now seeme great,  
 And all great fears, which now import their dangers,  
 Would then be nothing. Truth's would be tales,  
 Where now halfe tales be truth's : her loue to both,  
 Would each to other, and all loues to both  
 Draw after her. Pardon what I haue spoke,  
 For 'tis a studied not a present thought,  
 By duty ruminated.

*Anth.* Will *Cæsar* speake?

*Cæsar.* Not till he hears how *Anthony* is toucht,  
 With what is spoke already.

*Anth.* What power is in *Agrippa*,  
 If I would say *Agrippa*, be it so,  
 To make this good?

*Cæsar.* The power of *Cæsar*,  
 And his power, vnto *Octauia*.

*Anth.* May I neuer  
 (To this good purpose, that so fairely shewes)  
 Dreame of impediment : let me haue thy hand  
 Further this act of Grace : and from this houre,  
 The heart of Brothers gouerne in our Loues,  
 And sway our great designs.

*Cæsar.* There's my hand :  
 A Sister I bequeathe you, whom no Brother  
 Did euer loue so deerely. Let her liue  
 To ioyne our kingdomes, and our hearts, and neuer  
 Flie off our Loues againe.

*Lepi.* Happily, Amen.

*Ant.* I did not think to draw my Sword 'gainst *Pompey*,  
 For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great  
 Of late upon me. I must thanke him onely,  
 Least my remembrance, suffer ill report :  
 At heele of that, desie him.

*Lepi.* Time calls vpon's,





Of vs muſt *Pompey* preſently be fought,  
Or elſe he ſeekes out vs.

*Anth.* Where lies he?

*Cæſar.* About the Mount-Mefena.

*Anth.* What is his ſtrength by land?

*Cæſar.* Great, and encreaſing:

But by Sea he is an abſolute Maſter.

*Anth.* So is the Fame,

Would we had ſpoke together. Haſt we for it,  
Yet ere we put our ſelues in Armes, diſpatch we  
The buſineſſe we haue talkt of.

*Cæſar.* With moſt gladneſſe,  
And do inuite you to by Sifters view,  
Whether ſtraight Ile lead you.

*Anth.* Let vs *Lepidus* not lacke your companie.

*Lep.* Noble *Anthony*, not ſickeneſſe ſhould detaine me.

*Flouriſh. Exit omnes.*

*Manet Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecenas.*

*Mec.* Welcome from *Ægypt* Sir.

*Eno.* Halfe the heart of *Cæſar*, worthy *Mecenas*. My honourable Friend  
*Agrippa*.

*Agri.* Good *Enobarbus*.

*Mec.* We haue cauſe to be glad, that matters are ſo well diſgeſted: you  
ſtaid well by't in *Egypt*.

*Enob.* I Sir, we did ſleepe day out of countenance: and made the night  
light with drinking.

*Mec.* Eight Wilde-Boares roſted whole at a breakfast: and but twelue  
perſons there. Is this true?

*Eno.* This was but as a Flye by an Eagle: we had much more monſtrous  
matter of Feaſt, which worthily deſerued nothing.

*Mecenas.* She's a moſt triumphant Lady, if report be ſquare to her.

*Enob.* When ſhe firſt met *Marke Anthony*, ſhe purſt vp his heart vpon the  
Riuier of Sidnis.

*Agri.* There ſhe appear'd indeed: or my reporter deuīs'd well for her.

*Eno.* I will tell you,

The Barge ſhe ſat in, like a burniſht Thorne  
Burnt on the water: the Poope was beaten Gold,



Purple the Sailes : and so perfumed that  
 The Windes were Loue-ficke.  
 With them the Owers were Siluer,  
 Which to the tune of Flutes kept stroke, and made  
 The water which they beate, to follow faster ;  
 As amorous of their strokes. For her owne person,  
 It begged all discription, she did lye  
 In her Pauillion, cloth of Gold, of Tissue,  
 O're-picturing that Venns, where we see  
 The fancie out-worke Nature. On each side her,  
 Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like smiling Cupids,  
 With diuers coulour'd Fannes whose winde did feeme,  
 To glove the delicate cheekes which they did coole,  
 And what they vndid did.

*Agrip.* Oh rare for *Anthony*.

*Eno.* Her Gentlewoman, like the Nereides,  
 So many Mer-maides tended her i'th'eyes,  
 And made their bends adornings. At the Helme.  
 A seeming Mer-maide steeres: The Silken Tackle,  
 Swell with the touches of those Flower-soft hands,  
 That yarely frame the office. From the Barge  
 A strange inuifible perfume hits the sense  
 Of the adiacent Wharfes. The City cast  
 Her people out vpon her : and *Anthony*  
 Enthron'd i'th'Market-place, did sit alone.  
 Whiffling to'th'ayre : which but for vacancie,  
 Had gone to gaze on *Cleopater* too,  
 And made a gap in Nature.

*Agri.* Rare Egiptian.

*Eno.* Vpon her landing, *Anthony* sent to her,  
 Inuited her to Supper : she replyed,  
 It should be better, he became her guest :  
 Which she entreated, our Courteous *Anthony*,  
 Whom nere the word of no woman hard speake,  
 Being barber'd ten times o're, goes to the Feast ;  
 And for his ordinary, paies his heart,  
 For what his eyes eate onely.

Stood filent in my Prefence, watch'd my Eyes,  
And, at my leaft Command, all ftarted out  
Like Racers to the Goal.

*Dola.* Slaves to your Fortune.

*Ant.* Fortune is *Cæſar's* now; and what am I?

*Vent.* What you have made your ſelf; I will not flatter.

*Ant.* Is this Friendly done?

*Dola.* Yes, when his end is fo, I muſt join with him;  
Indeed I muſt, and yet you muſt not chide:  
Why I am elſe your Friend?

*Ant.* Take heed, young Man,  
How thou upbraidſt my Love: The Queen has Eyes,  
And thou too haſt a Soul. Canſt thou remember  
When, ſwell'd with hatred, thou beheld'ſt her firſt,  
As Aceffary to thy Brother's Death?

*Dola.* Spare my Remembrance; 'twas a guilty day,  
And ſtill the Blufh hangs here.

*Ant.* To clear her ſelf,  
For ſending him no Aid, ſhe came from *Ægypt*.  
Her Gally down the Silver *Cydnoſ* row'd,  
The Tackling Silk, the Streamers wav'd with Gold,  
The Gentle Winds were lodg'd in purple Sails:  
Her Nymphs, like *Nereids*, round her Couch, were plac'd;  
Where ſhe, another Sea-born *Venus*, lay.

*Dola.* No more: I would not hear it.

*Ant.* O, you muſt!  
She lay, and leant her Cheek upon her Hand,  
And caſt a Look ſo languifhingly ſweet,  
As if, ſecure of all Beholders Hearts,  
Neglecting ſhe could take 'em: Boys, like *Cupids*,  
Sood fanning, with their painted Wings, the Winds  
That plaid about her Face: But if ſhe ſmil'd,  
A darting Glory ſeem'd to blaze abroad:  
That Mens defiring Eyes were never weary'd;  
But hung upon the Object: To ſoft Flutes  
The Silver Oars kept Time; and while they plaid,  
The Hearing gave new Pleaſure to the Sight;

*Agri.* Royall Wench:  
She made great *Cæſar* lay his Sword to bed,  
He ploughed her, and ſhe cropt.

*Eno.* I ſaw her once.  
Hop forty Paces through the publicke ſtreete,  
And hauing loſt her breath, ſhe ſpoke, and panted,  
That ſhe did make defect, perfection,  
And breathleſſe powre breath forth.

*Mece.* Now *Anthony*, muſt leaue her vtterly.

*Eno.* Neuer he will not:  
Age cannot wither her, nor cuſtome ſtale  
Her infinite variety: other women cloy  
The appetites they feede, but ſhe makes hungry,  
Where moſt ſhe ſatiſfies. For vildeſt things  
Become themſelues in her, that the holy Prieſts  
Bleſſe her, when ſhe is Riggish.

*Mece.* If Beauty, Wifedome, Modeſty, can ſett le  
The heart of *Anthony*: *Octauia* is  
A bleſſed Lottery to him.

*Agrip.* Let vs go. Good *Enobarbus*, make your ſelfe my gueſt, whilſt you  
abide heere.

*Eno.* Humbly Sir I thanke you.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Anthony, Cæſar, Octauia betwene them.*

*Anth.* The world, and my great office, will  
Sometimes deuide me from your boſome.

*Octa.* All which time, before the Gods my knee ſhall bowe my prayers to  
them for you.

*Anth.* Goodnight Sir. My *Octauia*.  
Read not my blemiſhes in the world's report:  
I haue not kept my ſquare, but that to come  
Shall all be done byth'Rule: good night deere Lady:  
Good night Sir.

*Cæſar.* Goodnight.

*Exit.*

*Enter Soothſaier.*

*Anth.* Now firrah: you do wiſh your ſelfe in Egypt?





And both to Thought: 'Twas Heav'n or somewhat more;  
For she so charm'd all Hearts, that gazing Crowds  
Stood panting on the shore, and wanted Breath  
To give their welcome Voice.

Then, *Dolabella*, where was then thy Soul?  
Was not thy Fury quite disarm'd with Wonder?  
Didst thou not shrink behind me from those Eyes;  
And whisper in my Ears; Oh, tell her not  
That I accus'd her with my Brother's Death!

*Dola.* And should my Weakness be a Plea for yours?  
Mine was an Age when Love might be excus'd,  
When kindly warmth, and when my springing youth  
Made it a Debt to Nature. Yours——

*Vent.* Speak boldly.  
Yours, he would say, in your declining Age,  
When no more Heat was left but what you forc'd;  
When all the Sap was needful for the Trunk,  
When it went down, then you constrain'd the Course,  
And robb'd from Nature, to supply Desire;  
In you (I would not use so harsh a word)  
But 'tis plain Dotage.

*Ant.* Ha!

*Dola.* 'Twas urg'd too home.  
But yet the loss was private that I made;  
'Twas but my self I lost: I lost no Legions;  
I had no World to lose, no Peoples Love.

*Ant.* This from a Friend?

*Dola.* Yes, *Anthony*, a true one;  
A Friend so tender, that each Word I speak  
Stabs my own Heart, before it reach your Ear.  
O, judge me not less kind because I chide:  
To *Cæsar* I excuse you.

*Ant.* O ye Gods!  
Have I then liv'd to be excus'd to *Cæsar*?

*Dola.* As to your Equal:  
While I wear this, he never shall be more.  
I bring Conditions from him.



*Sooth.* Would I had neuer come from thence, nor you thither.

*Ant.* If you can, your reason?

*Sooth.* I fee it in my motion :haue it not in my tongue, But yet hie you to Egypt againe.

*Antho.* Say to me, whose Fortunes shall rise higher *Cæsars* or mine?

*Sooth. Cæsars.* Therefore (oh *Anthony*) stay not by his side  
Thy Dæmon that thy spirit which keeps thee, is  
Noble, Courageous, high vnmatchable,  
Where *Cæsars* is not. But neere him, thy Angell  
Becomes a feare: as being o're-powr'd, therefore  
Make space enough betweene you.

*Anth.* Speake this no more.

*Sooth.* To none but thee no more but: when to thee,  
If thou dost play with him at any game,  
Thou art sure to loose: And of that Naturall lucke,  
He beats thee 'gainst the oddes. Thy Luster thickens,  
When he shines by: I say againe, thy spirit  
Is all affraid to gouerne thee neere him:  
But he alway 'tis Noble.

*Anth.* Get thee gone:

Say to *Ventigius* I would speake with him.

*Erit.*

He shall to Parthia, be it Art or hap,  
He hath spoken true. The very Dice obey him,  
And in our sports my better cunning faints,  
Vnder his chance, if we draw lots he speeds,  
His Cocks do winne the Battaile, still of mine,  
When it is all to naught: and his Quailes euer  
Beate mine (in hoopt) at odd's. I will to Egypte:  
And though I make this marriage for my peace,  
I'th'Eaſt my pleasure lies. Oh come *Ventigius*.

*Enter Ventigius*

You must to Parthia, your Commiſſions ready:  
Follow me, and recieue't.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Lepidus, Mecenas and Agrippa.*

*Lepidus.* Trouble your selues no further: pray you hasten your Generals  
after.





*Ant.* Are they Noble?  
 Methinks thou should'st not bring 'em else; yet he  
 Is full of deep diffembling; knows no Honour,  
 Divided from his Int'rest. Fate mistook him;  
 For Nature meant him for an Ufurer,  
 He's fit indeed to buy, not conquer Kingdoms

*Vent.* Then, granting this,  
 What Pow'r was theirs who wrought so hard a Temper  
 To honourable Terms?

*Ant.* It was my *Dolabella*, or some God.

*Dola.* Nor I; nor yet *Mecænas*, nor *Agrippa*:  
 They were your Enemies; and I a Friend  
 Too weak alone; yet 'twas a *Roman's* Deed.

*Ant.* 'Twas like a *Roman* done: Show me that Man  
 Who has preserv'd my Life, my Love, my Honour:  
 Let me but see his Face.

*Vent.* That task is mine;  
 And, Heav'n, thou know'st how pleasing.

[*Exit Vent.*]

*Dola.* You'll remember  
 To whom you stand oblig'd?

*Ant.* When I forget it,  
 Be thou unkind, and that's my greatest Curse.  
 My Queen shall thank him too.

*Dola.* I fear she will not.

*Ant.* But she shall do't. The Queen, my *Dolabella*!  
 Hast thou not still some grudgings of thy Fever?

*Dola.* I would not see her lost.

*Ant.* When I forsake her,  
 Leave me, my better Stars; for she has truth  
 Beyond her beauty. *Cæsar* tempted her,  
 At no less price than Kingdoms, to betray me;  
 But she resisted all: And yet thou chid'st me  
 For loving her too well. Could I do so?

*Dola.* Yes, there's my reason.

*Re-enter Ventidius with Octavia, leading Anthony's  
 two little Daughters.*

*Ant.* Where? — *Octavia* there!

[*Starting back*]

*Agr.* Sir, *Marke Anthony*, will e'ne but kiffe *Octavia*, and weelee follow.

*Lepi.* Till I fhall fee you in your Souldiers dresse,  
Which will become you both: Farewell.

*Mece.* We fhall: as I conceiue the journey, be at Mount before you  
*Lepidus.*

*Lepi.* Your way is shorter, my purpofes do draw me much about. you'le  
win two dayes vpon me.

*Both.* Sir good fucceffe.

*Lepi.* Farewell.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Cleopater, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.*

*Cleo.* Giue me fome Muficke: Muficke, moody foode of vs that trade in  
Love.

*Omnes.* The Muficke, hoa.

*Enter Mardian the Eunich.*

*Cleo.* Let it alone, let's to Billiards: come *Charmian*.

*Char.* My arme is fore, beft play with *Mardian*.

*Cleopa.* As well a woman with an Eunuch plaide, as with a woman.  
Come you'le play with me Sir?

*Mardi.* As well as I can Madam.

*Cleo.* And when good will is fhewed,  
Though't come to fhort  
Thé Aôtor may pleade pardon. Ile none now,  
Giue me mine Angle, weelee to'th'Riuer there  
My Muficke playing farre off. I will betray  
Tawny fine fifhes, my bended hooke fhall pierce  
Their flimy iawes: and as I draw them vp,  
Ile thinke them euery one an *Anthony*,  
And fay, ah ha: y're caught.

*Char.* 'Twas merry when you wager'd on your Angling, when your diuer  
did hang a falt fifth on his hooke which he with feruencie drew vp.

*Cleo.* That time? Oh times:

I laught him out of patience: and that night  
I laught him into patience, and next morne,  
Ere the ninth houre, I drunke him to his bed:  
Then put my Tires and Mantles on him, whilst  
I wore his Sword Phillippan. Oh from Italie,





*Vent.* What, is the poison to you? A Disease?  
Look on her, view her well; and those she brings:  
Are they all Strangers to your Eyes? Has Nature  
No secret Call, no Whispers they are yours?

*Dola.* For Shame, my Lord, if not for Love, receive 'em  
With kinder Eyes. If you confests a Man,  
Meet 'em, embrace 'em, bid 'em welcome to you.  
Your Arms should open, ev'n without your knowledge,  
To clasp 'em in; your Feet should turn to Wings  
To bear you to 'em; and your Eyes dart out,  
And aim a kiss e'er you could reach the Lips.

*Ant.* I stood amaz'd to think how they came hither.

*Vent.* I sent for 'em; I brought 'em in, unknown  
To *Cleopatra's* Guards.

*Dola.* Yet are you cold?

*Octav.* Thus long I have attended for my welcome;  
Which, as a Stranger, sure I might expect.  
Who am I?

*Ant.* *Cæsar's* Sister.

*Octav.* That's unkind!  
Had I been nothing more than *Cæsar's* Sister,  
Know, I had still remain'd in *Cæsar's* Camp;  
But your *Octavia*, your much injur'd Wife,  
Though banish'd from your Bed, driv'n from your House,  
In spight of *Cæsar's* Sister, still is yours.  
'Tis true, I have a Heart disdains your Coldness,  
And prompts me not to seek what you should offer;  
But a Wife's Virtue still surmounts that Pride:  
I come to claim you as my own; to show  
My Duty first, to ask, nay beg, your kindness:  
Your hand, my Lord; 'tis mine, and I will have it

[*Taking his hand.*]

*Vent.* Do, take it, thou deserv'st it.

*Dola.* On my Soul,  
And so she does: She's neither too submissive,  
Nor yet too haughty; but so just a mean,  
Shows, as it ought, a Wife and *Roman* too.

*Ant.* I fear, *Octavia*, you have begg'd my Life,



*Enter a Messenger.*

Ramme thou thy fruitfull tidings in mine cares,  
That long time haue bin barren.

*Mef.* Madam, Madam.

*Cleo.* *Anthony's* dead,  
If thou say so Villaine, thou kil'st thy Miftris:  
But well and free, if thou so yield him.  
There is Gold, and heere  
My blewest vaines to kisse: a hand that Kings  
Haue lipt, and trembled kissing.

*Mef.* Firft Madam, he is well.

*Cleo.* Why there's more Gold.  
But firrah marke, we vse  
To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,  
The Gold I giue thee, will I melt and powr  
Downe thy ill vttering throate.

*Mef.* Good Madam heare me.

*Cleo.* Well, go too I will:  
But there's no goodnesse in thy face if *Anthony*  
Be free and healthfull; so tart a fauour  
To trumpet such good tidings. If not well,  
Thou shouldst come like a Furie crown'd with Snakes,  
Not like a formall man.

*Mef.* Wilt please you heare me?

*Cleo.* I haue a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:  
Yet if thou say *Anthony* liues, 'tis well,  
Or friends with *Cæsar*, or not Captiue to him,  
Ile set thee in a shower of Gold, and haile  
Rich Pearles vpon thee.

*Mef.* Madam, he's well.

*Cleo.* Well said.

*Mef.* And Friends with *Cæsar*.

*Cleo.* Th'art an honest man.

*Mef.* *Cæsar*, and he, are greater Friends then euer.

*Cleo.* Make thee a Fortune from me.

*Mef.* But yet Madam.

*Cleo.* I do not like but yet, it does alay

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*Octav.* Begg'd it, my Lord?

*Ant.* Yes, begg'd it, my Ambaffadrefs,  
Poorly and basely begg'd it of your Brother.

*Octav.* Poorly and basely I could never beg;  
Nor could my Brother grant.

*Ant.* Shall I, who, to my kneeling Slave, could say,  
Rise up, and be a King; shall I fall down  
And cry, Forgive me, *Cæsar*? Shall I set  
A Man, my Equal, in the place of *Jove*,  
As he could give me being? No; that word,  
*Forgive*, would choak me up,  
And die upon my Tongue.

*Dola.* You shall not need it.

*Ant.* I will not need it. Come, you've all betray'd me:  
My Friend too! To receive some vile Conditions,  
My Wife has brought me, with her Prayers and Tears;  
And now I must become her branded Slave:  
In every peevish Mood she will upbraid  
The Life she gave: If I but look awry,  
She cries, I'll tell my Brother.

*Octav.* My hard Fortune  
Subjects me still to your unkind mistakes.  
But the Conditions I have brought are such  
You need not blush to take: I love your Honour,  
Because 'tis mine; it never shall be said  
*Octavia's* Husband was her Brother's Slave.  
Sir, you are Free; Free, ev'n from her you loath;  
For, though my Brother bargains for your Love,  
Makes me the Price and Cement of your Peace,  
I have a Soul like yours; I cannot take  
Your Love as Alms, nor beg what I deserve.  
I'll tell my Brother we are reconcil'd;  
He shall draw back his Troops, and you shall march  
To rule the East: I may be dropt at *Athens*;  
No matter where, I never will complain,  
But only keep the barren Name of Wife,  
And rid you of the trouble.

The good precedence, fie vpon but yet,  
 Bur yet is as a Iaylor to bring foorth  
 Some monftrous Malefactor. Prythee Friend,  
 Powre out the packe of matter to mine eare,  
 The good and bad together : he's friends with *Cæſar*,  
 In ftate of health thou faift, and thou faift, free.

*Meſ.* Free Madam, no: I made no fuch report,  
 He's bound vnto *Oſiaia*.

*Cleo.* For what good turne?

*Meſ.* For the beſt turne i'th'bed.

*Cleo.* I am pale *Charmian*.

*Meſ.* Madam, he's married to *Oſiaia*.

*Cleo.* The moſt infectious Peſtilence vpon thee.

*Strikes him down.*

*Meſ.* Good Madam patience.

*Cleo.* What ſay you?

*Strikes him.*

Hence horrible Villaine, or Ile ſpurne thine eyes  
 Like balls before me : Ile vnhaire thy head, *She bales him up and downe.*  
 Thou ſhalt be whipt with Wyer, and ftew'd in brine,  
 Smarting in lingering pickle.

*Meſ.* Gracious Madam,

I that do bring the news, made not the match.

*Cleo.* Say 'tis not ſo, a Prouince I will giue thee,  
 And make thy Fortunes proud : the blow thou had'ſt  
 Shall make thy peace, for mourning me to rage,  
 And I will boot thee with what guiſt beſide  
 Thy modeſtie can begge.

*Meſ.* He's married Madam.

*Cleo.* Rogue, thou haſt liu'd too long.

*Draw a knife.*

*Meſ.* Nay then Ile runne :

What meane you Madam, I haue made no fault.

*Exit.*

*Char.* Good Madam keepe your ſelfe within your ſelfe,  
 The man is innocent.

*Cleo.* Some Innocents ſcape not the thunderbolt :  
 Melt Egypt into Nyle : and kindly creatures  
 Turne all to Serpents. Call the flauie againe,  
 Though I am mad, I will notbyte him : Call?

*Char.* He is afeard to come.



*Cleo.* I will not hurt him,  
 These hands do lacke Nobility, that they strike  
 A meaner then my selfe: since I my selfe  
 Haue giuen my selfe the cause. Come hither Sir.

*Enter the Meffenger againe.*

Though it be honest, it is neuer good  
 To bring bad news: giue to a gracious Meffage  
 An host of tongues, but let ill tydings tell  
 Themselues, when they be felt.

*Mef.* I haue done my duty.

*Cleo.* Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worfer then I do,  
 If thou againe say yes.

*Mef.* He's married Madam.

*Cleo.* The Gods confound thee,  
 Dost thou hold there still?

*Mef.* Should I lye Madame?

*Cleo.* Oh, I would thou didst:  
 So halfe my Egypt were submerg'd and made  
 A Cesterne for scald Snakes. Go get thee hence  
 Had'st thou *Narcissus* in thy face to me  
 Thou would'st appear most vgly: He is married?

*Mef.* I craue your Highnesse pardon.

*Cleo.* He is married?

*Mef.* Take no offence that I would not offend you  
 To punnish me for what you make me do  
 Seemes much vnequall he's married to *Octauia*.

*Cleo.* Oh that his fault should make a knaue of thee  
 That art not what th'art fure of. Get thee hence  
 The Marchandize which thou hast brought from Rome  
 Are all too deere for me:

Lye they vpon thy hand, and be vndone by em.

*Char.* Good your Highnesse patience.

*Cleo.* In praying *Anthony*, I haue disprais'd Cæsar.

*Char.* Many times Madam.

*Cleo.* I am paid for't now: lead me from hence,  
 I faint, oh *Iras*, *Charmian*: 'tis no matter.







*Vent.* Was ever such a strife of fullen Honour!  
Both scorn'd to be oblig'd.

*Dola.* Oh, she has toucht him in the tender't part;  
See how he reddens with despight and flame  
To be out-done in Generosity!

*Vent.* See how he winks! how he dries up a Tear  
That fain would fall!

*Ant.* *Octavia*, I have heard you, and must praise  
The greatness of your Soul;  
But cannot yield to what you have propos'd:  
For I can ne'er be conquer'd but by Love;  
And you do all for Duty. You would free me,  
And would be dropt at *Athens*; was't not so?

*Octav.* It was, my Lord.

*Ant.* Then I must be oblig'd  
To one who Loves me not, who, to her self,  
May call me thankless and ungrateful Man:  
I'll not endure it, no.

*Vent.* I'm glad it pinches there.

*Octav.* Would you triumph o'er poor *Octavia's* Virtue?  
That Pride was all I had to bear me up;  
That you might think you ow'd me for your Life,  
And ow'd it to my Duty, not my Love.  
I have been injur'd, and my haughty Soul  
Could brook but ill the Man who flights my Bed.

*Ant.* Therefore you love me not?

*Octav.* Therefore, my Lord,  
I should not love you.

*Ant.* Therefore you would leave me?

*Octav.* And therefore I should leave you——if I could.

*Dola.* Her Soul's too great, after such injuries,  
To say she Loves; and yet she lets you see it.  
Her modesty and silence plead her Cause.

*Ant.* Oh, *Dolabella*, which way shall I turn?  
I find a secret yielding in my Soul;  
But *Cleopatra*, who would die with me,  
Must she be left? Pity pleads for *Octavia*;



But does it not plead more for *Cleopatra*?

*Vent.* Justice and Pity both plead for *Octavia*;  
For *Cleopatra*, neither.

One would be ruin'd with you; but she first  
Had ruin'd you: the other you have ruin'd,  
And yet she would preserve you.

In every thing their Merits are unequal.

*Ant.* Oh, my distracted Soul!

*Octav.* Sweet Heav'n compose it.

Come, come, my Lord, if I can pardon you,  
Methinks you should accept it. Look on these;  
Are they not yours? Or stand they thus neglected  
As they are mine? Go to him, Children, go;  
Kneel to him, take him by the hand, speak to him;  
For you may speak, and he may own you too,  
Without a Blush; and so he cannot all  
His Children: Go, I say, and pull him to me,  
And pull him to your selves, from that bad Woman.  
You, *Agrippina*, hang upon his Arms;  
And you, *Antonia*, clasp about his Waste:  
If he will shake you off, if he will dash you  
Against the Pavement, you must bear it, Children;  
For you are mine, and I was born to suffer. [*Here the Children go to him, &c.*]

*Vent.* Was ever fight so moving! Emperor!

*Dola.* Friend.

*Octav.* Husband!

*Both Childr.* Father!

*Ant.* I am vanquish'd: Take me,  
*Octavia*; take me, Children; share all.  
I've been a thriftless Debtor to your Loves,  
And run out much in Riot, from your Stock:  
But all shall be amended.

[*Embracing them.*]

*Octav.* O blessed Hour!

*Dola.* O happy Change!

*Vent.* My joy stops at my tongue;  
But it has found two Channels here for one,  
And Bubbles out above.



*Ant. to Octavia.* This is thy Triumph; lead me where thou wilt;  
Ev'n to thy Brother's Camp.

*Octav.* All there are yours.

*Enter Alexas hastily.*

*Alex.* The Queen, my Mistress, Sir, and yours——

*Ant.* 'Tis past. *Octavia*, you shall stay this Night; To morrow,  
*Cæsar* and we are one. *[Ex. leading Octavia, Dolabella,*

*Vent.* There's News for you; run, *and the Children follow.*

My officious Eunuch,

Be sure to be the first; haste forward:

Haste, my dear Eunuch, haste.

*[Exit.*

*Alex.* This downright fighting Fool, this thick-skull'd Hero,  
This blunt unthinking Instrument of Death,  
With plain dull Virtue has out-gone my Wit:  
Pleasure forsook my early't Infancy,  
The Luxury of others robb'd my Cradle,  
And ravish'd thence the Promise of a Man:  
Cast out from Nature, disinherited  
Of what her meanest Children claim by kind:  
Yet, Greatness kept me from Contempt: That's gone.  
Had *Cleopatra* follow'd my Advice,  
Then he had been betray'd, who now forsakes.  
She dies for Love; but she has known its joys;  
Gods, is this just, that I, who know no joys,  
Must die, because she loves?

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, Train.*

Oh, Madam, I have seen what blasts my Eyes!

*Octavia's* here!

*Cleo.* Peace with that Raven's note.

I know it too; and now am in

The Pangs of Death.

*Alex.* You are no more a Queen:

*Ægypt* is lost

*Cleo.* What tell'st thou me of *Ægypt*?

My Life, my Soul is lost! *Octavia* has him!

O fatal Name to *Cleopatra's* Love!

My kisses, my embraces now are hers;



While I — But thou hast seen my Rival; speak,  
Does she deserve this Blessing? Is she fair,  
Bright as a Goddess? And is all Perfection  
Confin'd to her? It is. Poor I was made  
Of that coarse matter which, when she was finish'd,  
The Gods threw by for rubbish.

*Alex.* She's indeed a very Miracle.

*Cleo.* Death to my hopes, a Miracle!

*Alex. bowing.]* A Miracle,

I mean of Goodness; for in Beauty, Madam,  
You make all Wonders cease.

*Cleo.* I was too rash:

Take this in part of Recompence. But, Oh,  
I fear thou flatter'st me.

[*Giving a Ring.*]

*Char.* She comes! She's here!

*Iras.* Flie, Madam, *Cæsar's* Sister!

*Cleo.* Were she the Sister of the Thund'rer *Jove*,  
And bore her Brother's Lightning in her Eyes,  
Thus would I face my Rival.

[*Meets Octav. with Ventid.*]

[*Octav. bears up to her. Their Trains come up on either side.*]

*Octav.* I need not ask if you are *Cleopatra*,  
Your haughty Carriage ———

*Cleo.* Shows I am a Queen:

Nor need I ask who you are.

*Octav.* A *Roman*:

A Name that makes, and can unmake a Queen.

*Cleo.* Your Lord, the Man who serves me, is a *Roman*.

*Octav.* He was a *Roman*, 'till he lost that Name  
To be a Slave in *Ægypt*; but I come  
To free him thence.

*Cleo.* Peace, Peace, my Lover's *Juno*.  
When he grew weary of that Household-Clog,  
He chose my easier Bonds.

*Octav.* I wonder not  
Your Bonds are easie; you have long been practis'd  
In that lascivious Art: he's not the first  
For whom you spread your Snares: Let *Cæsar* witness.





*Cleo.* I lov'd not *Cæſar*; 'twas but Gratitude  
 I paid his Love: The worſt your Malice can,  
 Is but to ſay, the greateſt of Mankind  
 Has been my Slave. The next, but far above him  
 In my Eſteem, is he whom Law calls yours,  
 But whom his Love made mine.

*Octav. coming up cloſe to her.]* I would view nearer  
 That Face, which has ſo long uſurp'd my right,  
 To find th' inevitable Charms, that catch  
 Mankind ſo ſure, that ruin'd my dear Lord.

*Cleo.* O, you do well to ſearch; for had you known  
 But half theſe Charms, you had not loſt his heart.

*Octav.* Far be their knowledge from a *Roman* Lady,  
 Far from a modeſt Wife. Shame of our Sex,  
 Doſt thou not bluſh, to own thoſe black Endearments  
 That make ſin pleaſing?

*Cleo.* You may Bluſh, who want 'em:  
 If bounteous Nature, if indulgent Heav'n  
 Have giv'n me Charms to pleaſe the braveſt Man,  
 Should I not thank 'em? Should I be aſham'd,  
 And not be Proud? I am, that he has lov'd me;  
 And, when I love not him, Heav'n change this Face  
 For one like that.

*Octav.* Thou lov'ſt him not ſo well.

*Cleo.* I Love him better, and deſerve him more.

*Octav.* You do not; cannot: You have been his ruin.  
 Who made him cheap at *Rome*, but *Cleopatra*?  
 Who made him ſcorn'd abroad, but *Cleopatra*?  
 At *Actium*, who betray'd him? *Cleopatra*.  
 Who made his Children Orphans, and poor me  
 A wretched Widow? Only *Cleopatra*.

*Cleo.* Yet ſhe who loves him beſt is *Cleopatra*.  
 If you have ſuffer'd, I have ſuffer'd more.  
 You bear the ſpecious Title of a Wife,  
 To gild your Cauſe, and draw the pitying World  
 To favour it: The World contemns poor me;  
 For I have loſt my Honour, loſt my Fame.



And stain'd the Glory of my Royal House,  
 And all to bear the branded of Name of Mistrefs.  
 There wants but Life, and that too I would lose  
 For him I love.

*Octav.* Be't so then; take thy Wifh.

[*Exit cum suis.*]

*Cleo.* And 'tis my Wifh,  
 Now he is lost for whom alone I liv'd.  
 My Sight grows dim, and every Object dances,  
 And swims before me, in the maze of Death.  
 My Spirits, while they were oppos'd, kept up;  
 They could not sink beneath a Rival's scorn:  
 But now she's gone they faint.

*Alex.* Mine have had leisure  
 To recollect their Strength, and furnish Counsel,  
 To ruin her; who else must ruin you.

*Cleo.* Vain Promiser!  
 Lead me, my *Charmion*; nay your hand too, *Iras*:  
 My Grief has weight enough to sink you both.  
 Conduct me to some Solitary Chamber,  
 And draw the Curtains round;  
 Then leave me to my self, to take alone  
 My fill of Grief:

There I 'till Death will his Unkindness weep:  
 As harmless Infants moan themselves asleep.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### A C T IV.

*Enter Anthony, and Dolabella.*

*Dola.* WHY would you shift it from your self, on me?  
 Can you not tell her you must part?

*Ant.* I cannot.

I could pull out an Eye, and bid it go,  
 And t'other should not weep. Oh, *Dolabella*,  
 How many Deaths are in this word *Depart*!  
 I dare not trust my Tongue to tell her so:  
 One Look of hers would thaw me into Tears,



And I should melt 'till I were lost again.

*Dola.* Then let *Ventidius*;

He's rough by Nature.

*Ant.* Oh, he'll speak too harshly;

He'll kill her with the News: Thou, only thou.

*Dola.* Nature has cast me in so soft a Mould,  
That but to hear a Story feign'd for Pleasure  
Of some sad Lovers Death, moistens my Eyes,  
And robs me of my Manhood.—I should speak  
So faintly; with such fear to grieve her Heart,  
She'd not believe it earnest.

*Ant.* Therefore; therefore

Thou only, thou art fit: Think thy self me,  
And when thou speak'st (but let it first be long)  
Take off the edge from every Sharper fount,  
And let our Parting be as gently made  
As other Loves begin: Wilt thou do this?

*Dola.* What you have said, so sinks into my Soul,  
That, if I must speak, I shall speak just so.

*Ant.* I leave you then to your sad task: Farewel.

I sent her word to meet you.

[*Goes to the door, and comes back.*]

I forgot;

Let her be told, I'll make her peace with mine:  
Her Crown and Dignity shall be preserv'd,  
If I have pow'r with *Cæsar*.—O, be sure  
To think on that.

*Dola.* Fear not, I will remember. [*Anthony goes again to the door, and comes back.*]

*Ant.* And tell her, too, how much I was constrain'd;

I did not this, but with extreamest force:

Desire her not to hate my Memory,  
For I still cherish hers;—insist on that.

*Dola.* Trust me, I'll not forget it.

*Ant.* Then that's all.

[*Goes out, and returns again.*]

Wilt thou forgive my fondness this once more?

Tell her, though we shall never meet again,

If I should hear she took another Love,



The News would break my Heart.—Now I muſt go;  
 For every time I have return'd, I feel  
 My Soul more tender; and my next Command  
 Would be to bid her ſtay, and ruin both.

[*Exit.*

*Dola.* Men are but Children of a larger growth,  
 Our Appetites as apt to change as theirs,  
 And full as craving too, and full as vain;  
 And yet the Soul, ſhut up in her dark Room,  
 Viewing ſo clear abroad, at home ſees nothing;  
 But, like a Mole in Earth, buſie and blind,  
 Works all her folly up, and caſts it outward  
 To the World's open view: Thus I diſcovered,  
 And blam'd the Love of ruin'd *Anthony*;  
 Yet with that I were he, to be ſo ruin'd.

*Enter Ventidius above.*

*Vent.* Alone? And Talking to himſelf? Concern'd too?  
 Perhaps my Gueſs is right; he lov'd her once,  
 And may purſue it ſtill.

*Dola.* O Friendſhip! Friendſhip!  
 Ill canſt thou answer this; and Reaſon, worſe:  
 Unfaithful in th' Attempt; hopeleſs to win;  
 And, if I win, undone: Mere madneſs all.  
 And yet th' occaſion's fair. What Injury  
 To him, to wear the Robe which he throws by?

*Vent.* None, none at all. This happens as I wiſh,  
 To ruin her yet more with *Anthony*.

*Enter Cleopatra, talking with Alexas; Charmion,  
 Iras on the other ſide.*

*Dola.* She comes! What Charms have Sorrow on that Face!  
 Sorrow ſeems pleas'd to dwell with ſo much Sweetneſs;  
 Yet, now and then, a Melancholy Smile  
 Breaks looſe, like Lightning in a Winter's night,  
 And ſhows a moment's day.

*Vent.* If ſhe ſhould love him too! Her Eunuch there?  
 That *Porcupiſce* bodes ill weather.  
 Draw, draw nearer,  
 Sweet Devil, that I may hear.





*Alex.* Believe me; try

[*Dolabella goes over to Charmion and Iras; seems to talk with them.*

To make him jealous; Jealousie is like  
A polished Glass held to the Lips when Life's in doubt:  
If there be Breath, 'twill catch the damp and show it.

*Cleo.* I grant you Jealousie's a Proof of Love,  
But 'tis a weak and unavailing Med'cine;  
It puts out the Disease, and makes it show,  
But has no pow'r to cure.

*Alex.* 'Tis your last Remedy, and strongest too:  
And then this *Dolabella*, who so fit  
To practise on? He's handsome, valiant, young,  
And looks as he were laid for Nature's bait  
To catch weak Womens Eyes.  
He stands already more than half suspected  
Of loving you: The least kind Word, or Glance  
You give this Youth, will kindle him with Love:  
Then, like a burning Vessel set adrift,  
You'll send him down again before the Wind,  
To fire the Heart of jealous *Anthony*.

*Cleo.* Can I do this? Ah no; my Love's so true,  
That I can neither hide it where it is,  
Nor show it where it is not. Nature meant me  
A Wife, a filly harmless household Dove,  
Fond without Art; and kind without Deceit;  
But Fortune, that has made a Mistress of me,  
Has thrust me out to the wide World, unfurnish'd  
Of Falseness to be happy.

*Alex.* Force your self.  
Th' event will be, your Lover will return  
Doubly desirous to possess the good  
Which once he fear'd to lose.

*Cleo.* I must Attempt it;  
But Oh with what regret! [*Exit Alex. (She comes up to Dolabella.)*

*Vent.* So, now the Scene draws near, they're in my reach.

*Cleo.* to *Dol.*] Discourfing with my Women! Might not I  
Share in your Entertainment?



*Char.* You have been  
The subject of it, Madam.

*Cleo.* How; and how?

*Iras.* Such praises of your Beauty!

*Cleo.* Mere Poetry.

Your *Roman* Wits, your *Gallus* and *Tibullus*,  
Have taught you this from *Cithæris* and *Delia*.

*Dola.* Those *Roman* Wits have never been in *Ægypt*,  
*Cithæris* and *Delia* else had been unfung:  
I, who have seen—had I been born a Poet,  
Should chuse a nobler Name.

*Cleo.* You flatter me.

But, 'tis your Nation's vice: All of your Country  
Are Flatterers, and all false. Your Friend's like you.  
I'm sure he sent you not to speak these Words.

*Dola.* No, Madam; yet he sent me—

*Cleo.* Well, he sent you—

*Dola.* Of a less pleasing? Errand.

*Cleo.* How less pleasing  
Less to your self, or me?

*Dola.* Madam, to both;  
For you must mourn, and I must grieve to cause it.

*Cleo.* You, *Charmion*, and your Fellow, stand at distance.

(*Aside.*) Hold up, my Spirits—Well, now your mournful matter  
For I'm prepar'd, perhaps can Gueſs it too.

*Dola.* I wish you would; for 'tis a thankless office  
To tell ill news: And I, of all your Sex,  
Most fear displeasing you.

*Cleo.* Of all your Sex,  
I soonest could forgive you, if you should.

*Vent.* Most delicate advances! Woman! Woman!  
Dear damn'd inconstant Sex!

*Cleo.* In the first place,  
I am to be forsaken; it's not so?

*Dola.* I wish I could not answer to that Question.

*Cleo.* Then pass it o'er, because it troubles you:  
I should have been more griev'd another time.



Next I'm to lose my Kingdom—Farewel, *Ægypt*.  
Yet, is there any more?

*Dola.* Madam, I fear  
Your too deep Sense of Grief has turn'd your Reason.

*Cleo.* No, no, I'm not run mad; I can bear Fortune:  
And Love may be expell'd by other Love,  
As Poisons are by Poisons.

*Dola.* —You o'erjoy me, Madam,  
To find your Grievs so moderately born.  
You've heard the worst; all are not false, like him.

*Cleo.* No; Heav'n forbid they should.

*Dola.* Some Men are constant.

*Cleo.* And Constancy deserves Reward, that's certain.

*Dola.* Deserves it not; but give it leave to hope.

*Vent.* I'll swear thou hast my Leave. I have enough:  
But how to manage this! Well, I'll confider.

[*Exit.*

*Dola.* I came prepar'd,  
To tell you heavy News; News, which I thought,  
Would fright the Blood from your pale Cheeks to hear;  
But you have met it with a Cheerfulness  
That makes my Task more easie; and my Tongue,  
Which on another's Message was employ'd,  
Would speak its own.

*Cleo.* Hold, *Dolabella*.  
First tell me, were you chosen by my Lord?  
Or fought you this Employment?

*Dola.* He pick'd me out; and, as his Bosom-Friend,  
He Charg'd me with his words.

*Cleo.* The Message then  
I know was tender, and each Accent smooth,  
To mollifie that rugged word *Depart*.

*Dola.* Oh, you mistake: He chose the harshest words,  
With fiery Eyes, and with contracted Brows,  
He Coin'd his Face in the severest stamp;  
And Fury shook his Fabrick like an Earthquake:  
He heav'd for vent, and burst like bellowing *Ætna*,  
In Sounds scarce human, "Hence, away for ever:

Go to the Fellow, good *Alexas* bid him  
 Report the feature of *Octavia*: her yeares,  
 Her inclination, let him not leaue out  
 The colour of her haire. Bring me word quickly,  
 Let him for euer go, let him not *Charmian*,  
 Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,  
 The other wayes a Mars. Bid you *Alexas*  
 Bring me word, how tall she is: pittie me *Charmian*,  
 But do not speake to me. Lead me to my Chamber. *Exeunt.*

*Flourish.* Enter Pompey, at one doore with Drum and Trumpet: at another  
*Cæsar, Lepidus, Anthony, Enobarbus, Mecnas, Agrippa, Menas with*  
*Souldiers Marching.*

*Pom.* Your Hostage I haue, so haue you mine:  
 And we shall talke before we fight.

*Cæsar.* Most meete that first we come to words,  
 And therefore haue we  
 Our written purposes before vs sent,  
 Which if thou hast considered, let vs know,  
 If'twill tye vp thy discontented Sword,  
 And carry backe to Cicilie much tall youth,  
 That else must perish heere.

*Pom.* To you all three,  
 The Senators alone of this great world,  
 Chiefe Factors for the Gods. I do not know,  
 Wherefore my Father should reuengers want,  
 Hauing a Sonne and Friends, since *Iulius Cæsar*,  
 Who at Phillippi the good *Brutus* ghosted,  
 There saw you labouring for him. What was't  
 That mou'd pale *Cassius* to conspire? And what  
 Made all-honor'd, honest, Romaine *Brutus*,  
 With the arm'd rest, Courtiers of beautilous freedome,  
 To drench the Capitoll, but that they would  
 Haue one man but a man, and that his it  
 Hath made me rigge my Nauie. At whose burthen,  
 The anger'd Ocean fomes, with which I meant  
 To scourge th'ingratitude, that despightfull Rome  
 Cast on my Noble Father.







"Let her be gone, the blot of my Renown,  
 "And bane of all my hopes: [*All the time of this Speech, Cleop. seems more  
 and more concern'd, 'till she finks quite down.*

"Let her be driv'n as far as Men can think  
 "From Man's commerce: She'll poison to the Center.

*Cleo.* Oh, I can bear no more!

*Dola.* Help, help, Oh Wretch! Oh curfed curfed Wretch!

What have I done?

*Char.* Help, chafe her Temples, *Iras.*

*Iras.* Bend, bend her forward quickly.

*Char.* Heav'n be prais'd,

She comes again,

The sleeping Soul, with hollowing in my Tomb

*Cleo.* Oh, let him not approach me.

Why have you brought me back to this loath'd Being.

Th' abode of Falsehood, violated Vows,

And injur'd Love? For Pity, let me go;

For, if there be a place of long repose,

I'm sure I want it. My disdainful Lord

Can never break that quiet; nor awake

Such words as fright her hence, Unkind, unkind.

*Dola. kneeling.]* Believe me, 'tis against my self I speak,

That sure deserves Belief; I injur'd him:

My Friend ne'er spoke those words. Oh, had you seen

How often he came back, and every time

With something more obliging and more kind,

To add to what he said; what dear Farewells;

How almost vanquish'd by his Love he parted,

And learn'd to what unwillingly he left:

I, Traitor as I was, for love of you,

(But what can you not do, who made me false!)

I forg'd that Lie; for whose forgiveness kneels

This self-accus'd, self-punish'd Criminal.

*Cleo.* With how much ease believe we what we wish!

Rife, *Dolabella*; if you have been Guilty,

I have contributed, and too much Love

Vain Sums of Wealth which none can gather thence.

*Cæsar.* Take your time.

*Ant.* Thou can't now feare vs *Pompey* with thy failes.  
Weele speake with thee at Sea. At land thou know'it  
How much we do o're-count thee.

*Pom.* At Land indeed  
Thou dost orecount me of my Fathers house:  
But since the Cuckoo buildes not for himselfe,  
Remaine in't as thou maist.

*Lepi.* Be pleas'd to tell vs,  
(For this from the present how you take)  
The offers we haue sent you.

*Cæsar.* There's the point.

*Ant.* Which do not be entreated too,  
But waigh what it is worth imbrac'd

*Cæsar.* And what may follow to try a larger Fortune.

*Pom.* You haue made me offer  
Of Cicelie, Sardinia: and I must  
Rid all the Sea of Pirats. Then, to fend  
Measures of Wheate to Rome: this greed vpon,  
To part with vnhackt edges, and beare backe  
Our Targes vndinted.

*Omnes.* That's our offer.

*Pom.* Know then I came before you heere,  
A man prepar'd  
To take this offer. But *Marke Anthony*,  
Put me to some impatience: though I loofe  
The praise of it by telling. You must know  
When *Cæsar* and your Brother were at blowes,  
Your Mother came to Cicelie, and did finde  
Her welcome Friendly.

*Ant.* I haue heard it *Pompey*.  
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,  
Which I do owe you.

*Pom.* Let me haue your hand:  
I did not think Sir, to haue met you heere,

*Ant.* The beds i'th'Eaſt are ſoft, and thanks to you,  
That cal'd me timelier then my purpoſe hither:





Has made me Guilty too.

Th' advance of kindness which I made, was feign'd,  
To call back fleeting Love by Jealousie;  
But 'twould not last. Oh, rather let me lose  
Than so ignobly trifle with his heart.

*Dola.* I find your Breast fenc'd round from human reach,  
Transparent as a Rock of solid Chrystal;  
Seen through, but never pierc'd. My Friend, my Friend!  
What endless Treasure hast thou thrown away,  
And scatter'd like an Infant, in the Ocean?

*Cleo.* Could you not beg  
An hour's Admittance to his private Ear?  
Like one who wanders through long barren Wilds,  
And yet foreknows no Hospitable Inn  
Is near to succour Hunger,  
Eats his fill, before his painful March:  
So would I feed a while my famish'd Eyes  
Before we part; for I have far to go,  
If Death be far, and never must return.

*Ventidius, with Octavia, behind.*

*Vent.* From hence you may discover— Oh, sweet, sweet!  
Would you indeed? the pretty hand in Earnest? *[Takes her hand.]*

*Dola.* I will, for this Reward,—Draw it not back,  
'Tis all I e'er will beg.

*Vent.* They turn upon us.

*Octav.* What quick Eyes has Guilt!

*Vent.* Seem not to have observ'd em, and go on.

*They Enter.*

*Dola.* Saw you the Emperor, *Ventidius*?

*Vent.* No.

I fought him; but I heard that he was private,  
None with him, but *Hipparchus* his Freedman.

*Dola.* Know you his bus'ness?

*Vent.* Giving him Instructions,  
And letters, to his Brother *Cæsar*.

*Dola.* Well,  
He must be found.

*[Exunt Dola. and Cleo.]*

For I haue gained by't.

*Cæsar.* Since I saw you last, ther's a change vpon you,

*Pom.* Well, I know not,

What counts harsh Fortune casts vpon my face,

But in my bosome shall she neuer come,

To make my heart her vassaile.

*Lep.* Well met heere.

*Pom.* I hope so *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed:

I carue our composition may be written

And seal'd betweene vs,

*Cæsar.* That's the next to do.

*Pom.* Weele feast each other, ere we part, and lett's  
Draw lots who shall begin.

*Ant.* That will I *Pompey*.

*Pompey.* No *Anthony* take the lot; but first or last, your fine Egyptian  
cookerie, shall haue the fame, I haue heard that *Iulius Cæsar*, grew fat with  
feasting there.

*Anth.* You haue heard much.

*Pom.* I haue faire meaning Sir.

*Ant.* And faire words to them.

*Pom.* Then so much haue I heard,  
And I haue heard *Appolodorus* carried——

*Eno.* No more that: he did so.

*Pom.* What I pray you?

*Eno.* A certaine Queene to *Cæsar* in a Matris.

*Pom.* I know thee now, how far'ft thou Souldier?

*Eno.* Well, and well am like to do, for I perceiue  
Foure Feasts are toward.

*Pom.* Let me shake thy hand,  
I neuer hated thee: I haue seene thee fight,  
When I haue enuied thy behaiour.

*Enob.* Sir, I neuer lou'd you much, but I ha'prais'd ye,  
When you haue well deseru'd ten times as much,  
As I haue said you did.

*Pom.* Injoy thy plainnesse,  
It nothing ill becomes thee:  
Aboord my Gally, I inuite you all.







*Octav.* Most glorious Impudence!

*Vent.* She look'd methought

As she would say, Take Your old Man, *Octavia*.

Thank you, I'm better here.

Well, but what use

Make we of this discovery?

*Octav.* Let it die.

*Vent.* I pity *Dolabella*; but she's dangerous:

Her Eyes have pow'r beyond *Theffalian* Charms

To draw the Moon from Heav'n; for Eloquence,

The Sea-green Syrens taught her Voice their Flatt'ry;

And, while she speaks, Night steals upon the Day,

Unmark'd of those that hear: Then she's so charming,

Age buds at sight of her, and swells to Youth:

The holy Priests gaze on her while she smiles;

And with heav'd hands, forgetting Gravity,

They bless her wanton Eyes: Even I who hate her,

With a malignant joy behold such Beauty;

And, while I Curse, desire it. *Anthony*

Must needs have some remains of Passion still,

Which may ferment into a worse Relapse,

If now not fully cur'd. I know, this minute,

With *Cæsar* he's endeavouring her Peace.

*Octav.* You have prevail'd: —but for a farther purpose [*Walks off.*

I'll prove how he will relish this Discovery:

What, make a Strumpet's peace! it swells my Heart:

It must not, she's not be.

*Vent.* His Guards appear.

Let me begin, and you shall second me:

*Enter Anthony.*

*Ant.* *Octavia*, I was looking you, my Love;

What, are your Letters ready? I have giv'n

My last Instructions.

*Octav.* Mine, my Lord, are written.

*Ant.* *Ventidius!*

*Vent.* My Lord?

*Ant.* A word in private.

Will you leade Lords?

*All.* Shew's the way, fir.

*Pom.* Come.

*Exeunt.*

*Manet Enob. & Menas.*

*Men.* Thy Father *Pompey* would ne're haue made this Treaty. You, and I haue knowne fir.

*Enob.* At Sea, I thinke.

*Men.* We haue Sir.

*Enob.* You haue done well by water.

*Men.* And you by Land.

*Enob.* I will praise any man that will praise me, though it cannot be denied what I haue done by Land.

*Men.* Nor what I haue done by water.

*Enob.* Yes some-thing you can deny for your owne safety: you haue bin a great Theefe by Sea.

*Men.* And you by Land.

*Enob.* There I deny my Land seruice: but giue mee your hand *Menas*, if our eyes had authority, heere they might take two Theeues kissing.

*Men.* All mens faces are true, whatsomere their hands are.

*Enob.* But there is neuer a fayre Woman, ha's a true Face.

*Men.* No slander, they steale hearts.

*Enob.* We came hither to fight with you.

*Men.* For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a Drinking. *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his Fortune.

*Enob.* If he do, fure he cannot weep't backe againe.

*Men.* Y'haue said Sir, we look'd not for *Marke Anthony* heere, pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra*?

*Enob.* *Cæsars* Sister is call'd *Octavia*.

*Men.* True Sir, she was the wife of *Caius Marcellus*.

*Enob.* But she is now the wife of *Marcus Anthonius*.

*Men.* Pray'ye fir.

*Enob.* 'Tis true.

*Men.* Then is *Cæsar* and he, for euer knit together.

*Enob.* If I were bound to Diuine of this vnity, I wold not Prophecie so.

*Men.* I thinke the policy of that purpose, made more in the Marriage, then the loue of the parties.

*Enob.* I thinke so too. But you shall finde the band that seemes to tye





When saw you *Dolabella*?

*Vent.* Now, my Lord,  
He parted hence; and *Cleopatra* with him?

*Ant.* Speak softly. 'Twas by my Command he went,  
To bear my last farewell.

*Vent. aloud.]* It look'd indeed  
Like your farewell.

*Ant.* More softly.——My farewell?  
What secret meaning have you in those words  
Of my Farewell? He did it by my Order.

*Vent. aloud.]* Then he obey'd your Order. I suppose  
You bid him do it with all gentleness,  
All kindness and all——love.

*Ant.* How she mourn'd,  
The poor forsaken Creature!

*Vent.* She took it as she ought; she bore your parting  
As she did *Cæsar's*, as she would another's,  
Were a new Love to come.

*Ant. aloud]* Thou dost belie her;  
Most basely and maliciously belie her.

*Vent.* I thought not to displease you; I have done.

*Octav. coming up.]* You seem disturb'd my Lord.

*Ant.* A very trifle.  
Retire, my Love.

*Vent.* It was indeed a trifle.  
He sent——

*Ant. angrily.]* No more. Look how thou disobey'ft me;  
Thy life shall answer it.

*Octav.* Then 'tis no trifle.

*Vent. to Octav.]* 'Tis less; a very nothing: you too saw it,  
As well as I, and therefore 'tis no Secret.

*Ant.* She saw it!

*Vent.* Yes: she saw young *Dolabella*——

*Ant.* Young *Dolabella*!

*Vent.* Young, I think him young,  
And handsome too; and so do others think him.  
But what of that? He went by your command,

their friendship together, will bee the very strangler of their Amity: *Octavia* is of a holy, cold, and still conuerfation.

*Men.* Who would not haue his wife fo?

*Eno.* Not he that himfelfe is not fo: which is *Marke Anthony*: he will to his Egyptian difh againe: then fhall the fighes of *Octavia* blow the fire vp in *Cæfar*, and (as I faid before) that which is the ftrengh of their Amity, fhall proue the immediate Author of their variance. *Anthony* will vfe his affection where it is. Hee married but his occafion heere.

*Men.* And thus it may be. Come Sir, will you aboard?  
I haue a helth for you.

*Enob.* I fhall tafte it fir: we haue vs'd our Throats in Egypt.

*Men.* Come, let's away. *Exeunt.*

*Muficke playes.*

*Enter two or three Seruants with a Banket.*

1 Heere they'l be man: fome o'th'their Plants are ill rooted already, the leaft winde i'th'world wil blow them downe.

2 *Lepidus* is high Conlord.

1 They haue made him drinke Almes drinke.

2 As they pinch one another by the difpofition, hee cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entreaties, and himfelfe to'th'drinke.

1 But it raifes the greateft warre betweene him & his difcretion.

2 Why this it is to haue a name in great mens Fellowship: I had as liue haue a Reede that will doe me no feruice, as a Partizan I could not heaue.

1 To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be fenne to moue in't, are the holes where eyes fhould bee, which pittifully difafter the cheekes.

*A Sennet founded.*

*Enter Cæfar, Anthony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecenas, Enobarbus, Menes, with other Captaines.*

*Ant.* Thus do they Sir: they take the flow o'th'Nyle  
By certaine fcales i'th'Pyramid: they know  
By'th'height, the lowneffe, or the meane: If dearth  
Or Foizon follow. The higher Nilus fwels,







Indeed 'tis probable, with some kind Message;  
 For she receiv'd it graciously; she smil'd:  
 And then he grew familiar with her Hand,  
 Squeez'd it, and worry'd it with ravenous Kisses;  
 She blush'd, and sigh'd, and smil'd, and blush'd again;  
 At last she took occasion to Talk softly.  
 And brought her Cheek up close, and lean'd on his:  
 At which, he whisper'd Kisses back on hers;  
 And then she cry'd aloud, That Constancy  
 Should be rewarded.

*Octav.* This I saw and heard.

*Ant.* What Woman was it, whom you heard and saw,  
 So playful with my Friend?  
 Not *Cleopatra*?

*Vent.* Ev'n she, my Lord.

*Ant.* My *Cleopatra*?

*Vent.* Your *Cleopatra*;

*Dolabella's Cleopatra*;  
 Every Man's *Cleopatra*.

*Ant.* Thou ly'st.

*Vent.* I do not lie, my Lord.

Is this so strange? Should Mistresses be left,  
 And not provide against a Time of Change?  
 You know she's not much us'd to lonely Nights.

*Ant.* I'll think no more on't.

I know 'tis false, and see the Plot betwixt you.  
 You needed not have gone this way, *Octavia*.

What harms it you that *Cleopatra's* just?  
 She's mine no more, I see; and I forgive:  
 Urge it no farther, Love.

*Octav.* Are you concern'd  
 That she's found false?

*Ant.* I should be, were it so;  
 For, though 'tis past, I would not that the World  
 Should Tax my former Choice: That I lov'd one  
 Of so light Note; but I forgive you both.

*Vnt.* What has my Age deserv'd, that you should think

The more it promifes: as it ebbes, the Seedfman  
Vpon the flime and Ooze fcatters his graine,  
And fhortly comes to Harueft.

*Lep.* Y'haue ftrange Serpents there?

*Anth.* I *Lepidus*.

*Lep.* Your Serpent of Egypt, is bred now of your mud by the operation of your Sun: fo is your Crocodile.

*Ant.* They are fo.

*Pom.* Sit, and fome Wine: A health to *Lepidus*.

*Lep.* I am not fo well as I fhould be:

But Ile ne're out.

*Enob.* Not till you haue fleep't: I feare me you'l bee in till then.

*Lep.* Nay certainly, I haue heard the *Ptolomies* Pyramifis are very goodly things: without contradic'ion I haue heard that.

*Menas.* *Pompey*, a word.

*Pomp.* Say in mine eare, what is't.

*Men.* Forfake thy feate I do befeech thee Captaine,  
And heare me fpeake a word.

*Pom.* Forbeare me till anon.

*Whifpers in's Eare.*

This Wine for *Lepidus*.

*Lep.* What manner o'thing is your Crocodile?

*Ant.* It is fhaped fir like it felfe, and it is as broad as it hath breth; It is iuft fo high as it is, and mooues with it owne organs. It liues by tha which nourifheth it, and the Elements once out of it, it Tranfmigrates.

*Lep.* What colour is it of?

*Ant.* Of it owne colour too.

*Lep.* 'Tis a ftrange Serpent.

*Ant.* 'Tis fo, and the tears of it are wet.

*Cæs.* Will this defcription fatisfie him?

*Ant.* With the Health that *Pompey* giues him, elfe he is a very Epicure.

*Pomp.* Go hang fir, hang: tell me of that? Away:

Do as I bid you. Where's this Cup I call'd for?

*Men.* If for the fake of Merit thou wilt heare mee,  
Rife from thy ftoole.

*Pom.* I thinke th'art mad: the matter?

*Men.* I haue euer held my cap off to thy Fortunes.





I would abuse your Ears with Perjury?

If Heav'n be true, she's false.

*Ant.* Though Heav'n and Earth  
Should witness it, I'll not believe her tainted.

*Vent.* I'll bring you then a Witness  
From Hell to prove her so. Nay, go not back,

[*Seeing Alexas just entering, and starting back.*

For stay you must and shall.

*Alex.* What means my Lord?

*Vent.* To make you do what most you hate; speak Truth.  
You are of *Cleopatra's* private Counsel,  
Of her Bed-Counsel, her lascivious hours;  
Are conscious of each Nightly Change she makes,  
And watch her, as *Chaldeans* do the Moon,  
Can tell what Signs she passes through, what Day.

*Alex.* My Noble Lord.

*Vent.* My most Illustrious Pander,  
No fine set Speech, no Cadence, no turn'd Periods.  
But a plain home-spun Truth, is what I ask:  
I did, my self, o'er-hear your Queen make love  
To *Dolabella*. Speak: for I will know,  
By your confession, what more past betwixt 'em;  
How near the business draws to your Employment;  
And when the happy Hour.

*Ant.* Speath truth, *Alexas*, whether it offend  
Or please *Ventidius*, care not: justify  
Thy injur'd Queen from Malice: dare his worst.

*Octav. aside.*] See how he gives him Courage! how he fears  
To find her false! and shuts his Eyes to truth,  
Willing to be mis-led!

*Alex.* As far as Love may plead for Woman's Frailty,  
Urg'd by desert and greatness of the Lover;  
So far (*Divine Octavia!*) may my Queen  
Stand ev'n excus'd to you, for loving him,  
Who is your Lord: so far, from brave *Ventidius*,  
May her past Actions hope a fair Report.

*Ant.* 'Tis well, and truly spoken: mark, *Ventidius*.

*Pom.* Thou hast seru'd me with much faith: what's else to say? Be iolly Lords.

*Anth.* These Quicke-fands *Lepidus*.

Keepe off, them for you finke.

*Men.* Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?

*Pom.* What faist thou?

*Men.* Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world?  
That's twice.

*Pom.* How should that be?

*Men.* But entertaine it, and though thou thinke me poore, I am the man  
will giue thee all the world.

*Pom.* Hast thou drunke well.

*Men.* No *Pompey*, I haue kept me from the cup,  
Thou art if thou dar'ft be, the earthly Ioue:  
What ere the Ocean pales, or skie inclippes,  
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

*Pom.* Shew me which wey?

*Men.* These three World-fharers, these Competitors  
Are in thy vessell. Let me cut the Cable.  
And when we are put off, fall to their throates:  
All there is thine.

*Pom.* Ah, this thou shouldst haue done,  
And not haue spoke on't. In me 'tis villanie,  
In thee, 't had bin good seruice: thou must know,  
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine Honour:  
Mine Honour it, Repent that ere thy tongue,  
Hath so betraide thine acte. Being done vnknowne,  
I should haue it afterwards well done,  
But must condemne it now: defist, and drinke.

*Men.* For this, Ile neuer follow  
Thy paul'd Fortunes more,  
Who seeks and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,  
Shall neuer finde it more.

*Pom.* This health to *Lepidus*.

*Ant.* Beare him ashore,  
Ile pledge it for him *Pompey*.

*Eno.* Heere's to thee *Menas*.







*Alex.* To you, most noble Emperor, her strong passion  
 Stands not excus'd, but wholly justify'd.  
 Her Beauty's Charms alone, without her Crown,  
 From *Ind* and *Meroe* drew the distant Vows  
 Of fighting Kings; and at her Feet were laid  
 The Scepters of the Earth, expos'd on heaps,  
 To chuse where she would Reign:  
 She thought a *Roman* only could deserve her;  
 And, of all *Romans* only *Anthony*.  
 And, to be less than Wife to you, disdain'd  
 Their lawful Passion.

*Ant.* 'Tis but Truth.

*Alex.* And yet, though Love, and your unmatch'd Defect,  
 Have drawn her from the due regard of Honour  
 At last, Heav'n open'd her unwilling Eyes  
 To see the wrongs she offer'd fair *Octavia*,  
 Whose holy Bed she unlawfully usurpt;  
 The sad effects of this prosperous War,  
 Confirm'd those pious Thoughts.

*Vent. aside.]* O, wheel you there?  
 Observe him now; the Man begins to mend.  
 And talk substantial Reason. Fear not, Eunuch,  
 The Emperor has giv'n thee leave to speak.

*Alex.* Else had I never dar'd t'offend his Ears,  
 With what the last necessity has urg'd  
 On my forsaken Mistress; yet I must not  
 Presume to say her Heart is wholly alter'd

*Ant.* No, dare not for thy Life, I charge thee dare not  
 Pronounce that fatal word.

*Octav. aside.]* Must I bear this? good Heav'n, afford me patience.

*Vent.* On, sweet Eunuch; my dear half Man, proceed.

*Alex.* Yet *Dolabella*  
 Has lov'd her long; he, next my god-like Lord,  
 Deserves her best; and should she meet his Passion,  
 Rejected, as she is, by him she lov'd——

*Ant.* Hence, from my sight; for I can bear no more:  
 Let Furies drag thee quick to Hell; each torturing hand

*Men.* *Enobarbus*, welcome.

*Pom.* Fill till the cup be hid.

*Eno.* There's a strong Fellow *Menas*.

*Men.* Why?

*Eno.* A beares the third part of the world man: feest not?

*Men.* The third part, then he is drunk; would it were all; that it might go on wheels.

*Eno.* Drinke thou: encrease the Reeles.

*Men.* Come.

*Pom.* This is not yet an Alexandrian Feast.

*Ant.* It ripen's towards it: strike the Veffels hoa.  
Heere's to *Cæsar*.

*Cæsar.* I could well forbear't, it's monstrous labour when I wash my braine, and it grow fouler.

*Ant.* Be a Child o'th'time.

*Cæsar.* Poffesse it, Ile make answer: but I had rather fast from all, foure days, then drinke so much in one.

*Enob.* Ha my braue Emperour, shall we daunce now the Egyptian Backenals, and celebrate our drinke?

*Pom.* Let's ha't good Souldier.

*Ant.* Come, let's all take hands,  
Till that the conquering Wine hath steep't our sense,  
In soft and delicate Lethe.

*Eno.* All take hands:  
Make battery to our eares with the loud Musicke,  
The while, Ile place you, then the Boy shall sing.  
The holding euery man shall beate as loud,  
As his strong fides can volly.

*Musicke Playes.* *Enobarbus* places them hand in hand.

The Song.

*Come thou Monarch of the Vine,  
Plumpie Bacbus, with pinke eyne:  
In thy Fattes our Cares be drown'd,  
With thy Grapes our haires be Crown'd:  
Cup vs till the world go round,  
Cup vs till the world go round.*





Do thou employ, 'til *Cleopatra* comes,  
Then join thou too, and help to torture her.

[*Exit Alexas, thrust  
out by Anthony.*]

*Octa.* 'Tis not well,  
Indeed, my Lord, 'tis much unkind to me,  
To shew this Passion, this extream Concernment  
For an abandon'd, faithless Prostitute.

*Ant.* *Octavia*, leave me: I am much disorder'd.  
Leave me, I say.

*Octav.* My Lord?

*Ant.* I bid you leave me.

*Vent.* Obey him, Madam: best withdraw a while,  
And see how this will work.

*Octav.* Wherein have I offended you, my Lord,  
That I am bid to leave you? Am I false,  
Or infamous? Am I a *Cleopatra*?  
Were I she,  
Base as she is, you would not bid me leave you;  
But hang upon my Neck, take flight Excuses.  
And fawn upon my Falsehood.

*Ant.* 'Tis too much,  
Too much, *Octavia*; I am prest with Sorrows  
Too heavy to be born; and you add more:  
I would retire, and recollect what's left  
Of Man within to aid me.

*Octav.* You would mourn  
In private, for your Love, who has betray'd you;  
You did but half return to me: your kindness  
Linger'd behind with her. I hear, my Lord,  
You make Conditions for her,  
And would include her Treaty. Wondrous proofs  
Of Love to me!

*Ant.* Are you my Friend, *Ventidius*?  
Or are you turn'd a *Dolabella* too,  
And let this Fury loose?

*Vent.* Oh, be advis'd,  
Sweet Madam, and retire.

*Cæfer.* What would you more?  
*Pompey* goodnight. Good Brother  
 Let me request you of our grauer bufineffe  
 Frownes at this leuitie. Gentle Lords let's part,  
 You see we haue burnt our cheekes. Strong *Enobarbe*  
 Is weaker then the Wine, and mine owne tongue  
 Spleet's what it speakes: the wilde disguise hath almost  
 Antickt vs all. What needs more words? goodnight.  
 Good *Anthony* your hand.

*Pom.* Ile try you on the shore.

*Anth.* And shall Sir, giues your hand.

*Pom.* Oh *Anthony*, you haue my Father house.  
 But what, we are Frineds?  
 Come downe into the Boate.

*Eno.* Take heed you fall not *Menas*: Ile not on shore,  
 No to my Cabin: these Drummes,  
 These Trumpets, Flutes: what  
 Let Neptune heare, we bid aloud farewell  
 To these great Fellows. Sound and be hang'd, found out.

*Sound a Flourish with Drummes.*

*Enor.* Hoo faies a there's my Cap.

*Men.* Hoa, Noble Captaine, come.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Ventidius as it were in triumph, the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.*

*Ven.* Now darting Parthya art thou stroke, and now  
 Pleas'd Fortune does of *Marcus Crassus* death  
 Make me reuenger. Beare the Kings Sonnes body,  
 Before our Army thy *Pacorus Orades*,  
 Paies this for *Marcus Crassus*.

*Romaine.* Noble *Ventidius*,  
 Whil'st yet with Parthian blood thy Sword is warme,  
 The Fugitiue Parthians follow. Spurre through Media,  
 Mesopotamia, and the shelters, whether  
 The routed flie. So thy grand Captaine *Anthony*.  
 Shall fet thee on triumphant Chariots, and  
 Put Garlands on thy head.







*Octav.* Yes, I will go; but never to return.  
 You shall no more be haunted with this Fury.  
 My Lord, my Lord, Love will not always last,  
 When urg'd with long unkindness, and disdain;  
 Take her again whom you prefer to me;  
 She stays but to be call'd. Poor cozen'd Man!  
 Let a feign'd Parting give her back your Heart,  
 Which a feign'd Love first got; for injur'd me,  
 Tho' my just Sense of wrongs forbid me stay,  
 My Duty shall be yours.  
 To the dear pledges of our former Love,  
 My tenderness and care shall be transferr'd,  
 And they shall Cheer, by turns, my Widow'd Nights:  
 So, take my last farewell; for I despair  
 To have you whole; and scorn to take you half.

[*Exit.*]

*Vent.* I combat Heav'n, which blasts my best Designs:  
 My last attempt must be to win her back;  
 But Oh I fear in vain.

[*Exit.*]

*Ant.* Why was I fram'd with this plain honest Heart,  
 Which knows not to disguise its Grievs and Weakness,  
 But bears its workings outward to the World?  
 I should have kept the mighty Anguish in,  
 And forc'd a Smile at *Cleopatra's* falsehood:  
*Octavia* had believ'd it, and had staid;  
 But I am made a shallow-forded Stream,  
 Seen to the Bottom: all by clearness scorn'd,  
 And all my faults expos'd!—See, where he comes

*Enter Dolabella.*

Who has prophan'd the Sacred Name of Friend,  
 And worn it into Vileness!  
 With how secure a Brow, and spacious Form  
 He gilds the secret Villain! Sure the Face  
 Was meant for Honesty; but Heav'n mis-match'd it,  
 And furnish'd Treason out with Nature's pomp,  
 To make its work more easie.

*Dola.* O, my Friend!*Ant.* Well *Dolabella*, you perform'd my Message?

*Ven.* Oh *Sillius*, *Sillius*,  
 I haue done enough. A lower place note well  
 May make too great an act. For learne this *Sillius*,  
 Better to leaue vndone, then by our deed  
 Acquire too high a Fame, when him we serues away.  
*Cæsar* and *Anthony*, haue euer wonne  
 More in their officer, then person. *Soffius*.  
 One of my place in Syria, his Lieutenant,  
 For quicke accumulation of renowne,  
 Which he atchiu'd by'th'minute, lost his fauour.  
 Who does i'th'Warres more then his Captaine can,  
 Becomes his Captaines Captaine: and Ambition  
 (The Souldiers vertue) rather makes choise of losse  
 Then gaine, which darkens him.  
 I could do more to do *Anthonius* good,  
 But 'twould offend him. And in his offence,  
 Should my performance perish.

*Rom.* Thou hast *Ventidius* that, without the which a Souldier and his  
 Sword graunts scarce distinction: thou wilt write to *Anthony*.

*Ven.* Ile humbly signifie what in his name,  
 That magicall word of Warre we haue effected,  
 How with his Banners, and his well paid ranks,  
 The nere-yet beaten Horfe of Parthia,  
 We haue iaded out o'th'Field.

*Rom.* Where is he now?

*Ven.* He purposeth to Athens, whither with what hast  
 The waight we must conuay with's, will permit:  
 We shall appeare before him. On there, passe along.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Agrippa at one doore, Enobarbus at another.*

*Agri.* What are the Brothers parted?

*Eno.* They haue dispatched with *Pompey*, he is gone,  
 The other three are Sealing. *Octavia* weepes  
 To part from Rome: *Cæsar* is sad, and *Lepidus*  
 Since *Pompey's* feaft, as *Menas* saies, is troubled  
 With the Greene-Sickneffe.

*Agri.* 'Tis a Noble *Lepidus*.

*Eno.* A very fine one: oh, how he loues *Cæsar*.





*Dola.* I did, unwillingly.

*Ant.* Unwillingly?

Was it so hard for you to bear our parting?

You should have wist it.

*Dola.* Why.

*Ant.* Because you love me.

And she receiv'd my Message, with as true,  
With as unfeign'd a Sorrow, as you brought it?

*Dola.* She loves you, ev'n to madness.

*Ant.* Oh, I know it.

You, Dolabella, do not better know

How much she loves me. And should I

Forfake this Beauty? This all-perfect Creature?

*Dola.* I could not, were she mine.

*Ant.* And yet you first

Perfwaded me: How come you alter'd since?

*Dola.* I said at first I was not fit to go;  
I could not hear her Sighs, and see her Tears,  
But Pity must prevail: and so, perhaps,  
It may again with you; for I have promis'd  
That she should take her last Farewel; and, see,  
She comes to claim my Word.

*Enter Cleopatra.*

*Ant.* False Dolabella!

*Dola.* What's false, my Lord?

*Ant.* Why, Dolabella's false:

And Cleopatra's false; both false and faithless.

Draw near, you well join'd wickedness, you Serpents,

Whom I have, in my kindly Bosom, warm'd,

'Till I am stung to Death.

*Dola.* My Lord, have I

Deserv'd to be thus us'd?

*Cleo.* Can Heav'n prepare

A newer Torment? Can it find a Curse

Beyond our Separation?

*Ant.* Yes, if Fate

Be just, much greater: Heav'n should be ingenious

*Agri.* Nay but how deerely he adores *Mark Anthony*.

*Eno.* *Cæsar*? why he's the Iupiter of men.

*Ant.* What's *Anthony*, the God of Iupiter?

*Eno.* Spake you of *Cæsar*? How, the non-pareill?

*Agri.* Oh *Anthony*, oh thou Arabian Bird!

*Eno.* Would you praise *Cæsar*, say *Cæsar* go no further.

*Agr.* Indeed he plied them both with excellent praises.

*Eno.* But he loues *Cæsar* best, yet he loues *Anthony*:

Hoo, Hearts, Tongues, Figure,

Scribes, Bards, Poets, cannot

*Agri.* Both he loues.

Thinke, speake, cast, write, sing, number: hoo,

But pay me tearmes of Honour: cold and fickly

*Eno.* They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, so:

This is to horfe: Adieu, Noble *Agrippa*.

*Agri.* Good Fortune worthy Souldier, and farewell.

*Enter Cæsar, Anthony, Lepidus, and Octavia.*

*Antho.* No further Sir.

*Cæsar.* You take from me a great part of my selfe:

Vie me well in't. Sister, proue such a wife.

As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest Band

Shall passe on thy approofe: most Noble *Anthony*.

Let not the peece of Vertue which is set

Betwixt vs, as the Cyment of our loue

To keepe it builded, be the Ramme to batter

The Fortresse of it: for better might we

Haue lou'd without this neane, if onboth parts

This be not Cherisht.

*Ant.* Make me not offended, in your distrust.

*Cæsar.* I haue said.

*Ant.* You shall not finde,

Though you be therein curious, the left cause

For what you seeme to feare, so the Gods keepe you,

And make the hearts of Romaines serue your ends:

We will heere part.

*Cæsar.* Farewell my deereft Sister, fare thee well,







In punihing fuch Crimes. The rowling Stone,  
 And gnawing Vulture, were flight Pains invented  
 When *Jove* was Young, and no Examples known  
 Of mighty ills; but you have ripen'd fin  
 To fuch a monftrous growth, 'twill pofe the Gods  
 To find an equal Torture. Two, two fuch,  
 Oh there's no farther Name, two fuch—to me,  
 To me, who lock'd my Soul within your Breasts,  
 Had no Defires, no Joys, no Life, but you;  
 When half the Globe was mine, I gave it you  
 In Dowry with my heart; I had no ufe,  
 No Fruit of all, but you: a Friend and Miftrefs  
 Was what the World could give. Oh, *Cleopatra!*  
 Oh, *Dolabella!* how could you betray  
 This tender Heart, which with an Infant-fondnefs  
 Lay lull'd betwixt your Bosoms, and there flept  
 Secure of injur'd Faith?

*Dola.* If fhe has wrong'd you,  
 Heav'n, Hell, and You revenge it.

*Ant.* If fhe wrong'd me,  
 Thou wouldft evade thy part of guilt; but fwear  
 Thou lov'ft not her.

*Dola.* Not fo as I love you.

*Ant.* Not fo! Swear, fwear, I fay, thou doft not love her.

*Dola.* No more than Friendfhip will allow.

*Ant.* No more?

Friendfhip allows thee nothing: thou are perjur'd.—  
 And yet thou didft not fwear thou lov'dft her not;  
 But not fo much, no more. Oh trifling Hypocrite,  
 Who dar'ft not own to her thou doft not love,  
 Nor own to me thou doft! *Ventidius* heard it;  
*Octavia* faw it.

*Cleo.* They are Enemies.

*Ant.* Alexas is not fo: he, he confeft it.  
 He, who, next Hell, beft knew it, he avow'd it.  
 (To *Dol.*) Why do I feek a Proof beyond yourfelf?  
 You whom I fent to bear my laft Farewel,

The Elements be kind to thee, and make  
Thy spirits all of comfort: fare thee well.

*Octa.* My Noble Brother.

*Anth.* The Aprill's in her eyes, it is Loues spring,  
And these the showers to bring it on: be cheerfull.

*Octa.* Sir, looke well to my Husbands house: and——

*Cæsar.* What *Octavia*?

*Octa.* Ile tell you in your eare.

*Ant.* Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can  
Her heart informe her tongue.

The Swannes downe feather  
That stands vpon the Swell at the full of Tide:  
And neither way inclines.

*Eno.* Will *Cæsar* weepe?

*Agr.* He ha's a cloud in's face.

*Eno.* He were the worse for that were he a Horse, so is he being a man.

*Agr.* Why *Noborbus*:

When *Anthony* found *Iulius Cæsar* dead,  
He cried almost to roaring: And he wept,  
When at Phillippi he found *Brutus* flaine.

*Eno.* That year indeed, he was troubled with a rheume,  
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd,  
Beleeu't till I weepe too.

*Cæsar.* No sweet *Octavia*,  
You shall heare from me still: the time shall not  
Out-go my thinking on you.

*Ant.* Come Sir, come,  
Ile wraitle with you in my strength of loue,  
Looke heere I haue you, thus I let you go,  
And giue you to the Gods.

*Cæsar.* Adieu, be happy.

*Lep.* Let all the number of the Starres giue light  
To thy faire way.

*Cæsar.* Farewell, farewell.

*Kisses Octavia.*

*Ant.* Farewell.

*Trumpets sound.*

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.*

*Cleo.* Where is the Fellow?





Return'd to plead her stay.

*Dola.* What shall I Answer?

If to have lov'd be Guilt, then I have sinn'd;

But if to have repented of that Love

Can wash away my Crime, I have repented.

Yet, if I have offended past forgiveness,

Let not her suffer: she is innocent.

*Cleo.* Ah, what will not a Woman do who loves!

What means will she refuse, to keep that Heart

Where all her joys are plac'd! 'Twas I encourag'd,

'Twas I blew up the Fire that scorch'd his Soul,

To make you jealous; and by that regain you.

But all in vain; I cou'd not Counterfeit:

In spite of all the Damns, my Love broke o'er,

And drown'd my Heart again: Fate took th' occasion,

And thus one minute's feigning has destroy'd

My whole Life's truth.

*Ant.* Thin Cobweb Arts of Falshood;

Seen, and broke through at first.

*Dola.* Forgive your Mistreis.

*Cleo.* Forgive your Friend.

*Ant.* You have convinc'd your selves,

You plead each other's Cause: What Witnefs have you,

That you but meant to raise my Jealousie?

*Cleo.* Our selves, and Heav'n.

*Ant.* Guilt witneffes for Guilt. Hence Love and Friendship;

You have no longer place in human Breasts,

These two have driv'n you out: Avoid my fight;

I would not kill the Man whom I have lov'd;

And cannot hurt the Woman; but avoid me,

I do not know how long I can be tame;

For, if I stay one minute more to think

How I am wrong'd, my Justice and Revenge

Will cry so loud within me, that my Pity

Will not be heard for either.

*Dola.* Heav'n has but

Our sorrow for our sins; and then delights

*Alex.* Halfe afeared to come.

*Cleo.* Go too, go too: Come hither Sir.

*Enter the Messenger as before.*

*Alex.* Good Maieftie: *Herod* of lury dare not looke vpon you, but when you are well pleas'd.

*Cleo.* That *Herods* head, Ile haue: but how? When *Anthony* is gone, through whom I might command it: Come thou neere.

*Mef.* Most gracious Maieftie.

*Cleo.* Did'ft thou behold *Octauia*?

*Mef.* I dread Queene.

*Cleo.* Where?

*Mef.* Madam in Rome, I lookt her in the face: and faw her led betweene her Brother, and *Mark Anthony*.

*Cleo.* Is fhe as tall as me?

*Mef.* She is not Madam.

*Cleo.* Didft heare her fpeake?

Is fhe shrill tongu'd or low?

*Mef.* Madam, I heard her fpeake, fhe is low voic'd.

*Cleo.* That's not fo good: he cannot like her long.

*Char.* Like her? Oh *Ifis*: 'tis impoffible.

*Cleo.* I thinke fo *Charmian*: dull of tongue, & dwarfish  
What Maieftie is in her gate, remember  
If ere thou look'ft on Maieftie.

*Mef.* She creeps: her motion, & her ftation are as one:  
She fhewes a body, rather then a life,  
A Statue, then a Breather.

*Cleo.* Is this certaine?

*Mef.* Or I haue no obferuance.

*Cha.* Three in Egypt cannot make better note.

*Cleo.* He's very knowing, I do perceiu't,  
There's nothing in her yet.  
The Fellow ha's good judgment.

*Char.* Excellent.

*Cleo.* Gueffe at her yeares, I prythee.

*Meff.* Madam, fhe was a widdow.

*Cleo.* Widdow? *Charmian*, hearke.

*Mef.* And I do thinke fhe's thirtie. \*







To pardon erring Man: Sweet Mercy seems  
 Its darling Attribute, which limits Justice;  
 As if there were Degrees in Infinite;  
 And Infinite would rather want Perfection  
 Than punish to extent.

*Ant.* I can forgive  
 A Foe; but not a Mistress, and a Friend:  
 Treason is there in its most horrid shape,  
 Where Trust's greatest; and the Soul resign'd  
 Is stabb'd by its own Guards: I'll hear no more;  
 Hence from my fight for ever.

*Cleo.* How? For ever!  
 I cannot go one moment from your fight,  
 And must I go for ever?  
 My Joys, my only Joys are center'd here:  
 What place have I to go to? My own Kingdom?  
 That I have lost for you: or to the *Romans*?  
 They hate me for your sake: or must I wander  
 The wide World o'er, a helpless, banish'd Woman,  
 Banish'd for love of you; banish'd from you?  
 Ay, there's the Banishment! Oh hear me; hear me,  
 With strictest Justice: For I beg no favour:  
 And if I have offended you, then kill me,  
 But do not banish me.

*Ant.* I must not hear you.  
 I have a Fool within me takes your part;  
 But Honour stops my Ears.

*Cleo.* For Pity hear me!  
 Would you cast off a Slave who follow'd you,  
 Who crouch'd beneath your Spurn?—He has no pity!  
 See, if he gives one tear to my Departure;  
 One look, one kind farewell: Oh Iron heart!  
 Let all the Gods look down, and judge betwixt us,  
 If he did ever love!

*Ant.* -No more: *Alexas*!

*Dola.* A perjur'd Villain!

*Ant. to Cleo.]* Your *Alexas*; yours.

*Cleo.* Bear'tt thou her face in mind? it's long or round?

*Meff.* Round, euen to faultineffe.

*Cleo.* For the most part too, they are foolish that are so. Her haire what colour?

*Meff.* Browne Madam: and her forehead  
As low as she would wish it.

*Cleo* There's Gold for thee,  
Thou must not take my former sharpenesse ill,  
I will employ thee backe againe: I finde thee  
Most fit for businesse. Go, make thee ready,  
Our Letters are prepar'd.

*Char.* A proper man.

*Cleo.* Indeed he is so: I repent me much  
That so I harried him. Why me think's by him,  
This Creature's no such thing.

*Char.* Nothing Madam.

*Cleo.* The man hath seene some Maiefty, and should know.

*Char.* Hath he seene Maiestie? *Ifis* else defend: and serueng you so long.

*Cleopa.* I haue one thing more to aske him yet good *Charmian*: but 'tis no  
matter, thou shalt bring him to me where I will write; all may be well  
enough.

*Char.* I warrant you Madam.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Anthony and Octavia.*

*Ant.* Nay, nay *Octavia*, not onely that,  
That were excusable, that and thousands more  
Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd  
New Warres 'gainst *Pompey*. Made his will, and read it,  
To publicke eare, spoke scantly of me,  
When perforce he could not  
He vented then most narrow measure; lent me,  
When the best hint was giuen him: he not look't,  
Or did it from his teeth.

*Octavi.* Oh my good Lord,  
Beleeue not all, or if you must beleeue,  
Stomacke not all. A more vnhappy Lady,  
If this deuision chance, ne're stood betweene  
Praying for both parts:





*Cleo.* O 'twas his Plot: His ruinous Design  
T'ingage you in my love by jealousie.  
Hear him; confront him with me; let him speak.

*Ant.* I have; I have.

*Cleo.* And if he clear me not——

*Ant.* Your Creature! One who hangs upon your Smiles!  
Watches your Eye to say or to unsay  
Whate'er you please! I am not to be mov'd.

*Cleo.* Then must we part? Farewel, my cruel Lord,  
Th' appearance is against me; and I go  
Unjustifi'd, for ever from your sight.  
How I have lov'd, you know; how yet I love,  
My only Comfort is, I know my self:  
I love you more, ev'n now you are unkind,  
Than when you lov'd me most: so well, so truly,  
I'll never strive against it; but die pleas'd  
To think you once were mine.

*Ant.* Good Heav'n, they weep at parting.  
Must I weep too? That calls 'em innocent.  
I must not weep; and yet I must, to think  
That I must not forgive——  
Live; but live wretched, 'tis but just you shou'd.  
Who made me so: Live from each others sight:  
Let me not hear you meet: Set all the Earth,  
And all the Seas, betwixt your funder'd Loves:  
View nothing common but the Sun and Skies:  
Now, all take several ways;  
And each your own sad fate with mine deplore;  
That you were false, and I could trust no more.

*[Exunt severally.]*

## ACT V.

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras.*

*Char.* **B**E juster, Heav'n: such Virtue punish'd thus,  
Will make us think that Chance rules all above,  
And shuffles, with a Random hand, the Lots  
Which Man is forc'd to draw.

The good Gods wil mocke me presently,  
 When I shall pray : Oh bleffe my Lord, and Husband,  
 Vndo that prayer, by crying out as loud,  
 Oh bleffe my Brother. Husband winne, winne Brother,  
 Prayers, and distroyes the prayer, no midway  
 'Twixt these extreames at all.

*Ant.* Gentle *Octavia*,  
 Let your best loue draw to that point which feeks  
 Best to preferue it: if I loofe mine Honour,  
 I loofe my selfe: better I were not yours  
 Then your so branchlesse. But as you requested,  
 Your selfe shall go between's, the meane time Lady,  
 Ile raise the preparation of a Warre  
 Shall staine your Brother, make your soonest haft,  
 So your desires are yours.

*Oct.* Thanks to my Lord,  
 The Ioue of power make me most weake, most weake,  
 You reconciler: Warres 'twixt you twaine would be,  
 As if the world should cleaue, and that flaine men  
 Should foder vp the Rift.

*Anth.* When it appeeres to you where this begins,  
 Turne your displeasure that way, for our faults  
 Can neuer be so equall, that your loue  
 Can equally moue with them. Prouide your going,  
 Chooſe your owne company, and command what cost  
 Your heart he's mind too.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Enobarbus, and Eros.*

*Eno.* How now Friend *Eros*?

*Eros.* There's strange Newes come Sir.

*Eno.* What man?

*Ero.* *Cæsar* & *Lepidus* haue made warres vpon *Pompey*.

*Eno.* This is old, what is the successe?

*Eros.* *Cæsar* hauing made vse of him in the warres 'gainst *Pompey*:  
 presently denied him riuallity, would not let him partake in the glory of the  
 action, and not resting here, accuses him of Letters he had formerly wrote to  
*Pompey*. Vpon his owne appeale feizes him, so the poore third is vp, till  
 death enlarge his Confinde.







*Cleo.* I could tear out these Eyes, that gain'd his Heart,  
 And had not pow'r to keep it. O the Curfe  
 Of doting on, ev'n when I find it Dotage!  
 Bear witness, Gods, you heard him bid me go;  
 You whom he mock'd with imprecating Vows  
 Of promis'd Faith—I'll die, I will not bear it.  
 You may hold me—— [*She pulls out her Dagger, and they hold her.*]  
 But I can keep my Breath; I can die inward,  
 And choak this Love.

*Enter Alexas.*

*Iras,* Help, O *Alexas* help!  
 The Queen grows desperate, her Soul struggles in her,  
 With all the Agonies of Love and Rage,  
 And strives to force its passage.

*Cleo.* Let me go.  
 Art thou there, Traitor!—O,  
 O, for a little Breath, to vent my Rage!  
 Give, give me way, and let me loose upon him.

*Alex.* Yes, I deserve it, for my ill-tim'd truth.  
 Was it for me to prop  
 The Ruins of a falling Majesty?  
 To place my self beneath the mighty Flaw,  
 Thus to be crush'd, and pounded into Atoms,  
 By its o'erwhelming weight? 'Tis too presuming  
 For Subjects, to preserve that wilful pow'r  
 Which Courts its own Destruction.

*Cleo.* I wou'd reason  
 More calmly with you. Did not you o'er-rule,  
 And force my plain, direct, and open Love  
 Into these crooked paths of Jealousie?  
 Now, what's th' event? *Octavia* is remov'd;  
 But *Cleopatra's* banish'd. Thou, thou, Villain,  
 Hast push'd my Boat to open Sea; to prove,  
 At my sad Cost, if thou canst steer it back.  
 It cannot be; I'm lost too far; I'm ruin'd:  
 Hence, thou Impostor, Traitor, Monster, Devil.—  
 I can no more: thou, and my Grievs, have sunk

*Eno.* Then would thou hadst a paire of chapsn o more, and throw betweene them all the food thou hast, they'le grinde the other. Where's *Anthony*?

*Eros.* He's walking in the garden thus, and spurnes The russh that lies before him. Cries Foole *Lepidus*, And threatens the throate of that his Officer, That murdered *Pompey*.

*Eno.* Our great Nauies rig'd.

*Eros.* For Italy and *Cæsar*, more *Domitius*, My Lord desires you presently: my Newes I might haue told hereafter.

*Eno.* 'Twillbe naught, but let it be: bring me to *Anthony*.

*Eros.* Come Sir,

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Agrippa, Mecenas, and Cæsar.*

*Cæf.* Contemning Rome he ha's done all this, & more In Alexandria: heere's the manner of't: I'th'Market-place on a Tribunall siluer'd, *Cleopatra* and himselfe in Chaires of Gold Were publikely entron'd: at the feet, sat *Cæsarion* whom they call my Fathers Sonne, And all the vnlawfull issue, that their Lust Since then hath made betweene them. Vnto her, He gaue the stablishment of Egypt, made her Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, absolute Queene.

*Mece.* This in the publike eye?

*Cæsar.* I'th'common shew place, where they exercise, His Sonnes hither proclaimed the King of Kings, Great Media, Parthai, and Armenia He gaue to *Alexander*. To *Ptolomy* he assign'd, Syria, Silicia, and Phœnetia: she In th'abiliments of the Goddesse *Isis* That day appeer'd, and oft before gaue audience, As 'tis reported fo.

*Mece.* Let Rome be thus inform'd.

*Agri.* Who queazie with his insolence already, Will their good thoughts call from him.

*Cæsar.* The people knowes it,





Me down so low, that I want Voice to curse thee.

*Alex.* Suppose some Shipwrack'd Seaman near the shore,  
Dropping and faint, with climbing up the Cliff,  
If, from above, some Charitable hand  
Pull him to safety, hazarding himself  
To draw the others weight; wou'd he look back  
Aud Curse him for his Pains; The Case is yours:  
But one step more, and you have gain'd the heighth.

*Cleo.* Sunk, never more to rise.

*Alex.* *Octavia's* gone, and *Dolabella* banish'd.

Believe me, Madam, *Anthony* is your.

His Heart was never lost; but started off

To Jealousie, Love's last retreat and covert:

Where it lyes hid in shades, watchful in silence,

And list'ning for the Sound that calls it back.

Some other, any Man, ('tis so advanc'd)

May perfect this unfinish'd work, which I

(Unhappy only to my self) have left

So easie to his hand.

*Cleo.* Look well thou do't; else——

*Alex.* Else, what your silence threatens——*Anthony*

Is mounted up the *Pharos*; from Whose Turret,

He stands surveying our *Ægyptian* Gallies,

Engag'd with *Cæsar's* Fleet: Now Death, or Conquest.

If the first happen, Fate acquits my Promise:

If we o'ercome, the Conqueror is yours.

*A distant Shout within.*

*Char.* Have comfort, Madam: Did you mark that shout?

*Second Shout nearer.*

*Iras.* Hark; they redouble it.

*Alex.* 'Tis from the Port.

The loudness shows it near: Good News, kind Heav'ns.

*Cleo.* *Ofiris* make it so.

*Enter Serapion.*

*Serap.* Where, where's the Queen?

*Alex.* How frightfully the holy Coward stares!  
As if not yet recover'd of th' Assault,

And haue now receiu'd his accusations.

*Agri.* Who does he accuse?

*Cæsar.* *Cæsar*, and that hauing in *Cicilie*  
*Sextus Pompeius* spoil'd, we had not rated him  
His part o'th'Isle. Then does he say, he lent me  
Some shipping vnrestor'd. Lastly, he frets  
That *Lepidus* of the Triumpherate, should be depos'd,  
And being that, we detaine all his Reuenue.

*Agri.* Sir, this should be answer'd.

*Cæsar.* 'Tis done already, and the Messenger gone:  
I haue told him *Lepidus* was growne too cruell,  
That he his high Authority abus'd,  
And did deferue his change: for what I haue conquer'd,  
I grant him part: but then in his Armenia,  
And other of his conquer'd Kingdom's I demand the like  
*Mec.* Hee'l neuer yeeld to that.

*Cæf.* Nor must not then be yeelded to in this.

*Enter Octauia with her Traine.*

*Octa.* Haile *Cæsar*, and my L. haile most deere *Cæsar*.

*Cæsar.* That euer I should call thee Cast-away.

*Octa.* You haue not call'd me so, nor haue you cause.

*Cæf.* Why haue you stoln vpon vs thus? you come not  
Like *Cæsars* Sister, The wife of *Anthony*  
Should haue an Army for an Vihar, and  
The neighes of Horse to tell of her approach,  
Long ere she did appeare. The trees by'th'way  
Should haue borne men, and expectation fainted,  
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust  
Should haue ascended to the Roofe of Heauen,  
Rais'd by your populous Troopes: But you are come  
A Market-maid to Rome, and haue preuented  
The ostentation of our loue; which left vnshewne,  
Is often left vnlou'd: we should haue met you  
By Sea, and Land, supplying euery Stage  
With an augmented greeting.

*Octa.* Good my Lord,  
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it







When all his Gods, and what's more dear to him,  
His Offerings were at stake.

*Serap.* O horror, horror!

*Ægypt* has been; our latest hour is come:  
The Queen of Nations from her ancient Seat,  
Is Sunk for ever in the dark Abyss:  
Time has unroll'd her Glories to the last,  
And now clos'd up the Volume.

*Cleo.* Be more plain:

Say, whence thou com'st, (though Fate is in thy Face,  
Which from thy haggard Eyes looks wildly out,  
And threatens e'er thou speak'st.)

*Serap.* I came from *Pharos*;  
From viewing (spare me, and imagine it)  
Our Land's last hope, your Navy——

*Cleo.* Vanquish'd?

*Serap.* No.

They fought not.

*Cleo.* Then they fled.

*Serap.* Nor that. I saw,  
With *Anthony*, your well appointed Fleet  
Row out; and thrice he wav'd his hand on high,  
And thrice with cheerful Cries they shouted back:  
'Twas then, false Fortune, like a fawning Strumpet,  
About to leave the Bankrupt Prodigal,  
With a dissembling Smile would kiss at parting,  
And flatter to the last; the well-tim'd Oars  
Now dipt from every Bank, now smoothly run  
To meet the Foe; and soon indeed they met,  
But not as Foes. In few, we saw their Caps  
On either side thrown up; the *Ægyptian* Gallies  
(Receiv'd like Friends) pass through and fell behind  
The *Roman* rear: and now, they all come forward,

*Cleo.* Enough, *Serapion*:  
And ride within the Port.  
I've heard my doom. This needed not, you Gods:  
When I lost *Anthony*, your work was done;

On my free-will. My Lord *Marke Anthony*,  
 Hearing that you prepar'd for Warre, acquainted  
 My greued eare withall: whereon I begg'd  
 His pardon for returne.

*Cæs.* Which foone he granted,  
 Being an abstract 'twene his Lust, and him,

*Octa.* Do not say so, my Lord.

*Cæs.* I haue eyes vpon him,  
 And his affaires come to me on the wind: wher is he now?

*Octa.* My Lord, in Athens.

*Cæsar.* No my most wronged Sifter, *Cleopatra*  
 Hath nodded him to her. He hath giuen his Empire  
 Vp to a Whore, who now are leuying  
 The Kings o'th'earth for Warre. He hath assembled,  
*Bochus* the King of Lybia, *Archilaus*  
 Of Cappadocia, *Philadelphos* King  
 Of Paphlagonia: the Thracian King *Adullas*,  
 King *Mauchous* of Arabia, King of Pont,  
*Herod* of Iewry, *Mitradates* King.  
 Of Comageat, *Polemen* and *Amintas*,  
 The Kings of Mede, and Licoania,  
 With a more larger List of Scepters.

*Octa.* Aye me most wretched,  
 That haue my heart parted betwixt two Friends,  
 That does afflict each other.

*Cæs.* Welcom hither: your Letters did with-holde oud breaking forth  
 Till we perceiu'd both how you were wrong led,  
 And we in negligent danger: cheere your heart,  
 Be you not troubled with the time, which driues  
 O're your content, these strong neceifities,  
 But let determin'd things to destinie  
 Hold vnbeuayl'd their way. Welcome to Rome,  
 Nothing more deere to me: You are abus'd  
 Beyond the marke of thought: and the high Gods  
 To do you Iustice, makes his Ministers  
 Of vs, and those that loue you. Best of comfort,  
 And euer welcom to vs.

*Agrip.* Welcome Lady.





'Tis but superfluous Malice. Where's my Lord?

How bears he this last blow?

*Serap.* His fury cannot be express'd by words:  
Thrice he attempted headlong to have falln  
Full on his Foes, and aim'd at *Cæsar's* Galley:  
With-held, he raves on you; Cries, he's betray'd.  
Should he now find you——

*Alex.* Shun him, seek your safety,  
'Till you can clear your Innocence.

*Cleo.* I'll stay.

*Alex.* You must not, haste you to your Monument,  
While I make speed to *Cæsar*.

*Cleo.* *Cæsar!* No.  
I have no business with him.

*Alex.* I can work him,  
To spare your Life, and let this Madman perish.

*Cleo.* Base fawning Wretch! Wouldst thou betray him too?  
Hence from my sight, I will not hear a Traitor;  
'Twas thy Design brought all this ruin on us;  
*Serapion*, thou art honest; Counsel me:  
But haste, each moment's precious.

*Serap.* Retire; you must not yet see *Anthony*.  
He who began this mischief,  
'Tis just he tempt the Danger: Let him clear you;  
And, since he offer'd you his servile Tongue,  
To gain a poor precarious Life from *Cæsar*,  
Let him expose that fawning Eloquence,  
And speak to *Anthony*.

*Alex.* O Heav'ns! I dare not,  
I meet my certain Death.

*Cleo.* Slave, thou deserv'st it.  
Not that I fear my Lord, will I avoid him;  
I know him noble: When he banish'd me,  
And thought me false, he scorn'd to take my Life;  
But I'll be justify'd, and then die with him.

*Alex.* O pity me, and let me follow you.

*Cleo.* To Death, if thou stir hence. Speak, if thou canst,

*Mec.* Welcome deere Madam,  
Each heart in Rome does loue and pittie you,  
Onely th'adulterous *Anthony*, most large  
In his abhominations, turnes you off,  
And giues his potent Regiment to a Trull  
That noyfes it against vs.

*Ota.* Is it so fir?

*Caf.* Most certaine: Sifter welcome: pray you  
Be euer knowne to patience. My dee'ft Sifter.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.*

*Cleo.* I will be euen with thee, doubt it not.

*Eno.* But why, why, why?

*Cleo.* Thou haft forefpoke my being in thefe warres, And fay'ft it it not  
fit.

*Eno.* Well: is it, is it.

*Cleo.* If not, denounc'd against vs, why fhould not we be there in perfon.

*Enob.* Well, I could reply: if wee fhould ferue with Horfe and Mares together, the Horfe were meerly loft: the Mares would beare a Soldiour and his Horfe.

*Cleo.* What is't you fay?

*Enob.* Your prefence needs muft puzzle *Anthony*,  
Take from his heart, take from his Braine, fromfs time,  
What fhould not then be fpar'd. He is already  
Traduc'd for Leuity, and 'tis faid in Rome,  
That Photinus an Eunuch, and your Maides  
Mannage this warre.

*Cleo.* Sinke Rome, and their tongues rot  
That fpeake against vs. A Charge we beare i'th'Warre,  
And as the prefident of my Kingdome will  
Apppeare there for a man. Speake not against it,  
I will not ftay behinde.

*Enter Anthony and Comidius.*

*Eno.* Nay I haue done, here comes the Emperour.

*Ant.* It is not ftrange *Comidius*,  
That from Tarrentum, and Brandufium,  
He could fo quickly cut the Ionian Sea,  
And take in Troine. You haue heard on't (Sweet?)







Now for thy Life, which basely thou would'st save;  
While mine I prize at this. Come, good *Serapion*. [*Exeunt* Cleo, Serap. Char.

*Alex.* O that I less cou'd fear to lose this Being, [Iras.  
Which, like a Snow-ball in my Coward hand,  
The more 'tis grasp'd, the faster melts away.  
Poor Reason! What a wretched Aid are thou!  
For still in spite of thee,  
These two long Lovers, Soul and Body, dread  
Their final Separation. Let me think:  
What can I say to save my self from Death?  
No matter what becomes of *Cleopatra*.

*Ant. within.* Which way? where?

*Vent. within.* This leads to th'Monument.

*Alex.* Ah me! I hear him; yet I'm unprepar'd:  
My gift of lying's gone;  
And this Court-Devil, which I so oft have rais'd,  
Forfakes me at my need. I dare not stay;  
Yet cannot far go hence.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Anthony and Ventidius.*

*Ant.* O happy *Cæsar*! Thou hast Men to lead:  
Think not 'tis thou hast conquer'd *Anthony*,  
But *Rome* has conquer'd *Ægypt*. I'm betray'd.

*Vent.* Curse on this treach'rous Train!  
Their Soil and Heav'n infect 'em all with Baseness:  
And their young Souls come tainted to the World  
With the first Breath they draw.

*Ant.* Th'Original Villain sure no God created;  
He was a Bastard of the Sun, by *Nile*.  
Ap'd into Man; with all his Mother's Mud  
Crusted about his Soul.

*Vent.* The Nation is  
One Universal Traitor; and their Queen  
The very Spirit and Extract of 'em all.

*Ant.* Is there yet left  
A possibility of Aid from Valour?  
Is there one God unsworn to my Destruction?  
The least unmortgag'd hope? For, if there be,

*Cleo.* Celerity is neuer more admir'd,  
Then by the negligent.

*Ant.* A good rebuke.

Which might haue well becom'd the best of men  
To taunt at slackneffe. *Camidius*, wee  
Will fight with him by Sea.

*Cleo.* By Sea, what else?

*Cam.* Why will my Lord, do so?

*Ant.* For that he dares vs too't.

*Enob.* So hath my Lord, dar'd him to fingle fight.

*Cam.* I, and to wage this Battell at Pharſalia,  
Where *Cæſar* fought with *Pompey*. But theſe offers  
Which ſerue not for his vantage, he ſhakes off,  
And ſo ſhould you.

*Enob.* Your Shippes are not well mann'd,  
Your Marriners are Militer, Reapers, people  
Ingroſt by ſwift Impreſſe. In *Cæſar*'s Fleete,  
Are thoſe, that often haue 'gainſt *Pompey* fought,  
Their ſhippers are yare, yours heauy: no diſgrace  
Shall fall you for refuſing him at Sea,  
Being prepar'd for Land.

*Ant.* By Sea, by Sea.

*Eno.* Moſt worthy Sir, you therein throw away  
The abſolute Soldiership you haue by Land,  
Diſtract your Armie, which doth moſt conſiſt  
Of Warre-markt-footmen, leaue vnexecuted  
Your owne renowned knowledge, quite forgoe  
The way which promiſes aſurance, and  
Giue vp your ſelfe meerly to chance and hazard,  
From firme Securitie.

*Ant.* Ile fight at Sea.

*Cleo.* I haue fixty Sailes, *Cæſar* none better.

*Ant.* Our ouer-plus of ſhipping will we burne,  
And with the reſt full mann'd, from th'head of Action  
Beate th'approaching *Cæſar*. But if we faile,  
We then can doo't at Land.  
Thy Buſineſſe?

*Enter a Meſſenger.*

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Methinks I cannot fall beneath the Fate  
Of such a Boy as *Cæsar*.

The World's one half is yet in *Anthony*:  
And, from each Limb of it that's hew'd away,  
The Soul comes back to me.

*Vent.* There yet remain  
Three Legions in the Town. The last Affault  
Lopt off the rest: If Death be your Design.  
(As I must with it now) these are sufficient  
To make a heap about us of dead Foes,  
And honest Pile for burial.

*Ant.* They're enough.  
We'll not divide our Stars; but fide by fide  
Fight emulous: And with malicious Eyes  
Survey each other's Acts: So every Death  
Thou giv'st, I'll take on me, as a just Debt.  
And pay thee back a Soul.

*Vent.* Now you shall see I love you. Not a word  
Of chiding more. By my few hours of Life,  
I am so pleas'd with this brave *Roman* Fate,  
That I wou'd not be *Cæsar*, to out-live you.  
When we put off this Flesh, and mount together,  
I shall be shown to all th'Ethereal crowd:  
Lo, This is he who dy'd with *Anthony*.

*Ant.* Who knows but we may pierce through all their Troops,  
And reach my Veterans yet? 'Tis worth the tempting,  
T' o'er-leap this Gulph of Fate,  
And leave our wand'ring Destinies behind.

*Enter Elexas, trembling.*

*Vent.* See, see, that Villian;  
See *Cleopatra* stamp't upon that Face,  
With all her Cunning, all her Arts of Falshood!  
How she looks out through those diffembling Eyes!  
How he sets his Count'nance for deceit;  
And promises a Lie, before he speaks!  
Let me dispatch him first.

*Alex.* O spare me, spare me.

[*Drawing.*

*Meſ.* The Newes is true, my Lord, he is deſcried,  
*Cæſar* ha's taken Toryne.

*Ant.* Can he be there in perſon? 'Tis impoſſible  
 Strange, that his power ſhould be. *Camidius*,  
 Our nineteen Legions thou ſhalt hold by Land,  
 And our twelve thouſand Horſe. Wee'l to our Ship,  
 Away my *Thetis*.

*Enter a Souldiour.*

How now worthy Souldier?

*Soul.* Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,  
 Truſt not to rotten planks: Do you miſdoubt  
 This Sword, and theſe my Wounds; let th'Egyptians  
 And the Phœnicians go a ducking: wee  
 Haue vs'd to conquer ſtanding on the earth,  
 And fighting foot to foot.

*Ant.* Well, well, away.

*exit Ant. Cleo. & Enob.*

*Soul.* By *Hercules* I thinke I am in'th'right.

*Cam.* Souldier thou art: but his whole action growes  
 Not in the power on't: fo our Leaders leade,  
 And we are Womens men.

*Soul.* You keepe by Land the Legions and the Horſe whole, do you not?

*Ven.* *Marcus Octavius*, *Marcus Iuſteus*,  
*Publicola*, and *Celius*, are for Sea:  
 But we keepe whole by Land. This ſpeede of *Cæſars*  
 Carries beyond beleefe.

*Soul.* While he was yet in Rome.  
 His power went out in ſuch diſtractions,  
 As beguilde all Spies.

*Cam.* Who's his Lieutenant, heare you?

*Soul.* They ſay, one *Towrus*.

*Cam.* Well, I know the man.

*Enter a Meſſenger.*

*Meſ.* The Emperor calls *Camidius*.

*Cam.* With Newes the times with Labour,  
 And throwes forth each minute, ſome.

*exunt*







*Ant.* Hold; he's not worth your killing. On thy Life,  
(Which thou may'st keep, because I scorn to take it)  
No Syllable to justify thy Queen;  
Save thy base Tongue its Office.

*Alex.* Sir, she's gone,  
Where she shall never be molested more  
By Love, or you.

*Ant.* Fled to her *Dolabella*!  
Die Traitor, I revoke my Promise, die.

[*Going to kill him.*]

*Alex.* O hold, she is not fled.

*Ant.* She is: My Eyes  
Are open to her Falshood; my whole Life  
Has been a Golden dream of Love and Friendship.  
But, now I wake, I'm like a Merchant, row'd  
From soft repose, to see his Vessel sinking,  
And all his Wealth cast o'er. Ingrateful Woman!  
Who follow'd me, but as the Swallow Summer,  
Hatching her young ones in my kindly Beams,  
Singing her Flatt'ries to my morning wake;  
But, now my Winter comes, she spreads her wings,  
And seeks the Spring of *Cæsar*.

*Alex.* Think not so:  
Her Fortunes have, in all things, mixt with yours.  
Had she betray'd her Naval force to *Rome*,  
How easily might she have gone to *Cæsar*,  
Secure by such a Bribe?

*Vent.* She sent it first,  
To be more welcome after.

*Ant.* 'Tis too plain;  
Else wou'd she have appear'd, to clear her self.

*Alex.* Too fatally she has; she could not bear  
To be accus'd by you; but shut her self  
Within her Monument: Look'd down, and sigh'd;  
While, from her unchang'd face, the silent tears  
Dropt, as they had not leave, but stole their parting.  
Some undistinguish'd words she inly murmur'd;  
At last, she rais'd her Eyes; and, with such Looks



As dying *Lucrece* caſt,———

*Ant.* My heart forebodes———

*Vent.* All for the beſt: Go on.

*Alex.* She ſnatch'd her Poniard,

And, e'er we cou'd prevent the fatal Blow,

Plung'd it within her Breaſt: Then turn'd to me,

Go, bear my Lord (ſaid ſhe) my laſt Farewel;

And ask him if he yet ſuſpect my Faith.

More ſhe was ſaying, but Death ruſh'd betwixt.

She half pronounc'd your Name with her laſt Breath,

And bury'd half within her.

*Vent.* Heav'n be prais'd.

*Ant.* Then art thou innocent, my poor dear Love?

And art thou dead?

O thoſe two words! their Sound ſhould be divided:

Hadſt thou been falſe, and dy'd; or hadſt thou liv'd,

And hadſt been true———But Innocence and Death!

This ſhows not well above. Then what am I,

The Murderer of this Truth, this Innocence!

Thoughts cannot form themſelves in words ſo horrid

As can expreſs my Guilt!

*Vent.* Is't come to this? The Gods have been too gracious:

And thus you thank 'em for't.

*Ant. to Alex.]* Why ſtay'ſt thou here?

Is it for thee to ſpy upon my Soul,

And ſee its inward mourning? Get thee hence;

Thou art not worthy to behold, what now

Becomes a *Roman* Emperor to perform.

*Alex. aſide.]* He loves her ſtill:

His Grief betrays it. Good! The joy to find

She's yet alive, compleats the Reconcilement.

I've fav'd my ſelf, and her. But Oh! The *Romans*!

Fate comes too faſt upon my Wit,

Hunts me too hard, and meets me at each double.

[*Exit.*

*Vent.* Would ſhe had dy'd a little ſooner though,

Before *Octavia* went; you might have treated:

Now 'twill look tame, and would not be receiv'd.



Come rouse your self, and let's die warm together.

*Ant.* I will not fight: There's no more work for War.  
The bus'ness of my angry hours is done.

*Vent.* Cæsar is at your gates.

*Ant.* Why, let him enter;  
He's welcome now.

*Enter Cæsar with his Army, marching.*

*Cæsar. Tourus?*

*Tow. My Lord.*

*Cæf. Strike not by Land,  
Keepe whole, prouoke not Battaile  
Till we haue done at Sea. Do not exceede  
The prescript of this Scroule: Our fortune lyes  
Vpon this iumpe.*

*exit.*

*Enter Anthony, and Enobarbus,*

*Ant. Set we our Squadrons on yond fide o'th'Hill,  
In eye of Cæsar's battaile, from which place  
We may the number of the Ships behold,  
And so proceed accordingly.*

*exit.*

*Comidius Marcheth with his Land Army one way ouer the stage, and Tourus the Lieutenant of Cæsar the other way: After their going in, is heard the noise of a Sea fight.*

*Alarum. Enter Enobarbus and Scarus.*

*Eno. Naught, naught, al naught, I can behold no longer:  
Thantoniad, the Egyptian Admirall,  
With all their fixty flye, and turne the Rudder:  
To fee't, mine eyes are blasted.*

*Enter Scarrus.*

*Scar. Gods, & Goddeffes, all the whol synod of them!*

*Eno. What's thy passion.*

*Scar. The greater Cattle of the world, is loft  
With very ignorance, we haue kift away  
Kingdomes, and Prouinces.*

*Eno. How appeares the Fight?*

*Scar. On our fide like the Token'd Pestilence,  
Where death is fure. Yon ribaudred Nagge of Egypt,  
(Whom Leprosie o're-take) i'th'midft o'th'fight,  
When vantage like a payre of Twinnes appear'd  
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder;  
(The Breeze vpon her) like a Cow in Inne,*





Hoifts Sailes, and flies.

*Eno.* That I beheld:

Mine eyes did ficken at the fight, and could not  
Indure a further view.

*Scar.* She once being looft,  
The Noble ruine of her Magicke, *Anthony*,  
Claps on' his Sea-wing, and (like a doting Mallard)  
Leauing the Fight in heighth, flies after her:  
I neuer faw an Action of fuch fhame;  
Experience, Man-hood, Honor, ne're before,  
Did violate fo it felfe.

*Enob.* Alacke, alacke.

*Enter Camidius.*

*Cam.* Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,  
And finkes moft lamentably. Had our Generall  
Bin what he knew himfelfe, it had gone well:  
Oh his ha's giuen example for our flight,  
Moft groffely by his owne.

*Enob.* I, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight indeede.

*Cam.* Toward Peloponnefus are they fled.

*Scar.* 'Tis eafie toot,  
And there I will attend what further comes.

*Camid.* To *Cæſar* will I render  
My Legions and my Horſe, fixe Kings alreadie  
Shew me the way of yeelding.

*Eno.* Ile yet follow  
The wounded chance of *Anthony*, though my reaſon  
Sits in the winde againſt me.

*Enter Anthony with Attendants.*

*Ant.* Hearke, the Land bids me tread no more vpon't,  
It is aſham'd to beare me. Friends, come hither,  
I am ſo lated in the world, that I  
Haue loſt my way for euer. I haue a ſhippe,  
Laden with Gold, take that, diuide it: flye,  
And make your peace with *Cæſar*.

*Ommes.* Fly? Not wee.

*Ant.* I haue fled my ſelfe, and haue inſtructed cowards



To runne, and fiew their shoulders. Friends be gone,  
 I haue my felfe refolu'd vpon a courfe,  
 Which has no neede of you. Be gone,  
 My Treafure's in the Harbour. Take it: Oh,  
 I follow'd that I blufh to looke vpon,  
 My very haire do mutiny: for the white  
 Reproue the browne for rafhneffe, and they them  
 For feare, and doting. Friends be gone, you fhall  
 Haue Letters from me to fome Friends, that will  
 Sweep your way for you. Pray you looke not fad,  
 Nor make replyes of loathneffe, take the hint  
 Which my difpaire proclaimes. Let them be left  
 Which leaues it felfe, to the Sea-fide ftraight way;  
 I will poffeffe you of that fhipe and Treafure.  
 Leaue me, I pray a little: pray you now,  
 Nay do fo: for indeede I haue loft command,  
 Therefore I pray you, Ile fee you by and by. *Sits downe*

*Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Eros.*

*Eros.* Nay gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.

*Iras.* Do moft deere Queene.

*Char.* Do, why, what elfe?

*Cleo.* Let me fit downe: Oh *Iuno*.

*Ant.* No, no, no, no, no.

*Eros.* See you heere, Sir?

*Ant.* Oh fie, fie, fie.

*Char.* Madam.

*Iras.* Madam, oh good Empreffe.

*Eros.* Sir, fir.

*Ant.* Yes my Lord, yes; he at Philippi kept  
 His fword e'ne like a dancer, while I ftrooke  
 The leane and wrinkled *Caffius*, and 'twas I  
 That the mad *Brutus* ended: he alone  
 Dealt on Lieutenantry, and no praftife had  
 In the braue fquares of Warre: yet now: no matter.

*Cleo.* Ah ftand by.

*Eros.* The Queene my Lord, the Queene.

*Iras.* Go to him, Madam, fpeake to him,

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Hee's vnqualited with very shame.

*Cleo.* Well then, sustaine me: Oh.

*Eros.* Most Noble Sir arise, the Queene approaches,  
Her head's declin'd, and death will cease her, but  
Your comfort makes the rescue.

*Ant.* I haue offended Reputation,  
A most vnnoble fweruing.

*Eros.* Sir, the Queene.

*Ant.* Oh whether hast thou lead me Egypt, see  
How I conuey my shame, out of thine eyes,  
By looking backe what I haue left behinde  
Stroy'd in dishonor.

*Cleo.* Oh my Lord, my Lord,  
Forgiue my fearfull sayles, I little thought  
You would haue followed.

*Ant.* Egypt, thou knew'ft too well,  
My heart was to thy Rudder tyed by'th'ftrings,  
And thou should'ft ftowe me after. O're my spirit  
The full supremacie thou knew'ft, and that  
Thy becke, might from the bidding of the Gods  
Command mee.

*Cleo.* Oh my pardon.

*Ant.* Now I must  
To the young man fend humble Treaties, dodge  
And palter in the shifts of downes, who  
With halfe the bulke o'th'world plaid as I pleas'd,  
Making, and marring Fortunes. You did know  
How much you were my Conqueror, and that  
My Sword, made weake by my affection, would  
Obey it on all cause.

*Cleo.* Pardon, pardon.

*Ant.* Fall not a teare I say, one of them rates  
All that is wonne and lost: Giue me a kisse,  
Euen this repayes me.  
We sent our Schoolemaster, is a come backe?  
Loue I am full of Lead: some Wine  
Within there, and our Viands: Fortune knowes,



We scorne her most, when most she offers blowes.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Dollabello, with others.*

*Cæf.* Let him appeare that's come from *Anthony*.  
Know you him.

*Dolla.* *Cæsar*, 'tis his Schoolemaster,  
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither  
He fends fo poore a Pinnion of his Wing,  
Which had superfluous Kings for Messengers,  
Not many Moones gone by.

*Enter Ambassador from Anthony.*

*Cæsar.* Approach, and speake.

*Amb.* Such as I am, I come from *Anthony*:  
I was of late as petty to his ends,  
As is the Morne-dew on the Mertle leafe  
To his grand Sea.

*Cæf.* Bee't so, declare thine office.

*Amb.* Lord of his Fortunes he salutes thee, and  
Requires to liue in Egypt, which not granted  
He Lessons his Requests, and to thee sues  
To let him breath betweene the Heauens and Earth  
A priuate man in Athens: this for him  
Next, *Cleopatra* does confesse thy Greatnesse,  
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craues  
The Circle of the *Ptolomies* for her heyres,  
Now hazarded to thy Grace.

*Cæf.* For *Anthony*,  
I haue no eares to his request. The Queene,  
O Audience, nor Desire shall faile, so shee  
From Egypt driue her all-disgraced Friend,  
Or take his life there. This if shee performe,  
She shall not sue vnheard. So to them both.

*Amb.* Fortune pursue thee.

*Cæf.* Bring him through the Bands:  
To try thy Eloquence, now 'tis time, dispatch,  
From *Anthony* winne *Cleopatra*, promise





And in our Name, what she requires, adde more  
 From thine inuention, offers. Women are not  
 In their best Fortunes strong; but want will periure  
 The ne're touch'd Vestall. Try thy cunning *Thidias*,  
 Make thine owne Edict for thy paines, which we  
 Will answer as a Law.

*Thid.* *Cæsar*, I go.

*Cæsar.* Obserue how *Anthony* becomes his flaw,  
 And what thou think'ft his very action speakes  
 In euery power that mooues.

*Thid.* *Cæsar*, I shall.

*exunt.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, & Iras.*

*Cleo.* What shall we do, *Enobarbus*?

*Eno.* Thinke, and dye.

*Cleo.* Is *Anthony*, or we in fault for this?

*Eno.* *Anthony* onely, that would make his will  
 Lord of his Reason. What though you fled,  
 From that great face of Warre, whose feuerall ranges  
 Frighted each other? Why should he follow?  
 The itch of his Affection should not then  
 Haue nickt his Captain-ship, at such a point,  
 When halfe to halfe the world oppos'd, he being  
 The meered question? 'Twas a shame no lesse  
 Then was his losse, to course your flying Flagges,  
 And leaue his Nauy gazing.

*Cleo.* Prythee peace.

*Enter the Ambassador, with Anthony.*

*Ant.* Is that his answer? *Amb.* I my Lord.

*Ant.* The Queen shall then haue courtesie,  
 So she will yeeld vs vp.

*Am.* He sayes so.

*Antho.* Let her know't. To thy Boy *Cæsar* fend this grizled head, and he  
 will fill thy wishes to the brimme,  
 With Principalities.

*Cleo.* That head my Lord?

*Ant.* To him againe, tell him he weares the Rose  
 Of youth vpon him: from which, the world should note



Something particular: His Coine, Ships, Legions,  
 May be a Cowards, whose Ministers would preuaile  
 Vnder the seruice of a Childe, as soone  
 As i'th'Command of *Cæsar*. I dare him therefore  
 To lay his gay Comparifons a-part,  
 And answer me declin'd, Sword againſt Sword,  
 Our felues alone: Ile write it: Follow me.

*Eno.* Yes like enough: hye battel'd *Cæsar* will  
 Vnſtate his happineſſe, and be Stag'd to'th'flew  
 Againſt a Sword. I ſee mens Iudgements are  
 A parcell of their Fortunes, and things outward  
 Do draw the inward quality after them  
 To ſuffer all alike, that he ſhould dreame,  
 Knowing all meaſures, the full *Cæsar* will  
 Anſwer his emptineſſe; *Cæsar* thou haſt ſubdu'de  
 His iudgement too.

*Enter a Seruant.*

*Ser.* A Meſſenger from *Cæsar*.

*Cleo.* What no more Ceremony? See my Women,  
 Againſt the blowne Roſe may they ſtop their noſe,  
 That kneel'd vnto the Buds. Admit him fir.

*Eno.* Mine honeſty, and I, beginne to ſquare,  
 The Loyalty well held to Fooles, does make  
 Our Faith meere folly: yet he that can endure  
 To follow with Allegiance a falſe Lord,  
 Does conquer him that did his Maſter conquer,  
 And earnes a place i'th'Story.

*Enter Thidias.*

*Cleo.* *Cæſars* will.

*Thid.* Heare it apart.

*Cleo.* None but Friends: ſay boldly.

*Thid.* So haply are they Friends to *Anthony*.

*Enob.* He needs as many (Sir) as *Cæsar* ha's,  
 Or needs not vs. If *Cæsar* pleaſe, our Maſter  
 Will leape to be his Friend: For vs you know,  
 Whoſe he is, we are, and that is *Cæſars*.

*Thid.* So. Thus then thou moſt renown'd, *Cæsar* intreats,

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Not to confider in what cafe thou ftand'ft

Further then he is *Cæſars*.

*Cleo.* Go on, right Royall.

*Thid.* He knowes that you embrace not *Anthony*  
As you did loue, but as you feared him.

*Cleo.* Oh.

*Thid.* The ſcarre's vpon your Honor, therefore he  
Does pittie, as conſtrained blemifhes,  
Not as deſerued.

*Cleo.* He is a God,  
And knowes what is moſt right. Mine Honour.  
Was not yeelded, but conquer'd meerely.

*Eno.* To be ſure of that, I will aſke *Anthony*.  
Sir, fir, thou art ſo leakie  
That we muſt leaue thee to thy ſinking, for  
Thy deereſt quit thee.

*Exit Eno.*

*Thid.* Shall I ſay to *Cæſar*,  
What you require of him: for he partly begges  
To be deſir'd to giue. It much would be pleaſe him,  
That of his Fortunes you would make a ſtaffe  
To learne vpon. But it would warme his ſpirits  
To heare from me you had left *Anthony*,  
And put your ſelfe vnder his ſhrowd, the vniuerſal Landlord.

*Cleo.* What's your name?

*Thid.* My name is *Thidias*.

*Cleo.* Moſt kinde Meſſenger,  
Say to great *Cæſar* this in diſputation,  
I kiſſe his conqu'ring hand: Tell him, I am prompt  
To lay my Crowne at's feete, and there to kneele.  
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath, I heare  
The doome of Egypt.

*Thid.* 'Tis your Nobleſt courſe:  
Wifedome and Fortune combating together,  
If that the former dare but what it can,  
No chance may ſhake it. Giue me grace to lay  
My dutie on your hand.

*Cleo.* Your *Cæſars* Father oft,



(When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in)  
Bestow'd his lips on that vnworthy place,  
As it rain'd kifses.

*Enter Anthony and Enobarbus.*

*Ant.* Fauours? By Ioue that thunders. What art thou Fellow?

*Thid.* One that but performs  
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthieft  
To haue command obey'd.

*Eno.* You will be whipt.

*Ant.* Approch there: ah you Kite. Now Gods & diuels  
Authority melts from me of late. When I cried hoa,  
Like Boyes vnto a muffle, Kings would start forth,  
And cry, your will. Haue you no eares?  
I am *Anthony* yet. Take hence this Iack, and whip him.

*Enter a Seruant.*

*Eno.* 'Tis better playing with a Lions whelp,  
Then with an old one dying.

*Ant.* Moone and Starres,  
Whip him: were't twenty of the greateft Tributaries  
That do acknowledge *Cæsar*, should I finde them  
So sawcy with the hand of the heere, what's her name  
Since she was *Cleopatra*? Whip him Fellowes,  
Till like a Boy you see him crindge his face,  
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

*Thid.* Marke *Anthony*.

*Ant.* Tugge him away: being whipt  
Bring him againe, the Iacke of *Cæsars* shall  
Beare vs an arrant to him.

*Exeunt with Thidius.*

You were halfe blasted ere I knew you: Ha?  
Haue I my pillow left vnpreft in Rome,  
Forborne the getting of a lawfull Race,  
And by a Iem of women, to be abus'd  
By one that lookes on Feeders?

*Cleo.* Good my Lord.

*Ant.* You haue beene a boggeler euer,  
But when we in our vicioufneffe grow hard  
(Oh miefry on't) the wife Gods feele our eyes





In our owne filth, drop our cleare iudgements, make vs  
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut  
To our confusion.

*Cleo.* Oh, is't come to this?

*Ant.* I found you as a Morfell, cold vpon  
Dead *Cæsars* Trencher: Nay, you were a Fragment  
Of *Gneius Pompeyes*, besides what hotter houres  
Vnregiftred in vulgar Fame, you haue  
Luxuriously pickt out. For I am fure,  
Though you can gueffe what Temperance should be,  
You know not what it is.

*Cleo.* Wherefore is this?

*Ant.* To let a Fellow that will take rewards,  
And fay, God quit you, be familiar with  
My play-fellow, your hand; this Kingly Seale,  
And pligher of high hearts. O that I were  
Vpon the hill of Bafan, to out-roare  
The horned Heard, for I haue fauage caufe,  
And to proclaime it ciuilly, were like  
A halter'd necke, which do's the Hangman thanke,  
For being yare about him. Is he whipt?

*Enter a Seruant with Thidias.*

*Ser.* Soundly, my Lord.

*Ant.* Cried he? and begg'd a Pardon?

*Ser.* He did aske favour.

*Ant.* If that thy Father liue, let him repent  
Thou was't not made his daughter, and be thou forrie  
To follow *Cæsar* in his Triumph, since  
Thou haft bin whipt. For following him, henceforth  
The white hand of a Lady Feauer thee,  
Shake thou to look on't. Get thee backe to *Cæsar*,  
Tell him thy entertainment: looke thou fay  
He makes me angry with him. For he seemes  
Proud and difdainfull, harping on what I am,  
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,  
And at this time most easie 'tis to doo't:  
When my good Starres, that were my former guides



Haue empty left their Orbes, and shot their Fires  
 Into th'Abisme of hell. If he mislike,  
 My speech, and what is done, tell him he has  
*Hiparchus*, my enfranchised Bondman, whom  
 He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,  
 As he shall like to quit me. Vrge it thou:  
 Hence with thy stripes, be gone.

*Exit Thid.*

*Cleo.* Haue you done yet?

*Ant.* Alacke our Terrene Moone is now Eclipt,  
 And it portends alone the fall of *Anthony*.

*Cleo.* I must stay his time?

*Ant.* To flatter *Cæsar*, would you mingle eyes  
 With one that tyes his points.

*Cleo.* Not know me yet?

*Ant.* Cold-hearted toward me?

*Cleo.* Ah (Deere) if I be so,  
 From my cold heart let Heauen ingender haile,  
 And poyson it in the fource, and the first stone  
 Drop in my necke: as it determines so  
 Dissolue my life, the next Cæsarian smile,  
 Till by degrees the memory of my wombe,  
 Together with my braue Egyptian all,  
 By the discandring of this pelleted storme,  
 Lye graueleffe, till the Flies and Gnats of Nyle  
 Haue buried them for prey.

*Ant.* I am satisfied:

*Cæsar* sets downe in Alexandria, where  
 I will oppose his Fate. Our force by Land,  
 Hath Nobly held, our feuer'd Naue too  
 Haue knit againe, and Fleete, threatning most Sea-like.  
 Where hast thou bin my heart? Dost thou heare Lady?  
 If from the Field I shall returne once more  
 To kisse these Lips, I will appeare in Blood,  
 I, and my Sword, will earne our Chronicle,  
 There's hope in't yet.

*Cleo.* That's my braue Lord.

*Ant.* I will be trebble-finewed, hearted, breath'd,



And fight maliciously: for when mine houres  
 Were nice and lucky, men did ranfome liues  
 Of me for iests: But now, Ile fet my teeth,  
 And fend to darknesse all that stop me. Come,  
 Let's haue one other gawdy night: Call to me  
 All my sad Captaines, fill our Bowles once more:  
 Let's mocke the midnight Bell.

*Cleo.* It is my Birth-day,  
 I had thought t'haue held it poore. But since my Lord  
 Is *Anthony* againe, I will be *Cleopatra*.

*Ant.* We will yet do well.

*Cleo.* Call all his Noble Captaines to my Lord.

*Ant.* Do so, wee'l speake to them,  
 And to night Ile force  
 The Wine peepe through their scarres.  
 Come on (my Queene)  
 There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight  
 Ile make death loue me: for I will contend  
 Euen with his pestilent Sythe.

*Exeunt.*

*Eno.* Now hee'l out-stare the Lightning, to be furious  
 Is to be frighted out of feare, and in that moode  
 The Doue will pecke the Etridge; and I see still  
 A diminution in our Captaines braine,  
 Restores his heart; when valour prayes in reason,  
 It eates the Sword it fights with: I will seeke  
 Some way to leaue him.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, & Mecnas with his Army,  
 Cæsar reading a Letter.*

*Cæs.* He calles me Boy, and chides as he had power  
 To beate me out of Egypt. My Messenger  
 He hath whipt with Rods, dares meto perfonal Combat.  
*Cæsar* to *Antonys* let the old Ruffian know,  
 I haue many other wayes to dye: meane time]  
 Laugh at his Challenge.

*Mece.* *Cæsar* must thinke,  
 When one so great begins to rage, hee's hunted

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Euen to falling. Giue him no breath, but now  
 Make boote of his diftraction: Neuer anger  
 Made good guard for it felfe.

*Cæs.* Let our best heads know,  
 That to morrow, the laft of many Battailes  
 We meane to fight. Within our Files there are,  
 Of thofe that feru'd *Marke Anthony* but late,  
 Enough to fetch him in. See it done,  
 And Fearft the Army, we haue ftore to doo't.  
 And they haue earn'd the wafte. Poore *Anthony*.

*Excunt.*

*Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian,  
 Iras, Alexas, with others.*

*Ant.* He will not fight with me, *Domitian*?

*Eno.* No?

*Ant.* Why fhould he not?

*Eno.* He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,  
 He is twenty men to one.

*Ant.* To morrow Soldier,  
 By Sea and Land Ile fight: or I will liue,  
 Or bathe my dying Honor in the blood  
 Shall make it liue againe. Woo't thou fight well.

*Eno.* Ile ftrike, and cry, Take all.

*Ant.* Well faid, come on:  
 Call forth my Houfhould Seruants, lets to night

*Enter 3 or 4 Seruitors.*

Be bounteous at our Meale. Giue me thy hand,  
 Thou haft bin rightly honeft, fo haft thou,  
 Thou, and thou, and thou: you haue feru'd me well,  
 And Kings haue beene your fellowes.

*Cleo.* What meanes this?

*Eno.* 'Tis one of thofe odde tricks which forow fhoots  
 Out of the minde.

*Ant.* And thou art honeft too:  
 I wifh I could be made fo many men,  
 And all of you clapt vp together, in  
 An *Anthony*s that I might do you feruice,





So good as you haue done.

*Omnes.* The Gods forbid.

*Ant.* Well, my good Fellowes, wait on me to night:  
Scant not my Cups, and make as much of me  
As when mine Empire was your Fellow too,  
And 'fuffer'd my command.

*Cleo.* What does he meane?

*Eno.* To make his Followers weepe.

*Ant.* Tend me to night;  
May be, it is the period of your duty,  
Haply you shall not see me more, or if,  
A mangled shadow. Perchance to morrow,  
You'll serue another Master. I looke on you,  
As one that takes his leaue. Mine honest Friends,  
I turne you not away, but like a Master  
Married to your good seruice, stay till death:  
Tend me to night two houres, I aske no more,  
And the Gods yeeld you for't.

*Eno.* What meane you (Sir)  
To giue them this discomfort? Looke they weepe,  
And I an Affe, am Onyon-ey'd; for shame,  
Transforme vs not to women.

*Ant.* Ho, ho, ho:  
Now the Witch take me, if I meant it thus.  
Grace grow where those drops fall (my hearty Friends)  
You take me in too dolorous a sence,  
For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you  
To burne this night with Torches: Know (my hearts)  
I hope well of to morrow, and will leade you,  
Where rather Ile expect victorious life,  
Then death, and Honor. Let's to Supper, come,  
And drowne confideration.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter a Company of Soldiours.*

1. *Sol.* Brother, goodnight: to morrow is the day.
2. *Sol.* It will determine one way: Fare you well.  
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets.

- 1 Nothing: what newes?  
 2 Belike 'tis but a Rumour, good night to you.  
 1 Well fir, good night.

*They meete other Soldiers.*

- 2 Souldiers, haue carefull Watch.  
 1 And you: Goodnight, goodnight.

*They place themselues in euery corner of the Stage.*

- 2 Heere we: and if to morrow  
 Our Nauie thriue, I haue an absolute hope  
 Our Landmen will stand vp.

- 1 'Tis a braue Army, and full of purpose.

*Musicke of the Hoboyes is vnder the Stage.*

- 2 Peace, what noife?  
 1 Lift lift.  
 2 Hearke.  
 1 Musicke i'th'Ayre.  
 3 Vnder the earth.  
 4 It signes well, do's it not?  
 3 No.  
 1 Peace I say: What should this meane?  
 2 'Tis the God *Hercules*, whom *Anthony* loued,

Now leaues him.

- 1 Walke, let's see if other Watchmen  
 Do heare what we do?

- 2 How now Maisters?  
*Omnes.* How now? how now? do you heare this?  
 1 I, is't not ftrange?  
 3 Do you heare Maisters? Do you heare?  
 1 Follow the noyse so farre as we haue quarter.

*Speak together.*

Let's see how it will giue off.

- Omnes.* Content: 'Tis ftrange.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Anthony and Cleopatra, with others.*

*Ant.* *Eros*, mine Armour *Eros*.

*Cleo.* Sleepe a little.

*Ant.* No my Chucke. *Eros*, come mine Armor *Eros*.





*Enter Eros.*

Come good Fellow, put thine Iron on,  
If Fortune be not ours to day, it is  
Because we braue her. Come.

*Cleo.* Nay, Ile helpe too, *Anthony.*  
What's this for? Ah let be, let be, thou art  
The Armourer of my heart: Faffe, faffe: This, this,  
Sooth-law Ile helpe: Thus it muft bee.

*Ant.* Well, well, we fhall thriue now.  
Seeft thou my good Fellow. Go, put on thy defences.

*Eros.* Briefly Sir.

*Cleo.* Is not this buckled well?

*Ant.* Rarely, rarely:  
He that vnuckles this, till we do pleafe  
To daft for our Repofe, fhall heare a ftorme.  
Thou fumbleft *Eros*, and my Queenes a Squire  
More tight at this, then thou: Difpatch. O Loue,  
That thou couldft fee my Warres to day, and knew'ft  
The Royall Occupation, thou fhould'ft fee  
A Workeman in't.

*Enter an Armed Soldier.*

Good morrow to thee, welcome,  
Thou look'ft like him that knowes a warlike Charge:  
To bufineffe that we loue, we rife betime,  
And go too't with delight.

*Soul.* A thoufand Sir, early though't be, haue on their  
Riueted trim, and at the Port expect you.

*Showt.*

*Trumpets Flourifh.*

*Enter Captaines, and Souldiers.*

*All.* Good morrow Generall.

*Alex.* The Morne is faire: Good morrow Generall.

*Ant.* 'Tis well blowne Lads.

This Morning, like the fpirit of a youth  
That meanes to be of note, begins betimes.  
So, fo: Come giue me that, this way, well-fed.  
Fare thee well Dame, what ere becomes of me,  
This is a Soldiers kiffe: rebukeable,



And worthy shamefull checke it were, to stand  
On more Mechanicke Complement, Ile leaue thee.  
Now like a man of Steele, you that will fight,  
Follow me close, Ile bring you too't: Adieu.

*Exeunt.*

*Char.* Please you retyre to your Chamber?

*Cleo.* Lead me:

He goes forth gallantly: That he and *Cæsar* might  
Determine this great Warre in fingle fight;  
Then *Anthony*; but now. Well on.

*Exeunt.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter Anthony, and Eros.*

*Eros.* The Gods make this a happy day to *Anthony*.

*Ant.* Would thou, & those thy fears had once preuaild  
To make me fight at Land.

*Eros.* Had'ft thou done so,  
The Kings that haue reuolted, and the Soldier  
That has this morning left thee, would haue still  
Followed thy heeles.

*Ant.* Whose gone this morning?

*Eros.* Who? one euer neere thee, call for *Enobarbus*,  
He shall not heare thee, or from *Cæsars* Campe,  
Say I am none of thine.

*Ant.* What sayest thou?

*Sold.* Sir he is with *Cæsar*.

*Eros.* Sir, his Chefts and Treasure he has not with him.

*Ant.* Is he gone?

*Sol.* Most certaine.

*Ant.* Go *Eros*, fend his Treasure after, do it,  
Detaine no iot I charge thee: write to him,  
(I will subscribe) gentle adieu's, and greetings;  
Say, that I wish he neuer finde more cause  
To change a Master. Oh my Fortunes haue  
Corrupted honest men. Dispatch *Enobarbus*.

*Exit.*

*Flourish. Enter Agrippa, Cæsar, with Enobarbus,  
and Dollabella.*

*Cæf.* Go forth *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:  
Our will is *Anthony* be tooke aliue:

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Make it fo knowne.

*Agrip.* *Cæsar*, I fhall.

*Cæsar.* The time of vniuerfall peace is neere:  
Proue this a prosp'rous day, the three nook'd world  
Shall beare the Oliue freely.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mef.* *Anthony* is come into the Field.

*Cæf.* Go charge *Agrippa*,  
Plant those that haue reuolted in the Vant,  
That *Anthony* may seeme to sped his Fury  
Vpon himfelfe.

*Exeunt.*

*Enob.* *Alexas* did reuolt, and went to *Iewry* on  
Affaires of *Anthony*, there did diffwade  
Great *Herod* to incline himfelfe to *Cæsar*,  
And leaue his Master *Anthony*. For this paines,  
*Cæsar* hath hang'd him: *Camindius* and the rest  
That fell away, haue entertainment, but  
No honourable trust: I haue done ill,  
Of which I do accuse my felfe fo forely.  
That I will ioy no mote.

*Enter a Soldier of Cæsars.*

*Sol.* *Enobarbus*, *Anthony*  
Hath after thee fent all thy Treafure, with  
His Bounty ouer-plus. The Mefenger  
Came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now  
Vnloading of his Mules.

*Eno.* I giue it you.

*Sol.* Mocke not *Enobarbus*,  
I tell you true: Best you saf't the bringer.  
Out of the hoast, I must attend mine Office,  
Or would haue done't my felfe. You Emperor  
Continues still a Ioue.

*Exit.*

*Enob.* I am alone the Villaine of the earth,  
And feele I am fo most. Oh *Anthony*,  
Thou Mine of Bounty, how would't thou haue payed  
My better seruice, when my turpitude  
Thou doft so Crowne with Gold. This blowes my hart,



If swift thought breake it not: a fwifter meane  
 Shall out strike thought, but thought will doo't. I feele  
 I fight against thee: No I will go feeke  
 Some Ditch, wherein to dye: the foul't best fits  
 My latter part of life.

*Exit.*

*Alarum, Drummes and Trumpets.*

*Enter Agrippa.*

*Agrip.* Retire, we haue engag'd our felues too farre:  
*Cæsar* himfelfe ha's worke, and our oppreffion  
 Exceeds what we expected.

*Exit.*

*Alarums.*

*Enter Anthony, and Scarrus wounded.*

*Scar.* O my braue Emperor, this is fought indeed,  
 Had we done so at firft, we had drouen them home  
 With clowts about their heads.

*For off.*

*Ant.* Thou bleed'ft apace.

*Scar.* I had a wound heere that was like a T,  
 But now 'tis made an H.

*Ant.* They do retyre.

*Scar.* Wee'l beat 'em into Bench-holes, I haue yet  
 Roome for fix scotches more.

*Enter Eros.*

*Eros.* They are beaten Sir, and our aduantage ferues  
 For a faire victory.

*Scar.* Let vs icore their backes,  
 And fnatch 'em vp, as we take Hares behinde,  
 'Tis sport to maul a Runner.

*Ant.* I will reward thee  
 Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold  
 For thy good valour. Come thee on.

*Scar.* Ile halt after.

*Exeunt.*

*Alarum. Enter Anthony againe in a March.*

*Scarrus, with others.*

*Ant.* We haue beate him to his Campe: Runne one  
 Before, & let the Queen know of our guefts: to morrow  
 Before the Sun shall see's, wee'l spill the blood



That ha's to day escap'd. I thanke you all,  
 For doughty handed are you, and haue fought  
 Not as you feru'd the Cause, but as't had beene  
 Each mans like mine: you haue shewne all *Hectors*.  
 Enter the Citty, clip your Wiues, your Friends,  
 Tell them your feats, whil't they with ioyfull teares  
 Wash the congealement from your wounds, and kisse  
 The Honour'd-gashes whole.

*Enter Cleopatra.*

Giue me thy hand,  
 To this great Faiery, Ile commend thy acts,  
 Make her thanks blesse thee. Oh thou day o'th'world,  
 Chaine mine ar'd necke, leape thou, Attyre and all  
 Through prooffe of Harneffe to my heart, and there  
 Ride on the pants triumphing.

*Cleo.* Lord of Lords,  
 Oh infinite Vertue, comm'ft thou smiling from  
 The worlds great snare vncaught.

*Ant.* Mine Nightingale.  
 We haue beate them to their Beds.  
 What Gyrle, though gray  
 Do something mingle with our yonger brown, yet ha we  
 A Braine that nourishes our Nerues, and can  
 Get gole for gole of youth. Behold this man,  
 Commend vnto his Lippes thy fauouring hand,  
 Kisse it my Warriour: He hath fought to day,  
 As if a God in hate of Mankinde, had  
 Destroyed in such a shape.

*Cleo.* Ile giue thee Friend  
 An Armour all of Gold: it was a Kings.

*Ant.* He has deseru'd it, were it Carbunkled  
 Like holy Phœbus Carre. Giue me thy hand,  
 Through Alexandria make a iolly March,  
 Beare our hackt Targets, like the men that owe them.  
 Had our great Pallace the capacity  
 To Campe this hoast, we all would sup together,  
 And drinke Carowfes to the next dayes Fate



Which promises Royall perill, Trumpetters  
 With brazen dinne blast you the Citties eare,  
 Make mingle with our ratling Tabourines,  
 That heauen and earth may strike their founds together,  
 Applauding our approach.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter a Centerie, and his Company, Enobarbus follows.*

*Cent.* If we be not releeu'd within this houre,  
 We must returne to'th'Court of Guard: the night  
 Is fhiny, and they say, we shall embattile  
 By'th'fecond houre i'th'Morne.

1. *Watch.* This last day was a fhrew'd one too's.

*Enob.* Oh beare me witneffe night.

2 What man is this?

1 Stand clofe, and lift him.

*Enob.* Be witneffe to me (O thou bleffed Moone)  
 When men reuolted shall vpon Record  
 Beare hatefull memory: poore *Enobarbus* did  
 Before thy face repent.

*Cent.* *Enobarbus?*

2 Peace: Hearke further.

*Enob.* Oh Soueraigne Miftris of true Melancholly,  
 The poyfonous dampe of night dispunge vpon me,  
 That Life, a very Rebell to my will,  
 May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart  
 Against the flint and hardnesse of my fault,  
 Which being dried with'greefe, will break to powder,  
 And finish all foule thoughts. Oh *Anthony*,  
 Nobler then my reuolt is Infamous,  
 Forgiue me in thine owne particular,  
 But let the world ranke me in Register  
 A Mafter leauer, and a fugitiue:  
 Oh *Anthony*! Oh *Anthony*!

1 Let's speake to him.

*Cent.* Let's heare him, for the things he speakes  
 May concerne *Cæsar*.

2 Let's do so, but he sleepest.

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*Cent.* Swoonds rather, for so bad a Prayer as his  
Was neuer yet for sleepe.

1 Go we to him.

2 Awake fir, awake, speake to vs.

1 Heare you fir?

*Cent.* The hand of death hath raught him.

*Drummes afarre off.*

Hearke the Drummes demurely wake the sleepers:  
Let vs beare him to'th'Court of Guard: he is of note:  
Our houre is fully out.

2 Come on then, he may recouer yet.

*exeunt*

*Enter Anthony and Scarrus, with their Army.*

*Ant.* Their preparation is to day by Sea,  
We please them not by Land.

*Scar.* For both, my Lord.

*Ant.* I would they'd fight i'th'Fire, or i'th'Ayre,  
Wee'd fight there too. But this it is, our Foote  
Vpon the hilles adioyning to the Citty  
Shall ftay with vs. Order for Sea is giuen,  
They haue put forth the Hauen:  
Where their appointment we may best discouer,  
And looke on their endeuour.

*exeunt*

*Enter Caesar, and his Army.*

*Caes.* But being charg'd, we will be ftill by Land,  
Which as I tak't we shall, for his best force  
Is forth to Man his Gallies. To the Vales,  
And hold our best aduantage.

*exeunt.*

*Alarum afarre off, as at a Sea-fight.*

*Enter Anthony, and Scarrus.*

*Ant.* Yet they are not ioyn'd:  
Where yon'd Pine does stand, I shall discouer all.  
He bring thee word ftraight, how 'ris like to go.

*exit.*

*Scar.* Swallowes haue built  
In *Cleopatra's* Sailes their nests. The Auguries  
Say, they know not, they cannot tell, looke grimly,  
And dare not speake their knowledge. *Anthony,*  
Is valiant, and delected, and by ftarts



His fretted Fortunes giue him hope and feare  
Of what he has, and has not.

*Enter Anthony.*

*Ant.* All is lost:

This fowle Egyptian hath betrayed me:  
My Fleete hath yeelded to the Foe, and yonder  
They cast their Caps vp, and Carowse together  
Like Friends long lost. Triple-turn'd Whore, 'tis thou  
Hast fold me to this Nouice, and my heart  
Makes onely Warres on thee. Bid them all flye:  
For when I am reueng'd vpon my Charme,  
I haue done all. Bid them all flye, be gone.  
Oh Sunne, thy vprife shall I see no more,  
Fortune, and *Anthony* part heere, euen heere  
Do we shake hands? All come to this? The hearts  
That pannelled me at heeles, to whom I gaue  
Their wishes, do dis-Candie, melt their sweets  
On bloffoming *Cæsar*: And this Pine is barkt,  
That ouer-top'd them all. Betray'd I am.  
Oh this false Soule of Egypt! this graue Charme,  
Whose eye beck'd borth my Wars, & cal'd them home:  
Whose Bosom was my Crownet, my chiefe end,  
Like a right Gypsie, hath at fast and loofe  
Beguil'd me, to the very heart of losse.  
What *Eros*, *Eros*?

*Enter Cleopatra.*

Ah, thou Spell! Auaunt.

*Cleo.* Why is my Lord enrag'd against his Loue?

*Ant.* Vanish, or I shall giue thee thy deseruing,  
And blemish *Cæsar*s Triumph. Let him take thee,  
And hoist thee vp to the shouting Plebeians,  
Follow his Chariot, like the greatest spot  
Of all thy Sex. Most Monster-like be shewne  
For poor't Diminutives, for Dolts, and let  
Patient *Octavia*, plough thy visage vp  
With her prepared nailes.  
'Tis well th'art gone,

*exit Cleopatra.*



If it be well to liue. But better 'twere  
 Thou fell'ft into my furie, for one death  
 Might haue preuented many. *Eros*, hoa?  
 The fhirt of *Neffus* is vpon me, teach me  
*Alcides*, thou mine Ancestor, thy rage.  
 Let me lodge *Licas* on the hornes o'th'Moone,  
 And with thofe hands that graſpt the heauieſt Club,  
 Subdue my worthieſt ſelfe: The Witch ſhall die,  
 To the young Roman Boy ſhe hath fold me, and I fall  
 Vnder this plot: She dyes for't. *Eros* hoa?

exit.

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian.*

*Cleo.* Helpe me my women: Oh hee's more mad  
 Then *Telamon* for his Shield, the Boare of Theffaly  
 Was neuer ſo imboſt.

*Char.* To'th'Monument, there locke your ſelfe,  
 And ſend him word you are dead:  
 The Soule and Body riue not more in parting,  
 Then greatneſſe going off,

*Cleo.* To'th'Monument:  
*Mardian*, go tell him I have flaine my ſelfe:  
 Say, that the laſt I ſpoke was *Anthony*,  
 And word it (prythee) pitteouſly. Hence *Mardian*,  
 And bring me how he takes my death to'th'Monument,

Exeunt.

*Enter Anthony, and Eros.*

*Ant.* *Eros*, thou yet behold'ft me?

*Eros.* I Noble Lord.

*Ant.* Sometime we ſee a clowd that's Dragoniſh,  
 A vapour ſometime, like a Beare, or Lyon,  
 A toward Cittadell, a pendant Rocke,  
 A forked Mountaine, or blew Promontorie  
 With Trees vpon't, that nodde vnto the world,  
 And mocke our eyes with Ayre.  
 Thou haſt ſeene theſe Signes,  
 They are blacke Veſpers Pagents.

*Eros.* I my Lord.

*Ant.* That which is now a Horſe, euen with a thought the Racke diſflimes,  
 and makes it indiſtinct



As water is in water.

*Eros.* It does my Lord.

*Ant.* My good Knaue *Eros*, now thy Captaine is  
Euen such a body: Heere I am *Anthony*,  
Yet cannot hold this vifible fhape (my Knaue)  
I made thefe warres for Egypt, and the Queene,  
Whofe heart I thought I had, for ſhe had mine:  
Which whil't it was mine, had annext vntoo't  
A Million moe, (now loft:) ſhee *Eros* has  
Packt Cards with *Cæſars*, and falſe plaid my Glory  
Vnto an Enemies triumph.  
Nay, weepe not gentle *Eros*, there is left vs  
Our felues to end our felues.

*Enter Mardian.*

Oh thy vilde Lady, ſhe has rob'd me of my Sword.

*Mar.* No *Anthony*,

My Miſtris lou'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled  
With thine intirely.

*Ant.* Hence ſawcy Eunuch peace, ſhe hath betraid me,  
And ſhall dye the death.

*Mar.* Death of one perſon, can be paide but once,  
And that ſhe ha's diſcharg'd. What thou would'ſt do  
Is done vnto thy hand: the laſt ſhe ſpake  
Was *Anthony*, moſt Noble *Anthony*:  
Then in the midd'ſt a tearing grone did breake  
The name of *Anthony*: it was diuided  
Betweene her heart, and lips: ſhe rendered life  
Thy name ſo buried in her.

*Ant.* Dead then?

*Mar.* Dead.

*Ant.* Vnarme *Eros*, the long dayes taske is done,  
And we muſt fleepe: That thou depart'ſt hence ſafe  
Does pay thy labour richly: Go,  
Off, plucke off,  
The feuen-fold ſhield of *Aiax* cannot keepe  
The battery from my heart. Oh cleaue my fides.  
Heart, once be ſtronger then thy Continent,

*exit Mardian.*





Cracke thy fraile Cafe. Apace *Eros*, apace;  
 No more a Soldier: bruifed peecees go,  
 You haue bin Nobly borne. From me awhile.  
 I will o're-take thee *Cleopatra*, and  
 Weepe for my pardon. So it muft be, for now  
 All length is Torture: fince the Torch is out,  
 Lye downe and ftray no farther. Now all labour  
 Marres what it does: yea, very force entangles  
 It felfe with ftrengh: Seale then, and all is done.  
*Eros?* I come my Queene. *Eros?* Stay for me,  
 Where Soules do couch on Flowers, wee'l hand in hand,  
 And with our fprightly Port make the Ghoftes gaze:  
*Dido*, and her *Æneas* fhall want Troopes,  
 And all the haunt be ours. Come *Eros*, *Eros*.

*exit Eros*

*Enter Eros.*

*Eros.* What would my Lord?

*Ant.* Since *Cleopatra* dyed,

I haue liu'd in fuch difhonour, that the Gods  
 Detest my baseneffe. I, that with my Sword,  
 Quarter'd the World, and o're greene Neptunes-backe  
 With Ships, made Cities; condemne my felfe, to lacke  
 The Courage of a Woman, leffe Noble minde  
 Then fhe which by her death, our *Cæſar* telles  
 I am Conqueror of my felfe. Thou art ſworne *Eros*,  
 That when the exigent fhould come, which now  
 Is come indeed: When I fhould fee behinde me  
 Th'ineuitable profecution of difgrace and horror,  
 That on my command, thou then would'ft kill me.  
 Doo't, the time is come: Thou ftrik'ft not me,  
 'Tis *Cæſar* thou defeat'ft. Put colour in thy Cheeke.

*Eros.* The Gods with-hold me,  
 Shall I do that which all the Parthian Darts,  
 (Though Enemy loft ayme, and could not.

*Ant. Eros.*

Wouldn't thou be window'd in great Rome, and fee  
 Thy Maſter thus with pleacht Armes, bending downe  
 His corrigible necke, his face ſubdu'de

*Vent.* What Lethargy has crept into your Soul?

*Ant.* 'Tis but a scorn of Life, and just desire  
To free my self from Bondage.

*Vent.* Do it bravely.

*Ant.* I will; but not by fighting. O, *Ventidius*:  
What should I fight for now? My Queen is dead.  
I was but great for her; my Pow'r, my Empire,  
Were but my Merchandise to buy her Love;  
And conquer'd Kings, my Factors. Now she's dead,  
Let *Cæsar* take the World,——  
An Empty Circle, since the Jewel's gone,  
Which made it worth my strife: My Being's nauseous;  
For all the Bribes of Life are gone away.



*Vent.* Would you be taken?

*Ant.* Yes, I would be taken;

But, as a *Roman* ought, dead, my *Ventidius* :  
For I'll convey my Soul from *Cæsar's* reach,  
And lay down life my self. 'Tis time the World  
Should have a Lord, and know whom to obey.  
We two have kept its Homage in suspense,  
Ant bent the Globe on whose each side we trod,  
'Till it was dinted inwards : Let him walk  
Alone upon't ; I'm weary of my part.  
My Torch is out ; and the World stands before me  
Like a black Defart, at the approach of Night :  
I'll lay me down, and stray no farther on.

*Vent.* I could be griev'd,  
But that I'll not out-live you : Chuse your Death ;  
For, I have seen him in such various shapes,  
I care not which I take : I'm only troubled,  
The Life I bear, is worn to such a Rag,  
'Tis scarce worth giving. I could wish indeed  
We threw it from us with a better Grace ;  
That, like two Lions taken in the Toils,  
We might at last thrust out our paws, and wound  
The Hunters that inclose us.

To penetratiue shame; whil'ft the wheel'd feate  
Of Fortunate *Cæſar* drawne before him, branded  
His Baſeneſſe that enſued.

*Eros.* I would not ſee't.

*Ant.* Come then: for with a wound I muſt be cur'd.  
Draw that thy honeſt Sword, which thou haſt worne  
Moſt vſefull for thy Country.

*Eros.* Oh ſir, pardon me.

*Ant.* When I did make thee free, ſword'ft y<sup>u</sup> not then  
To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once,  
Or thy precedent Seruices are all  
But accidents vnpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

*Eros.* Turne from me then that Noble countenance,  
Wherein the worſhip of the whole world lyes.

*Ant.* Loe thee.

*Eros.* My ſword is drawne.

*Ant.* Then let it do at once

The thing why thou haſt drawne it.

*Eros.* My deere Maſter,  
My Captaine, and my Emperour. Let me ſay  
Before I ſtrike this bloody ſtroke, Farewell.

*Ant.* 'Tis ſaid man, and farewell.

*Eros.* Farewell great Chiefe. Shall I ſtrike now?

*Ant.* Now *Eros*.

*Killes himſelfe.*

*Eros.* Why there then:

Thus I do eſcape the ſorrow of *Antonies* death.

*Ant.* Thrice-Nobler then my ſelfe,  
Thou teacheſt me: Oh valiant *Eros*, what  
I ſhould, and thou could'ſt not, My Queene and *Eros*  
Haue by their braue inſtruction got vpon me  
A Nobleneſſe in Record. But I will bee  
A Bride-groome in my death, and run intoo't  
As to a Louers bed. Come then, and *Eros*,  
Thy Maſter dies thy Scholler; to do thus  
I learnt of thee. How, not dead? Not dead?  
The Guard, how? Oh diſpatch me.

*Enter a Guard.*

*I. Guard.* What's the noiſe?

*Ant.* I have thought on't.

*Ventidius*, you must live.

*Vent.* I must not, Sir.

*Ant.* Wilt thou not live, to speak some good of me?  
To stand by my fair Fame, and guard th' approaches  
From the ill Tongues of Men?

*Vent.* Who shall guard mine,  
For living after you?

*Ant.* Say, I command it.

*Vent.* If we die well, our Deaths will speak themselves,  
And need not living Witnesses.

*Ant.* Thou hast lov'd me,  
And fain I would reward thee: I must die;  
Kill me, and take the Merit of my Death  
To make thee Friends with *Cæsar*.

*Vent.* Thank your kindness.  
You said I lov'd you; and, in recompence,  
You bid me turn a Traitor: Did I think  
You would have us'd me thus? That I should die  
With a hard thought of you?

*Ant.* Forgive me, *Roman*.  
Since I have heard of *Cleopatra's* Death,  
My Reason bears no rule upon my Tongue,  
But lets my thoughts break all at Random out:  
I've thought better; do not deny me twice.

*Vent.* By Heav'n, I will not.  
Let it not be t' out-live you.

*Ant.* Kill me first,  
And then die thou: For 'tis but just thou serve  
Thy Friend, before thy self.

*Vent.* Give me your hand.  
We soon shall meet again. Now farewell, Emperor.  
Methinks that word's too cold to be my last:

[*Embrace.*]

*Ant.* I haue done my worke ill Friends:  
Oh make an end of what I haue begun.

2 The Starre is falne.

1 And time is at his Period.

*All.* Alas, and woe.

*Ant.* Let him that loues me, fstrike me dead.

1 Not I.

2 Nor I.

3 Nor any one.

*Exeunt*

*Dercetus.* Thy death and fortunes bid thy folowers fly  
This fword but shewne to *Cæsar* with this tydings,  
Shall enter me with him.

*Enter Diomedes.*

*Dio.* Where's *Anthony*?

*Decre.* There *Diomed* there.

*Diom.* Liues he: wilt thou not anſwer man?

*Ant.* Art thou there *Diomed*?

Draw thy fword, and giue mee,  
Sufficing ftrokes for death.

*Diom.* Moſt abſolute Lord:

My miſtris *Cleopatra* ſent me to thee.

*Ant.* When did ſhee ſend thee?

*Diom.* Now my Lord.

*Anth.* Where is ſhe?

*Diom.* Lockt in her Monument: ſhe had a Propheſying feare  
Of what hath come to paſſe: for when ſhe ſaw  
(Which neuer ſhall be found) you did ſuſpect  
She had diſpos'd with *Cæſar*, and that your rage  
Would not be purg'd, ſhe ſent you word ſhe was dead:  
But fearing ſince how it might worke, hath ſent  
Me to proclaime the truth, and I am come  
I dread, too late.

*Ant.* Too late good *Diomed*: call my Guard I prythee.

*Dio.* What hoa: the Emperors Guard,  
The Guard, what hoa? Come, your Lord calles.

*Enter 4. or 5. of the Guard of Anthony.*

*Ant.* Beare me good Friends where *Cleopatra* bides,







Since Death sweeps distinctions, Farewel Friend.

That's all. —————

I will not hake a bus'nefs of a trifle:

And yet I cannot look on you, and kill you;

Pray turn your Face,

*Ant.* I do: Strike home fure.

*Vent.* Home as my Sword will reach.

[Kills himself.

*Ant.* O thou mistak'ft;

That wound was none of thine: Give it me back:

Thou robb'ft me of my Death.

*Vent.* I do indeed;

But, think 'tis the first time I e'er deceiv'd you;

If that may plead my Pardon. And you Gods,

Forgive me, if you will; for I die perjur'd,

Rather than kill my Friend.

[Dies.

*Ant.* Farewel. Ever my Leader, ev'n in Death!

My Queen and thou have got the start of me,

And I'm the lag of Honour.——Gone so soon?

Is Death no more? He us'd him carelessly,

With a familiar kindnefs: E'er he knock'd,

Ran to the Door, and took him in his Arms,

As who shou'd say, Y' are welcome at all hours,

A Friend need give no warning. Books had spoil'd him;

For all the Learn'd are Cowards by Profession.

'Tis not worth

My farther thought: For Death, for ought I know,

Is but to think no more. Here's to be satisfy'd.

[Falls on his Sword.

I've mis'd my heart. O unperforming hand!

Thou never cou'dst have err'd in a worse time.

My Fortune jades me to the last; and Death,

Like a great Man, takes state, and makes me wait

For my Admittance——

[Trampling within.

Some perhaps from Cæsar:

If he shou'd find me living, and suspect

That I plaid booty with my Life! I'll mend

My Work, e'er they can reach me.

[Rises upon his Knees.

*Enter* Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras.

'Tis the last seruice that I shall command you.

I Woe, woe are we fir, you may not liue to weare  
All your true Followers out.

*All.* Most heauy day.

*Ant.* Nay good my Fellowes, do not please sharp fate  
To grace it with your sorrowes. Bid that welcome  
Which comes to punish vs, and we punish it  
Seeming to beare it lightly. Take me vp,  
I haue led you oft, carry me now good Friends,  
And haue my thanks for all.

*Exit bearing Anthony*

*Enter Cleopatra, and her Maides aloft, with  
Charmian & Iras.*

*Cleo.* Oh *Charmian*, I will neuer go from hence.

*Char.* Be comforted deere Madam.

*Cleo.* No, I will not:

All strange and terrible euent's are welcome,  
But comforts we dispise; our size of sorrow  
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great  
As that which makes it.

*Enter Diomed.*

How now? is he dead?

*Diom.* His death's vpon him, but not dead.  
Looke out o'th other side your Monument,  
His Guard haue brought him thither.

*Enter Anthony, and the Guard.*

*Cleo.* Oh, Sunne,  
Burne the great Sphere thou mou'ft in, darkling stand  
The varrying shore o'th'world. O *Anthony*, *Anthony*, *Anthony*  
Helpe *Charmian*, helpe *Iras* helpe: helpe Friends  
Below, let's draw him thither.

*Ant.* Peace.

Not *Cæsars*. Valour hath o'rethrowne *Anthony*,  
But *Anthony's* hath Triumpht on it selfe.

*Cleo.* So it should be,  
That none but *Anthony* should conquer *Anthony*,





*Cleo.* Where is my Lord? Where is he?

*Char.* There he lyes,  
And dead *Ventidius* by him.

*Cleo.* My Fears were Prophets; I am come too late.  
O that accurs'd *Alexas*!

[*Runs to him.*

*Ant.* Art thou living?  
Or am I dead before I knew? And thou  
The first kind Ghost that meets me

*Cleo.* Help me Seat him.  
Send quickly, fend for help.

[*They place him in a Chair.*

*Ant.* I am answer'd.  
We live both. Sit thee down, my *Cleopatra*:  
I'll make the most I can of Life, to stay  
A moment more with thee.

*Cleo.* How is it with you?

*Ant.* 'Tis as with a Man  
Removing in a hurry; all pack'd up,  
But one dear Jewel that his haste forgot;  
And he, for that returns upon the spur:  
So I come back for thee.

*Cleo.* Too long, you Heav'ns, you have been cruel to me:  
Now show your mended Faith, and give me back  
His fleeting Life.

*Ant.* It will not be, my Love.  
I keep my Soul by force.  
Say but thou art not false.

*Cleo.* 'Tis now too late  
To say I'm true: I'll prove it, and die with you.  
Unknown to me, *Alexas* feign'd my Death:  
Which, when I knew, I hasted to prevent  
This fatal consequence. My Fleet betray'd  
Both you and me.

*Ant.* And *Dolabella*,—

*Cleo.* Scarce esteem'd before he lov'd; but hated now.

*Ant.* Enough; My Life's not long enough for more.  
Thou say'st thou wilt come after: I believe thee;  
For I can now believe whate'er thou say'st,

But woe 'tis fo.

*Ant.* I am dying Egypt, dying; onely:  
I heere importune death a-while, vntill  
Of many thousand kiffes, the poore laft  
I lay vpon thy lippes.

*Cleo.* I dare not Deere,  
Deere my Lord pardon: I dare not,  
Leaft I be taken: not th'Imperious shew  
Of the full-Fortun'd *Cæſar*, euer ſhall  
Be brooch'd with me, if Knife, Drugges, Serpents haue  
Edge, fting, or operation. I am fafe:  
Your Wife Octauia, with her modeſt eyes,  
And ſtill Conclufion, ſhall acquire no Honour  
Demuring vpon me: but come, come *Anthony*,  
Helpe me my women, we muſt draw thee vp:  
Affiſt good Friends.

*Ant.* Oh quicke, or I am gone.

*Cleo.* Heere's ſport indeede:  
How heauy weighes my Lord?  
Our ſtrength is all gone into heauineſſe,  
That makes the waight. Had I great *Iuno's* power,  
The ſtrong wing'd Mercury ſhould fetch thee vp,  
And ſet thee by Ioues fide. Yet come a little,  
Wiſhers were euer Fooles. Oh come, come, come,

*They heaue Anthony aloft to Cleopatra.*

And welcome, welcome. Dye when thou haſt liu'd.  
Quicken with kiſſing: had my lippes that power,  
Thus would I weare them out.

*All.* A heauy fight.

*Ant.* I am dying Egypt, dying.

Giue me ſome Wine, and let me ſpeake a little.

*Cleo.* No, let me ſpeake, and let me rayle ſo hye,  
That the falſe Huſwife Fortune, breake her Wheele,  
Prouok'd by my offence.

*Ant.* One word (ſweet Queene)

Of *Cæſar* ſeeke your honour, with your ſafety. Oh.

*Cleo.* They do not go together.







That we may part more kindly.

*Cleo.* I will come:

Doubt not, my Life, I'll come, and quickly too.

*Cæsar* shall triumph o'er no part of thee.

*Ant.* But grieve not, while thou stay'ft,

My last disastrous Times:

Think we have had a clear and glorious day;

And Heav'n did kindly to delay the Storm

Just 'till our close of Ev'ning. Ten Years love,

And not a moment lost, but all improv'd

To th' utmost Joys: What Ages have we liv'd?

And now to die each other's; and, so dying,

While hand in hand we walk in Groves below,

Whole Troops of Lovers Ghosts shall flock about us,

And all the Train be ours.

*Cleo.* Your words are like the Notes of dying Swans,

Too sweet to last. Were there so many hours

For your Unkindness, and not one for Love?

*Ant.* No, not a minute.— This one kiss—more worth  
Than all I leave to *Cæsar*.

[*Dies.*

*Cleo.* O, tell me so again;

And take ten thousand Kisses, for that Word:

My Lord, my Lord: Speak, if you yet have Being;

Sigh to me, if you cannot speak; or cast

One Look: Do any thing that shows you live.

*Iras.* He's gone too far, to hear you;

And this you see, a Lump of senseless Clay,

The leavings of a Soul.

*Char.* Remember, Madam,

He charg'd you not to grieve.

*Cleo.* And I'll obey him.

I have not lov'd a *Roman* not to know

What should become his Wife; his Wife, my *Charmion*;

For 'tis to that high Title I aspire,

And now I'll not die less. Let dull *Octavia*

Survive, to mourn him dead: My Nobler Fate

Shall knit our Spoufals with a tie too strong

*Ant.* Gentle heare me,  
None about *Cæsar* trust, but *Proculeius*.

*Cleo.* My Resolution, and my hands, Ile trust,  
None about *Cæsar*.

*Ant.* The miserable change now at my end,  
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts  
In feeding them with those my former Fortunes  
Wherein I liued. The greatest Prince o'th'world,  
The Noblest: and do now not basely dye,  
Not Cowardly put off my Helmet to  
My Countreyman. A Roman, by a Roman  
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my Spirit is going,  
I can no more.

*Cleo.* Noblest of men, woo't dye?  
Hast thou no care of me, shall I abide  
In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
No better then a Sty? Oh see my women:  
The Crowne o'th'earth doth melt. My Lord?  
Oh wither'd is the Garland of the Warre,  
The Souldiers pole in false: young Boyes and Gyrles  
Are leuell now with men: The oddes is gone,  
And there is nothing left remarkable  
Beneath the visiting Moone.

*Char.* Oh quietnesse, Lady.

*Iras.* She's dead, too, our Soueraigne,

*Char.* Lady.

*Iras.* Madam.

*Char.* Oh Madam, Madam, Madam.

*Iras.* Royall Egypt: Empreffe.

*Char.* Peace, peace, *Iras*.

*Cleo.* No more but in a Woman, and commanded  
By such poor passion, as the Maid that Milkes,  
And does the meanest chares. It were for me,  
To throw my Scepter at the iniurious Gods,  
To tell them that this World did equall theirs,  
Till they had stolne our Iewell. All's but naught:  
Patience is fottish, and impatience does

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*All for Love or the World Well Lost*

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For *Roman* Laws to break.

*Iras.* Will you then die?

*Cleo.* Why shou'd'st thou make that Question?

*Iras.* *Cæsar* is most merciful.

*Cleo.* Let him be so

To those that want his Mercy: My poor Lord  
Made no such Cov'nant with him to spare me  
When he was dead. Yield me to *Cæsar's* Pride?  
What, to be led in Triumph through the Streets,  
A Spectacle to base *Plebeian* Eyes;  
While some dejected Friend of *Anthony's*,  
Close in a Corner, shakes his Head, and mutters  
A secret Curse on her who ruin'd him?  
I'll none of that.

*Char.* Whatever you resolve,  
I'll follow ev'n to Death

*Iras.* I only fear'd  
For you; but more shou'd fear to live without you.

*Cleo.* Why, now 'tis as it shou'd be. Quick, my Friends,  
Dispatch; e'er this, the Town's in *Cæsar's* hands:  
My Lord looks down concern'd, and fears my stay,  
Left I shou'd be surpriz'd;  
Keep him not waiting for his Love too long.  
You, *Charmion*, bring my Crown and richest Jewels,  
With 'em, the wreath of Victory I made  
(Vain Augury!) for him who now lyes dead;  
You, *Iras*, bring the Cure of all our Ills.

*Iras.* The Aspicks, Madam?

*Cleo.* Must I bid you twice?

[*Exeunt Char. and Iras.*]

'Tis sweet to die, when they wou'd force Life on me,  
To rush into the dark aboad of Death,  
And seize him first; if he be like my Love,  
He is not frightful sure.  
We're now alone, in secrecy and silence;  
And is not this like Lovers? I may kiss  
These pale, cold Lips; *Octavia* does not see me;  
And, Oh! 'Tis better far to have him thus,

Become a Dogge's that's mad: Then is it finne,  
 To rush into the secret house of death,  
 Ere death dare come to vs. How do you Women?  
 What, what good cheere? Why how now *Charmian*?  
 My Noble Gyrls? Ah Women, women! Looke  
 Our Lampe is spent, it's out. Good firs, take heart,  
 Wee'l bury him: And then, what's braue, what's Noble,  
 Let's doo't after the high Roman fashion,  
 And make death proud to take vs. Come, away,  
 This case of that huge Spirit now is cold.  
 Ah Women, Women! Come, we haue no Friend  
 But Resolution, and the breifest end.

*Exeunt, bearing of Anthonies body.*

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dollabella, Menas, with  
 his Counsell of Warre.*

*Cæsar.* Go to him *Dallabella*, bid him yeeld,  
 Being so frustrate, tell him,  
 He mockes the pawfes that he makes.

*Dol.* *Cæsar*, I shall.

*Enter Decretas with the sword of Anthony.*

*Cæf.* Wherefore is that? And what are thou that dar'ft  
 Appeare thus to vs?

*Dec.* I am call'd *Decretas*,

*Marke Anthony* I seru'd, who best was worthie  
 Best to be seru'd: whil'ft he stood vp, and spoke  
 He was my Master, and I wore my life  
 To spend vpon his haters. If thou please  
 To take me to thee, as I was to him,  
 Ile be to *Cæsar*: if y<sup>u</sup> pleasest not, I yeild thee vp my life.

*Cæsar.* What is't thou say'ft?

*Dec.* I say (Oh *Cæsar*) *Anthony* is dead.

*Cæsar.* The breaking of so great a thing, should make  
 A greater cracke. The round World  
 Should haue shooke Lyons into ciuill streets,  
 And Cittizens to their dennes. The death of *Anthony*







Than see him in her Arms. — O welcome, welcome.

*Enter Charmion, Iras.*

*Char.* What must be done?

*Cleo.* Short Ceremony, Friends :

But yet it must be decent. First, this Laurel  
Shall Crown my Hero's Head : He fell not basely,  
Nor left his Shield behind him. Only thou  
Cou'dst triumph o'er thy self ; and thou alone  
Wert worthy so to triumph.

*Char.* To what end  
These Ensigns of your Pomp and Royalty?

*Cleo.* Dull, that thou art ! Why, 'tis to meet my Love ;  
As when I saw him first, on *Cydnos* Bank,  
All sparkling, like a Goddess ; so adorn'd,  
I'll find him once again : My second Spoufals  
Shall match my first in Glory, Haste, haste, both,  
And dress the Bride of *Anthony*.

*Char.* 'Tis done.

*Cleo.* Now feat me by my Lord. I claim this place ;  
For I must Conquer *Cæsar* too, like him,  
And win my share o'th'World. Hail, your dear Relicks  
Of my Immortal Love ;  
O let no Impious hand remove you hence ;  
But rest for ever here : let *Ægypt* give  
His Death that Peace, which it deny'd his Life.  
Reach me the Casket.

*Iras.* Underneath the fruit the Aspicks lyes.

*Cleo. putting aside the leaves.* Welcome, thou kind Deceiver !  
Thou best of Thieves ; who, with an easie key,  
Dost open Life, and unperceiv'd by us,  
Ev'n steal us from our selves ; discharging so  
Death's dreadful Office, better than himself,  
Touching our Limbs so gently into Slumber,  
That Death stands by, deceiv'd by his own Image,  
And thinks himself but Sleep.

*Serap. within]* The Queen, where is she?  
The Town is yielded, *Cæsar's* at the Gates.

*Cleo.* He comes too late to invade the Rights of Death.  
Is not a fingle doome, in the name lay  
A moiety of the world.

*Dec.* He is dead *Cæsar*,  
Not by a publike minifter of Iuftice,  
Nor by a hyred Knife, but that felfe-hand  
Which writ his Honor in the Acts it did,  
Hath with the Courage which the heart did lend it,  
Splitted the heart. This is his Sword,  
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it ftain'd  
With his moft Noble blood.

*Cæf.* Looke you fad Friends,  
The Gods rebuke me, but it is Tydings  
To wafh the eyes of Kings.

*Dol.* And ftrange it is,  
That Nature muft compell vs to lament  
Our moft perfifted deeds.

*Mec.* His taints and Honours, wag'd equal with him.

*Dola.* A Rarer fpirit neuer  
Did fteere humanity: but you Gods will giue vs  
Some faults to make vs men. *Cæfar* is touch'd.

*Mec.* When fuch a fpacious Mirror's fet before him,  
He needes muft fee him felfe.

*Cæfar.* Oh *Anthony*,  
I haue followed thee to this, but we do launch  
Difeafes in our Bodies. I muft perforce  
Haue fhewne to thee fuch a declining day,  
Or looke on thine: we could not ftall together,  
In the whole world. But yet let me lament  
With teares as Soueraigne as the blood of hearts,  
That thou my Brother, my Competitor,  
In top of all defigne; my Mate in Empire,  
Friend and Companion in the front of Warre,  
The Arme of mine owne Body, and the Heart  
Where mine his thoughts did kindle; that our Starres  
Vnreconciliable, fhould diuide our equalneffe to this.  
Heare me good Friends,  
But I will tell you at fome meeter Seafon,



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*Anthony and Cleopatra*

1623

Haste, bare my Arm, and rouse the Serpent's fury. [*Holds out her Arm and*  
 Coward flesh ———— *draws it back.*

Would'ft thou conspire with *Cæsar*, to betray me,  
 As thou wert none of mine? I'll force thee to't,  
 And not be sent by him,

But bring my Self, my Soul to *Anthony*. [*Turns aside, and then shows*  
 Take hence; the work is done. *her Arm bloody.*

*Serap. within.]* Break ope the Door,  
 And guard the Traitor well.

*Char.* The next is ours.

*Iras.* Now, *Charmion*, to be worthy  
 Of our great Queen and Mistress. [*They apply the Aspick.*

*Cleo.* Already, Death, I feel thee in my Veins;  
 I go with such a will to find my Lord,  
 That we shall quickly meet.

A heavy numbness creeps through every Limb,  
 And now 'tis at my Head: My Eye-lids fall,  
 And my dear Love is vanish'd in a Mist.

Where shall I find him, where? O turn me to him,  
 And lay me on his Breast.———*Cæsar*, thy worst;

Now part us, if thou canst. (*Dies.*) *Iras sinks down at her feet, and dies;*  
*Charmion stands behind her Chair, as dressing her Head.*

*Enter Serapion, two Priests, Alexas bound, Egyptians.*

*2 Priests.* Behold, *Serapion*, what havock Death has made!

*Serap.* 'Twas what I fear'd.

*Charmion*, is this well done?

*Char.* Yes, 'tis well done, and like a Queen, the last  
 Of her great Race: I follow her. [*Sinks down; Dies.*

*Alex.* 'Tis true,

She has done well: Much better thus to die,  
 Than live to make a Holy-day in *Rome*.

*Serap.* See, see how the Lovers sit in State together,  
 As they were giving Laws to half Mankind.  
 Th'impression of a Smile left in her Face,  
 Shows she dy'd pleas'd with him for whom she liv'd,  
 And went to Charm him in another World.  
*Cæsar's* just entring; grief has now no leisure.  
 Secure that Villain, as our pledge of safety

The bufineffe of this man looks out of him,  
Wee'l heare him what he fayer.

*Enter an Egyptian.*

Whence are you?

*Egypt.* A poore Egyptian yet, the Queen my miftris  
Confin'd in all, fhe has her Monument  
Of thy intents, defires, inftruction.  
That fhe preparedly may frame her felfe  
To'th'way fhee's forc'd too.

*Cæfar.* Bid her haue good heart,  
She foone fhall know of us, by fome of ours,  
How honourable, and how kindly Wee  
Determine for her. For *Cæfar* cannot leaue to be vngentle

*Egypt.* So the Gods preferue thee.

*Cæf.* Come hither *Proculeius*. Go and fay  
We purpofe her no fhame: giue her what comforts  
The quality of her paffion fhall require;  
Leaft in her greatneffe, by fome mortall ftroke  
She do defeate vs. For her life in Rome,  
Would be eternall in our Triumph: Go,  
And with your fpeedieft bring vs what fhe fayer,  
And how you finde of her.

*Pro. Cæfar.* I fhall.

*Exit Proculeius.*

*Cæf.* *Gallus*, go you along: where's *Dolabella*, to fecond *Proculeius*?

*All. Dolabella.*

*Cæf.* Let him alone: for I remember now  
How hee's imployd: he fhall in time be ready.  
Go with me to my Tent, where you fhall fee  
How hardly I was drawne into this Warre,  
How Calme and gentle I proceeded ftill  
In all my Writings. Go with me, and fee  
What I can fhew in this.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mordian.*

*Cleo.* My defolation does begin to make  
A better life: Tis paltry to be *Cæfar*.







To grace th'Imperial Triumph. Sleep, blest Pair,  
 Secure from human Chance, long Ages out,  
 While all the Storms of Fate fly o'er your Tomb;  
 And Fame, to late Posterity, shall tell,  
 No Lovers liv'd so great, or dy'd so well.  
*Oets, like Disputants, when Reasons fail,*  
*Have one sure Refuge left, and that's to rail;*  
*Fop, Coxcomb, Fool, are thunder'd through the Pit;*  
*And this is all their Equipage of Wit.*  
*We wonder how the Dev'l this diff'rence grows,*  
*Betwixt our Fools in Verse, and yours in Prose?*  
*For, 'faith, the Quarrel rightly understood,*  
*'Tis Civil War with their own Flesh and Blood.*  
*The Thread-bare Author hates the gawdy Coat;*  
*And swears at the Gilt Coach, but swears afoot:*  
*For 'tis observ'd of every Scribbling Man,*  
*He grows a Fop as fast as e'er he can;*  
*Prunes up, and asks his Oracle, the Glass,*  
*If Pink or Purple best become his Face.*  
*For our poor Wretch, he neither rails nor prays;*  
*Nor likes your Wit*  
*Just as you like his plays;*  
*He has not yet so much of Mr. Bays.*  
*He does his best; and, if he cannot please,*  
*Wou'd quietly sue out his Writ of Ease.*  
*Yet, if he might his own Grand Jury call,*  
*By the fair Sex he begs to stand or fall.*  
*Let Cæsar's Power the Mens ambition move,*  
*But grace you him who lost the World for Love.*  
*Yet if some antiquated Lady say,*  
*The last Age is not Copy'd in his Play;*  
*Heav'n help the Man who for that Face must drudge,*  
*Which only has the wrinkles of a Judge.*  
*Let not the Young and Beauteous join with those;*  
*For shou'd you raise such numerous Hosts of Foes,*  
*Young Wits and Sparks he to his Aid must call;*  
*'Tis more than one Man's work to please you all.*

F I N I S.

Not being Fortune, hee's but Fortunes knaue,  
 A minifter of her will: and it is great  
 To do that thing that ends all other deeds,  
 Which fhackles accidents, and bolts vp change;  
 Which fleepes, and neuer pallates more the dung,  
 The beggers Nurfe, and *Cæfars*.

*Enter Proculeius.*

*Pro.* *Cæfar* fends greeting to the Queene of Egypt,  
 And bids thee ftudy on what faire demands  
 Thou mean'ft to haue him grant thee.

*Cleo.* What's thy name?

*Pro.* My name is *Proculeius*.

*Cleo.* *Anthony*

Did tell me of you, bad me truft you, but  
 I do not greatly care to be deceiu'd  
 That haue no vfe for trufting. If your Mafter  
 Would haue a Queene his beggar, you muft tell him,  
 That Maiefty to keepe *decorum*, muft.  
 No leffe begge then a Kingdome: If he please  
 To giue me conquer'd Egypt for my Sonne,  
 He giues me fo much of mine owne, as I  
 Will kneele to him with thanks.

*Pro.* Be of good cheere:

Y'are falne into a Princely hand, feare nothing,  
 Make your full reference freely to my Lord,  
 Who is fo full of Grace, that it flowes ouer  
 On all that neede. Let me report to him  
 Your fweet dependacie, and you fhall finde  
 A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindneffe,  
 Where he for grace is kneel'd too.

*Cleo.* Pray you tell him,

I am his Fortunes Vaffall, and I fend him  
 The Greatneffe he has got. I houely learne  
 A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly  
 Looke him i'th'Face.

*Pro.* This Ile report (deere Lady)  
 Haue comfort, for I know your plight is pittied



Of him that caus'd it.

*Pro.* You see how easily she may be surpris'd :  
Guard her till *Cæsar* come.

*Iras.* Royall Queene.

*Char.* Oh *Cleopatra*, thou art taken Queene.

*Cleo.* Quicke, quicke, good hands.

*Pro.* Hold worthy Lady, hold :

Doe not your selfe such wrong, who are in this  
Releu'd, but not betrayd.

*Cleo.* What of death too that rids our dogs of languish

*Pro.* *Cleopatra*, do not abuse my Masters bounty, by  
Th'vndoing of your selfe : Let the World see  
His Nobleneffe well acted, which your death  
Will neuer let come forth.

*Cleo.* Where art thou Death ?

Come hither come ; Come, come, and take a Queene  
Worth many Babes and Beggers.

*Pro.* Oh temperance Lady.

*Cleo.* Sir, I will eate no meate, Ile not drinke fir,  
If idle talke will once be necessary  
Ile not sleepe neither. This mortall house Ile ruine,  
Do *Cæsar* what he can. Know fir, that I  
Will not waite pinnion'd at your Masters Court,  
Nor once be chastic'd with the sober eye  
Of dull *Octavia*. Shall they hoyft me vp,  
And shew me to the showting Varlotarie  
Of censuring Rome ? Rather a ditch in Egypt.  
Be gentle graue vnto me, rather on Nylus mudde  
Lay me starke-nak'd, and let the water-Flies  
Blow me into abhorring ; rather make  
My Countries high pyramides my Gibbet,  
And hang me vp in Chaines.

*Pro.* You do extend

These thoughts of horror further then you shall  
Finde cause in *Cæsar*.

*Enter Dolabella.*

*Dol.* *Proculeius*,



What thou hast done, thy Master *Cæsar* knowes,  
And he hath sent for thee: for the Queene,  
Ile take her to my Guard.

*Pro.* So *Dolabella*,

It shall content me best: Be gentle to her,  
To *Cæsar* I will speake, what you shall please,  
If you'll imploy me to him.

*Exit Proculus*

*Cleo.* Say, I would dye.

*Dol.* Most Noble Empreffe, you haue heard of me.

*Cleo.* I cannot tell.

*Dol.* Affuredly you know me.

*Cleo.* No matter sir, what I haue heard or know:  
You laugh when Boyes or Women tell their Dreames,  
Is't not your trick?

*Dol.* I vnderstand not, Madam.

*Cleo.* I dreamt there was an Emperor *Anthony*.  
Oh such another sleepe, that I might see  
But such another man.

*Dol.* If it might please ye.

*Cleo.* His face was as the Heau'ns, and therein stucke  
A Sunne and Moone, which kept their course, & lighted  
The little o'th'earth.

*Dol.* Most Soueraigne Creature.

*Cleo.* His legges bestrid the Ocean, his rear'd arme  
Crested the world: His voyce was propertied  
As all the tuned Spheres, and that to Friends:  
But when he meant to quail, and shake the Orbe,  
He was as ratling Thunder. For his Bounty,  
There was no winter in't. An *Anthony* it was,  
That grew the more by reaping: His delights  
Were Dolphin-like, they shew'd his backe aboue  
The Element they liu'd in: In his Liurey  
Walk'd Crowns and Crownets: Realms & Islands were  
As plates dropt from his pocket.

*Dol.* *Cleopatra*.

*Cleo.* Thinke you there was, or might be such a man  
As this I dreamt of?

*Dol.* Gentle Madam, no.





*Cleo.* You Lye vp to the hearing of the Gods:  
But if there be nor, euer were one fuch  
It's past the fize of dreaming: Nature wants stufte  
To vie ftrange formes with fancie, yet t' imagine  
'An *Anthony* were Natures peece, 'gainst Fancie.  
Condemning fhadowes quite.

*Dol.* Heare me, good Madam:  
Your loffe is as your felfe, great; and you beare it  
As anfwering to the waight, would I might neuer  
Ore-take purfu'de fucceffe: But I do feele  
By the rebound of yours, a greefe that fuites  
My very heart at roote.

*Cleo.* I thanke you fir:  
Know you what *Cæfar* meanes to do with me?

*Dol.* I am loath to tell you what, I would you knew.

*Cleo.* Nay pray you fir.

*Dol.* Though he be Honourable.

*Cleo.* Hee'l leade me then in Triumph.

*Dol.* Madam he will, I know't.

*Flourish.*

*Enter Proculeius, Cæsar, Gallus, Mecenas,  
and others of his Traine.*

*All.* Make way there *Cæsar*.

*Cæf.* Which is the Queene of Egypt.

*Dol.* It is the Emperor Madam.

*Cleo. kneeles.*

*Cæsar.* Arife, you shall not kneele:

I pray you rife, rife Egypt.

*Cleo.* Sir, the Gods will haue it thus,  
My Mafter and my Lord I muft obey,

*Cæsar.* Take to you no hard thoughts,  
The Record of what iniuries you did vs,  
Though written in our flefh, we fhall remember  
As things but done by chance.

*Cleo.* Sole Sir o'th'World,  
I cannot proiect mine owne caufe fo well  
To make it cleare, but do confesse I haue  
Bene laden with like frailties, which before  
Haue often fham'd our Sex.



*Cæsar.* *Cleopatra* know,  
 We will extenuate rather then inforce :  
 If you apply your selfe to our intents,  
 Which towards you are most gentle, you shall finde  
 A benefit in this change : but if you feeke  
 To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking  
*Antonies* course, you shall bereaue your selfe  
 Of my good purposes, and put your children  
 To that destruction which Ile guard them from,  
 If thereon you relye. Ile take my leaue.

*Cleo.* And may through all the world : tis yours, & we your Scutcheons,  
 and your signes of Conquest shall  
 Hang in what place you please. Here my good Lord.

*Cæsar.* You shall aduise me in all for *Cleopatra*.

*Cleo.* This is the breefe : of Money, Plate, & Iewels  
 I am possesse of, 'tis exactly valewed,  
 Not petty things admitted. Where's *Seleucus*?

*Seleu.* Heere Madam.

*Cleo.* This is my Treasurer, let him speake (my Lord)  
 Vpon his perill, that I haue referu'd  
 To my selfe nothing. Speake the truth *Seleucus*.

*Seleu.* Madam, I had rather feele my lippes,  
 Then to my perill speake that which is not.

*Cleo.* What haue I kept backe.

*Sel.* Enough to purchase what you haue made known

*Cæsar.* Nay blufh not *Cleopatra*, I approue  
 Your Wifedome in the deede.

*Cleo.* See *Cæsar*: Oh behold,  
 How pompe is followed : Mine will now be yours,  
 And should we shift estates, yours would be mine.  
 The ingratitude of this *Seleucus*, does  
 Euen make me wilde. Oh Slaue, of no more trust  
 Then loue that's hyr'd? What goest thou backe, y<sup>u</sup> shalt  
 Go backe I warrant thee : but Ile catch thine eyes  
 Though they had wings. Slaue, Soule-leffe, Villain, Dog.  
 O rarely base!

*Cæsar.* Good Queene, let vs intreat you.



*Cleo.* O *Cæſar*, what a wounding flame is this,  
That thou vouchſafing heere to viſit me,  
Doing the Honour of thy Lordlineſſe  
To one ſo meeke, that mine owne Seruant ſhould  
Parcell the ſumme of my diſgraces, by  
Addition of his Enuy. Say (good *Cæſar*)  
That I ſome Lady trifles haue referu'd,  
Immoment toyes, things of ſuch Dignitie  
As we greet moderne Friends withall, and fay  
Some Nobler token I haue kept apart  
For *Liuis* and *Octauius*, to induce  
Their meditation, muſt I be vnfolded  
With one that I haue bred: The Gods! it ſmites me  
Beneath the fall I haue. Prythee go hence,  
Or I ſhall ſhew the Cynders of my ſpirits  
Through th'Aſhes of my chance: Wer't thou a man,  
Thou would'ſt haue mercy on me.

*Cæſar.* Forbeare *Seleucus*.

*Cleo.* Be it known, that we the greateſt are miſ-thought  
For things that others do: and when we fall,  
We anſwer others merits, in our name  
Are therefore to be pitied.

*Cæſar.* *Cleopatra*.

Not what you haue referu'd, nor what acknowledg'd  
Put we i'th'Roll of Conqueſt: ſtill bee't yours,  
Beſtow it at your pleaſure, and beleeue  
*Cæſars* no Merchant, to make prize with you  
Of things that Merchants fold. Therefore be cheer'd  
Make not your thoughts your priſons: No deere Queen,  
For we intend ſo to diſpoſe you, as  
Your ſelfe ſhall giue vs counſell: Feede, and ſleepe:  
Our care and pittie is ſo much vpon you,  
That we remaine your Friend, and ſo adieu.

*Cleo.* My Maſter, and my Lord.

*Cæſar.* Not ſo: Adieu.

*Flouriſh.*

*Exeunt Cæſar, and his Trainee.*

*Cleo.* He words me Gyrles, he words me,



That I should not be Noble to my selfe.

But hearke thee *Charmian*.

*Iras*. Finish good Lady, the bright day is done,  
And we are for the darke.

*Cleo*. Hye thee againe,  
I haue spoke already, and it is prouided,  
Go put it to the haste.

*Char*. Madam, I will.

*Enter Dolabella.*

*Dol*. Where's the Queene?

*Char*. Behold fir.

*Cleo*. *Dolabella*.

*Dol*. Madam, as thereto sworne, by your command  
(Which my loue makes Religion to obey)

I tell you this: *Cæsar* through Syria

Intends his iourney, and within three dayes,

You with your Children will he send before,

Make your best vse of this. I haue perform'd

Your pleafure, and my promise.

*Cleo*. *Dolabella*, I shall remaine your debter.

*Dol*. I your Seruant:

Adieu good Queene, I must attend on *Cæsar*.

*Exit*

*Cleo*. Farewell, and thanks.

Now *Iras*, what think'st thou?

Thou, and Egyptian Puppet shall be shewne

In Rome aswell as I: Mechanicke Slaues

With greazie Aprons, Rules, and Hammers shall

Vplift vs to the view. In their thicke breathes,

Ranke of grosse dyet, shall we be enclowded,

And forc'd to drinke their vapour.

*Iras*. The Gods forbid.

*Cleo*. Nay, 'tis most certaine *Iras*; fawcie Lictors

Will catch at vs like Strumpets, and scald Rimers

Ballads vs out a Tune. The quicke Comedians

Extemporally will stage us, and present

Our Alexandrian Reuels: *Anthony*

Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see





Some squeaking *Cleopatra* Boy my greatneffe  
I'th'pofture of a Whore.

*Irás.* O the good Gods!

*Cleo.* Nay that's certaine.

*Irás.* Ile neuer fee't? for I am fure mine Nailes  
Are ftronger then mine eyes.

*Cleo.* Why that's the way to foole their preparation,  
And to conquer their moft abfurd intents.

*Enter Charmian.*

Now *Charmian*.

Shew me my Women like a Queene: Go fetch  
My beft Attyres. I am againe for *Cidrus*,  
To meete *Marke Anthony*. Sirra *Irás*, go  
(Now Noble *Charmian*, wee'l difpatch indeede,)   
And when thou haft done this chare, Ile giue thee leaue  
To play till Doomefday: bring our Crowne, and all.

*A noife within.*

Wherefore's this noife?

*Enter a Guard/man.*

*Guard/.* Heere is a rurall Fellow,  
That will not be deny'de your Highneffe prefence,  
He brings you Figges.

*Cleo.* Let him come in.

*Exit Guard/man.*

What poore an instrument  
May do a Noble deede: he brings me liberty:  
My Refolution's plac'd, and I haue nothing  
Of woman in me: Now from head to foote  
I am Marble conftant: now the fleeting Moone  
No Planet is of mine.

*Enter Guard/man, and Clowne.*

*Guard/.* This is the man.

*Cleo.* Auiod, and' leaue him.

*Exit Guard/man.*

Haft thou the pretty worme of Nylus there,  
That killes and paines not?

*Clow.* Truly I haue him: but I would not be the partie that fhould  
defire you to touch him, for his byting is immortall: thofe that doe dye of  
it, doe feldome or neuer recouer.



*Cleo.* Remember'ft thou any that haue dyed on't?

*Clow.* Very many, men and women too. I' heard of one of them no longer then yesterday, a very honest woman, but something giuen to lye, as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty, how she dyed of the byting of it, what paine she felt: Truly, she makes a verie good report o'th'worme: but he that wil beleuee all that they say, shall neuer be saued by halfe that they do: but this is most falliable, the Worme's an odde Worme.

*Cleo.* Get thee hence, farewell.

*Clow.* I wishe you all ioy of the Worme.

*Cleo.* Farewell.

*Clow.* You must thinke this (looke you,) that the Worme will do his kinde.

*Cleo.* I, I, farewell.

*Clow.* Looke, you, the Worme is not to bee trusted, but in the keeping of wise people: for indeede, there is no goodnesse in the Worme.

*Cleo.* Take thou no care, it shall be heeded.

*Clow.* Very good: giue it nothing I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

*Cleo.* Will it eate me?

*Clow.* You must not think I am so simple, but I know the diuell himselfe will not eate a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the Gods, if the diuell dresse her not. But truly, these fame whorson diuels doe the Gods great harme in their women: for in 'euery tenne that they make, the diuels marre fve.

*Cleo.* Well, get thee gone, farewell.

*Clow.* Yes forfooth: I wish you joy o'th'worm.

*Exit.*

*Cleo.* Giue me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I haue Immortall longings in mee. Now no more The iuyce of Egypts Grape shall moyst this lip. Yare, yare, good *Iras*; quicke: Me thinkes I heare *Anthony* call I see him rowle himselfe To praise my Noble Act. I heare him mock The lucke of *Cæsar*, which the Gods giue men To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come: Now to that name, my Courage proue my Title. I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements



I giue to bafer life. So, haue you done?  
 Come then, and take the laft warmth of my Lippes.  
 Farewell kinde *Charmian*, *Iras*, long farewell.  
 Haue I the afpicke in my lippes? Dofte fall?  
 If thou, and Nature can fo gently part,  
 The ftroke of death is as a Louers pinch,  
 Which hurts, and is defir'd. Dofte thou lye ftill?  
 If thus thou vanifheft, thou tell'ft the world,  
 It is not worth leaue-taking.

*Char.* Diffolue thicke clowd, & Raine, that I may fay  
 The Gods themfelues do weepe,

*Cleo.* This proues me bafe:  
 If the firft meete the Curled *Anthony*.  
 Hee'l make demand of her, and fpend that kiffe  
 Which is my heauen to haue. Come thou mortal wretch,  
 With thy fharp teeth this knot intrinfcate,  
 Of life at once vntye: Poore venomous Foole,  
 Be angry, and difpatch. Oh could'ft thou fpeake,  
 That I might heare thee call great *Cæfar* Affe, vnpoliced.

*Char.* Oh Eafterne Starre.

*Cleo.* Peace, peace:  
 Dofte thou not fee my Baby at my breaft,  
 That fuckes the Nurfe afleepe.

*Char.* O breake! O breake!

*Cleo.* As fweet as Balme, as foft as Ayre, as gentle.  
 O *Anthony*! Nay I will take thee too.  
 What fhould I ftay——

*Dyes.*

*Char.* In this wilde World? So fare thee well:  
 Now boaft thee Death, in thy poffeffion lyes  
 A Laffe vnparaell'd. Downie Windowes cloze,  
 And golden Phœbus, neuer be beheld  
 Of eyes againe fo Royall: your Crownes away,  
 Ile mend it, and then play——

*Enter the Guard ruftling in, and Dolabella.*

I *Guard.* Where's the Queene?

*Char.* Speake foftly, wake her not.

I *Cæsar* hath fent

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*Char.* Too flow a Meffenger.

Oh come apace, difpatch, I partly feele thee.

1 Approach hoa,

All's not well: *Cæfar's* beguild.

2 There's *Dolabella* fent from *Cæfar*: call him.

1 What worke is heere *Charmian*?

Is this well done?

*Char.* It is well done, and fitting for a Princeffe  
Defcended of fo many Royall Kings.

Ah Souldier.

*Charmian dyes.*

*Enter Dolabella.*

*Dol.* How goes it heere?

2. *Guard.* All dead.

*Dol.* *Cæfar*, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this: Thy felfe are comming  
To fee perform'd the dreaded Act which thou  
So fought't to hinder.

*Enter Cæfar and all his Traine, marching.*

*All.* A way there, a way for *Cæfar*.

*Dol.* Oh fir, you are too fure an Augurer:  
That you did feare, is done.

*Cæfar.* Braueft at the laft,  
She leuell'd at our purpofes, and being Royall  
Tooke her owne way: the manner of their deaths,  
I do not fee them bleede.

*Dol.* Who was laft with them?

1. *Guard.* A fimple Countryman, that broght hir Figs:  
This was his Basket.

*Cæfar.* Poyfon'd then.

1. *Guard.* Oh *Cæfar*:  
This *Charmian* liu'd but now, ſhe ſtood and fpake:  
I found her trimming vp the Diadem;  
On her dead Miſtris trembling ſhe ſtood,  
And on the fodaine dropt.

*Cæfar.* Oh Noble weakenſſe:  
If they had ſwallow'd poyfon, 'twould appeare





By externall fwelling: but she lookes like sleepe,  
As she would catch another *Anthony*.  
In her strong toyle of Grace.

*Dol.* Heere on her breft,  
There is a vent of Bloud, and something blowne,  
The like is on her Arme.

*I. Guard.* This is an Aspicke traile,  
And these Figge-leaues haue slime vpon them, such  
As th'Aspicke leaues vpon the Caues of Nyle.

*Cæsar.* Most probable  
That so she dyed: for her Phyfitian tels mee  
She hath purfu'de Conclussions infinite  
Of easie wayes to dye. Take vp her bed,  
And beare her Women from the Monument,  
She shall be buried by her *Anthony*.  
No Graue vpon the earth shall clip in it  
A prayre so famous: high euent as these  
Strike those that make them: and their Story is  
No lesse in pittie, then his Glory which  
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army shall  
In solemne shew, attend this Funerall,  
And then to Rome. Come *Dolabella*, see  
High Orders, in this great Sollemnity.

*Exeunt omnes*

*FINIS.*



***FINIS.***



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